THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

VOL. II.

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TRANSLATED BY

JAMES MACPHERSON, Esq;

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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H O W E ' S

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HOMER.

BOOK XIII.

WHEN Jove had opened wide, to the ſhips, a path for Troy and for Hector divine: He left them contending in arms; expoſed to perils and ceaſeleſs toils. Backward he turned, from the field, the radiant orbs of his heavenly eyes. He ſurveyed the realms of the Thracians, illuſtrious breakers of warlike ſteeds: The land of the cloſe-fighting Myſi, of the Hippomolgi, afar renowned; who feed on the milk of their herds;—the longeſt-lived, the moſt juſt of mankind. To Troy, no more, he turned, around, the awful ſplendour of his eyes. Nor deemed the god, from his ſoul, that any deathleſs power would deſcend,—to aid the Trojans or the Argives in fight.

Nor a careleſs watch held the king,—great Neptune, who rules the main. Viewing the battle and ſtrife, he ſat, on the wood-covered ſummits of Thracian Samos. Lofty Ida roſe whole in his ſight; the city of Priam, and the navy of Argos. Emerged from his ocean, he ſat. He pitied the Greeks, from his ſoul. He pitied the ſubdued, by the Trojans. His wrath flamed againſt father Jove. From the broken tops of the hills, he deſcends; ſtretching forward his rapid ſtrides. The high mountains, with all their woods, ſhook beneath the immortal feet of the moving god. Thrice he ſtretched his mighty ſtride; with the fourth, he arrived at his deſtined place: In the ſacred limits of Ægæ. There, in the depth of the main, aroſe, aloft, his beauteous halls: All gold, beaming bright, of incorruptible materials formed.

Here the god arrived, in his ſtrength. He joined his brazen-footed ſteeds to the car. His ſteeds, that contend with the winds, in ſpeed: On their ſhoulders, pouring their golden manes. In gold he cloathed his deathleſs form. His golden whip he graſpt in his hand; and mounted his own bright car. He iſſued forth, on his heaving waves. The mighty whales roll large by his ſide. Exulting, they acknowledge their king. With joy the ſea divides her waves. O'er the levelled billows, they glide

glide with ſpeed: Nor bathed, beneath, is the axle of braſs. Thus his fleet ſteeds bore, along, the awful power, to the navy of Argos. In the depth of the billowy main, there ſpreads, beneath, an ample cave: Between the ſea-waſhed ſhores of Tenedos and Imbros, rugged with rocks. There, the god who ſhakes the world, placed his ſteeds, in their ſpacious ſtalls. He looſed them, from the ſplendid car: And laid, before them, immortal food. Round their feet, golden ſhackles he threw, infrangible, not to be looſed: That there they might wait the return of their deathleſs king. Right forward, to the fight moved the god.

The Trojans, like the ſtrength of devouring flame,—like the whirlwind's reſounding wing, followed Hector, the ſon of Priam; unabating in their ardour of ſoul. Shrilly ſwelled their dreadful voice. Their wild clamour aſcended the ſkies. They hoped to take the navy of Argos: To ſlay all the Greeks, at their hollow ſhips. The world-ſurrounding Neptune arrived. Emerging from the depth of his main, he urged the Argives to battle and blood. The form of Calchas he aſſumed,—his voice unknowing to yield. The Ajaces he firſt addreſſed: Already, prompt in their ſouls to fight.

"O Ajaces!" began the god: "It is you, who muſt ſave the nations of Argos. Remember, O chiefs, your

wonted ſtrength. Drive the thoughts of ſhameful flight, from your ſouls. On no quarter, but this, I dread the fierce aſſault,—the daring hands of the foe. O'er the huge wall they, here, have crowded their lines. The other Greeks will ſuſtain the fight. Here, only are raiſed my fears. Here, I dread diſaſter to Argos. On this quarter, with fury, comes on,—bearing the force of flame in his courſe;—great Hector comes on, with his lines, and boaſts himſelf the ſon of all-powerful Jove. But ſhould one of the deathleſs gods place the thought in your ſouls,—here firmly to ſtand: Here to ſtand, in all your arms, and to urge your people to war: Soon the chief, though all-flaming in fight, would turn his courſe from the guarded ſhips: Should Jove himſelf urge him forward to blood."

Thus ſpoke the earth-ſurrounding Neptune. He touched them both, with his ſcepter divine. He filled, with valour, their riſing ſouls: And made their limbs light, in the fight. As the ſwift-winged hawk, when he rouzes himſelf to fly: When he ſprings from the rock abrupt, and throws himſelf on the winds. O'er the plain, with eager ſpeed, he purſues, through the air, his prey. With ſuch ſwiftneſs, the earth-ſhaking god diſappeared, from the eyes of the chiefs. The ſwift ſon of

the

the great Oïleus, firſt, perceived the flying power. He, thus, addreſſed his winged words, to Telamon's warlike ſon: "O Ajax," the warrior began; "ſome god has appeared to our eyes: Some dweller of ſnow-crowned Olympus aſſumed the aged prophet's form; and commanded us to fight for the ſhips. Nor this was the grey-haired Calchas; no augur ſkilled in the flight of birds. The ſteps of his departure I knew,—his ſtately gait, as he failed on our ſight: for with eaſe are diſtinguiſhed the awful ſteps of the gods. As for me, I feel my kindling ſoul. It burns, within my breaſt, for renown. I love, with ardor encreaſed, the fight: The loud tumult of glorious arms. My feet long to bear me to blood. My hands, unconſcious riſe, already, to wounds."

"The ſame my feelings!" the hero replied. "My daring hands burn with joy round the ſpear. Elated my heart beats high. I feel my limbs eager to move to war. Rouzed o'er my ſoul to the fight, I long to meet, alone, in arms,—great Hector the ſon of Priam; as he preſſes, in his ardor, the foe."

Thus, to each other, the heroes ſpoke: Rejoicing in the approach of the fight. A god had awaked their valour, o'er their mighty ſouls. Neptune, mean time, in the rear, rouzed the ſons of Achaia to arms. The warriors,

riors, to the ſhips, had retired,—to refreſh their wearied ſouls from the fight. With heavy toils, their limbs were unbraced. Sorrow veiled, with darkneſs, their minds. The inclining war they beheld: and, o'er their wall, aſcending, with tumult, the foe. Theſe they beheld, in their grief; and, from their eyes, deſcended the tear. Nor deemed they, that long they could ſhun, the dreadful fate, which hovered around. But Neptune, with eaſe, as he came, rouzed their valiant lines to arms. To Teucer firſt came the god: To Leïtus great in arms, to the hero Penëleus, to Thoas, to Deïpyrus bold: To Meriones, to young Antilochus,—ſkilled all in each motion of war. Urging the heroes to fight, the god, with winged words, began:

"What diſgrace has invaded the Argives! What ſhame has covered the young in arms! In your valour I confided in vain. No ſafety remains for the fleet: If, thus, you decline the fight; and ſhrink back, from the toil of arms. Now ſhines the fatal day, on the world: The day of victory to Troy! Ye gods! What wonder preſents itſelf to theſe eyes! What dire, what unexpected diſgrace? The Trojans approach to our ſhips. The timid in ſoul are bold. Like flying deer, were our foes: Like trembling hinds, that o'er the wilds,—the prey of lynces,

lynces, of leopards, of wolves,—feebly ſtray,—not born for the fight. Thus, heretofore, the ſons of Troy ſhunned the valour and force of the Argives. Now, far from their city they roam; and urge the battle before our ſhips:—Or, through our leader's cowardly ſoul, or through the neglect of his troops; who, contending with their king, refuſe to contend with the foe. They ſave not their ſhips with their ſpears. Before them, they lie ſlain in their blood."

"But if even your king is in fault. If the ſon of Atreus has erred. If, unjuſtly, the great Agamemnon has diſgraced the ſon of Peleus. It becomes not us to abate in the fight: To loſe the navy in his revenge. Let us rather repair the evil:—Eaſy-healed are the ſouls of the brave. But ill it becomes you, O chiefs! to remit, in the glorious ſtrife. The braveſt in the hoſt you are all. Nor I would, thus, upbraid, in ought, the coward who the battle declines,—the timid, the feeble in heart. But againſt you, who, in war, are renowned, my rage kindles, o'er all my ſoul. O ſoft and degenerate men! Straight, an inlet you will open to woe: Your ſluggiſh valour will meet its reward. But place, at length, within your ſouls, —the fear of ſhame, the reproach of mankind. Dark ſwell the perils around. Save your navy,—ſave your fame.

fame. Hector advances with death. His valour he pours on the ſhips. The gate he has broken, and burſt the long bars, in twain."

Thus, Neptune urged the Argives to war. They formed, deep, round the great Ajaces. Firm roſe their warlike ranks to the foe. Nor Mars, deſcending to the fight, nor the ſtirrer of nations, Minerva,—could the martial form of the lines deſpiſe: For the braveſt,—the choſen of Greece, waited the coming of Hector divine. Spears crowd on ſpears, as they riſe; ſhield to ſhield is cloſed. Buckler its buckler ſupports, helm its helm, and man his man. Crowded, the horſe-hair creſts ariſe. The plumes mix, as they wave, in the wind: ſo thick ſtand the warriors in arms. The lances vibrate in their hands; touching, as they ſtretch them to blood. Right forward they move to the foe. They burn, o'er their ſouls, for the fight.

The gathered Trojans pour, with force, on the foe. All-furious great Hector precedes. Like the waſteful courſe of a falling rock, which the torrent rolls large from the mountain's brow; when the rugged ſteep is ſapped aloft, by the ceaſeleſs ſhowers of high-thundering Jove. High-bounding it flies down the hill. The woods, beneath its courſe, reſound. Reſiſtleſs it holds its forceful way;

way; till it reaches the ecchoing plain. There, though rouzed with gathered ſpeed, it ceaſes to roll amain. Thus Hector threats deſtruction to Argos; rolling, furious, his ſtrength to the main. He deemed, that he could reach the tents; and wade, in blood, to the ſhips of the Argives. But, when he came to the phalanx, he ſtopt,—leaning forward, with all his ſtrength. Before him ſtood the Argives in arms. Thick rattle the ſpears on his mail. The ſwords fall craſhing, on every ſide. They ſhove him, large, away with force. With blows ſtaggering, the chief retreats. Loud, ſwells his voice to the Trojans; thus urging them forward to fight.

"O Trojans and Lycians renowned! Dardanians, fighting hand to hand! Stand firm to your arms, O friends. Not long the Greeks ſhall ſuſtain mine arm: Though firm the phalanx, they preſent to the foe. But, now, I deem, they will yield to this ſpear: If, in truth, I am urged to the fight, by the moſt powerful of all the gods,—the high-thundering huſband of Juno."

Thus ſpoke the chief; and rouzed their ſtrength. He kindled valour o'er all their ſouls. Deïphobus, the ſon of Priam, with mind elated, firſt, advanced. Before his breaſt, aloft, he held the round orb of his ſpacious ſhield. Light was his tread, as he moved. His buckler

covered his body whole. Meriones, with all his force, aimed at the chief his beamy ſpear. Nor ſtrayed the bright point from the mark. He ſtruck the round ſhield of the hero. Nor pierced the ſteel the bull's tough hide. Shivered, fell the ſounding lance to the ground. Deïphobus held, diſtant, his ſhield: For much he dreaded from his ſoul, the ſpear. Diſappointed, the hero fell back,—through the troop of his warlike friends. Much grieved he,—enraged in his heart; for the victory loſt, —for his broken ſpear. To the ſhips he haſtened, backward, his way; to bring the long lance, which lay in his tent.

The reſt toiled, with fury, in fight. The ſhrill clamour aſcended the ſkies. Teucer, firſt, a warrior ſlew: Imbrius in battle renowned; the ſon of valiant Mentor, rich in bounding ſteeds. In high Pedæus, the hero dwelt; ere yet came the Argives to Troy. The ſpouſe of beauteous Medeſicaſtè; Priam's daughter, by a ſecret bed. When the Argives arrived in their ſhips; to Ilium, again, he returned: And excelled, amid the Trojans in arms. In the king's proud palace, he dwelt. Priam honoured the chief, like a ſon. Him, the ſon of Telamon ſtruck, beneath the ear, with his pointed lance. The ſpear he regains, from the wound. He fell to the earth:

earth: Like an aſh, which, on the mountain's far-ſeen brow, falls beneath the ſounding ſteel, and ſpreads its tender leaves, on the ground. Thus ſunk the hero in death. O'er his body, ſound harſhly his arms.

Teucer ruſhed to ſpoil the ſlain. Hector launched his bright ſpear, as he came. The chief perceived the ruſhing death: And, bending, ſhunned the brazen lance. But it ſtruck the warlike Amphimachus, the ſon of Actorian Cteätus. On his breaſt fell the ſpear, as he came. Reſounding, he fell to the ground. Harſhly clank, o'er his body, his arms. Great Hector advanced, in his force; from his temples, to tear the bright helm: From the head of warlike Amphimacus, now dead, in his flowing blood. Ajax launched, on Hector, his ſpear. To his body, no paſſage it found. Sheathed whole was the chief, in bright ſteel. His boſſy ſhield great Ajax ſtruck: And ſhoved him back, with mighty force. The hero retreats, from both the ſlain. The ſons of Argos drag the bodies away.

Stichius and the noble Meneſtheus, the leaders of Athens, in arms,—bore the unhappy Amphimachus, to the lines of the Argive powers. But Imbrius is dragged, by the great Ajaces; both lovers of the furious fight. As two lions force a goat from the hounds, when, with fury,

they tear the prey. Through the bruſh-wood they bear her along: Held, aloft, from the earth, in their jaws. Thus, aloft, the two warlike Ajaces bore the breathleſs Imbrius, along. They ſtript the ſlain of his beauteous arms. His head is lopt ſhort, from his neck; by the gallant ſon of Oïleus, enraged at Amphimachus' fall. He rolled the head, through the lines of the foe. Before the feet of Hector, it fell in the duſt.

Then firſt, from his inmoſt ſoul, the world-ſurrounding Neptune was wroth. He raged for his grandſon's fall; left in blood, in the diſmal fight. Quick, he ſtrode through the tents,—through the ſhips of the Argive powers: Urging the Greeks to the war; preparing ſlaughter and death for Troy. Idomeneus, renowned at the ſpear, came, firſt, forward on the ſteps of the god: Returning from a friend beloved, whom wounded through the leg by the foe, his companions had conveyed to his tent. Having given his commands for his cure, the king returned to the tumult of arms: Still eager to partake of the fight. To him ſpoke the ſovereign of Ocean; in voice like Thöas, the ſon of Andræmon: Who, through the wide bounds of Pleuron, through Calydon, rugged with rocks,—o'er the fierce Ætolians reigned; honoured, like a god, by his troops.

"Idomeneus,

"Idomeneus," the god began: "Leader of the Cretans in arms! Whither are fled the threats of the Argives? The deſtruction, which they menaced to Troy?" —"O Thöas!" replied the king: "No warrior, is now, in fault. None, I deem, is to blame of the Argives. We all are ſkilled, in each motion of war. None, by terror, is detained from the fight. None, yielding to ſloth, flies the war. But, thus, it ſeems good to the ſoul—of the all-powerful offspring of Saturn; that, inglorious, the Greeks ſhould periſh, far from Argos, their native land. But Thöas, heretofore thou wert brave. The mark of thine arm is in war. Thou wert wont to encourage the reſt: To urge forward the remitting in arms. Ceaſe not, therefore, thy hand, from the fight. Still encourage others to blood."

To him replied the earth-ſhaking power: "Idomeneus, periſh that man! Let him never return from Troy! Let him, here, be the ſport of dogs;—who, to-day, ſhall remit, in the fight. Haſten. Advance, in thine arms. This quarter demands all thy ſpeed. Together, let us ruſh to the field. We both may relieve the diſtreſſed. Uſeful, when combined is the valour of men. The moſt feeble, when joined, may ſucceed. But we are both ſkilled in the fight. We know to contend with the brave."

Thus

Thus ſpoke the god: And mingled again, with the tumult and clangour of arms. Idomeneus returned to his tent. O'er his body, he drew his bright arms. Two ſpears he graſpt in his hands. He iſſued forth, like the bolt of Jove: When the great ſon of Saturn,—receiving it bright in his hand,—launches it, from flaming Olympus; a dire portent to mankind. Bright flaſh the ſparks, as it flies. So gleamed the ſteel round the king; reflecting varied light, as he flew. Meriones he met, in his courſe: His faithful ſervant and valiant friend. He met him, while yet near his tent. The hero ruſhed for a brazen ſpear. To him began the ſtrength of Idomeneus:

"Meriones, ſon of Molus, ſwift of foot, moſt beloved of my friends! Why return'ſt thou to the ſhips of the Argives? Why leav'ſt thou battle and the tumult of arms? Art thou wounded, by the darts of the foe? Or comeſt thou, with a meſſage to me? Nor I wiſh to ſit, in my tent. My ſoul demands, of herſelf, the fight."

To him the prudent Meriones: "O Idomeneus!" the hero began: "King of Cretans, covered over with mails. I come to demand a ſpear: If any remains in thy tents. The lance, which I bore, broke ſhort, on the ſhield of a noble foe:—On the ſhield of Deïphobus, as he raged, in the front of the fight."—The ſovereign of Crete replied: "Not one alone, but twenty ſpears, thou

thou may'ſt find, in my lofty tents. They lean, beaming bright, to the wall, the ſpoil of Trojans ſlain by this arm. Nor is it MY way in the fight, at a diſtance to ſtand from the foe. Much, therefore, is my ſpoil, in long ſpears, in boſſy ſhields, in helmets of braſs;—in breaſt-plates that ſhine, from afar."

To him the prudent Meriones: "In my tents, in my dark, hollow ſhip, many are the bright ſpoils of the foe. But, now, diſtant, they are all from my hand. Nor I, if right I judge of my ſoul, forget, in ought, my valour in fight. Amid the firſt I ſhine forth in the field,—in battle, which gives fame to mankind. I ſtand forth, in the front of the line, when the loud tumult of war aſcends. My valour might another eſcape;—might paſs, unheeded, by the bright-mailed Argives: but I deem, that to thee, it is known."

The leader of the Cretans replied: "To me well thy valour is known. Why repeat'ſt thou thy deeds, in mine ears? Should we, here, be choſen to wait;—near the ſhips, in ambuſh to lie;—Which moſt diſplays the valour of men. There the timid appear confeſſed: And the valiant, conſpicuous, ſhine. The colour of the feeble in arms, flies, varied, along his face. Nor, untrembling, he ſits in his place: Nor ſtill lies his ſoul in his breaſt.

His

His knees knock each other, through fear. He, cowring, expects his death. Wild heaves his beating heart to his ſide. The chatter of his teeth ſtrikes the ear. But the colour of the valiant remains. He trembles not, o'er his joints,—when placed in the ambuſh of heroes. He longs to contend in arms;—to mix in bloody fight, with the foe.— There thy valour would gain thee applauſe: For ſhould'ſt thou, at hand, or from far, receive a wound in the toils of the fight: Nor, behind, would fall the dart of the foe; but, on thy breaſt, advancing in arms.—But no more! Let us end our diſcourſe. It is folly, here, longer to ſtand: Leſt others, with reaſon, may blame. Go. Enter my tent. Take a ſpear."

He ſpoke. The hero entered, like furious Mars. He took the brazen ſpear in his hand; and followed the ſteps of the king: Wildly eager to plunge, in the fight. As when the deſtroyer of armies, furious Mars iſſues forth to his wars. Him, Terror, his much-loved ſon, ſtrong and fearleſs, attends, in his courſe: Striking fear through the ſouls of the firmeſt in fight. Armed, the powers deſcend from Thrace, againſt the Ephyri; or magnanimous Phlegyæ. Deaf are their ears to the prayers of both the hoſts: But, one or other, they will cover with fame. Such was the warlike Meriones, ſuch Idomeneus, the

leader

leader of armies. Rapid they ſtrode forward to war: Beaming bright in their ſounding arms.

Meriones, firſt, addreſſed his words to the king: "Son of Deucâlion!" he ſaid: "To what quarter leads thy ſoul to the fight? To the right, wilt thou urge thy ſteps? To the center? To the left of the line? In no quarter is not wanting our aid. Dreadful perils hang o'er the whole hoſt."

"In the center," ſaid the ſovereign of Crete, "there are others, who the navy defend. The two Ajaces lift their ſpears. Mighty Teucer is there in arms; ſkilled, at once, to bend the bow; to launch the lance, in ſtanding fight. Theſe will employ the arms, the boundleſs fury in fight, of great Hector, the ſon of Priam, though he, above meaſure, is brave. Hard is the taſk for the chief, though burning, like a flame, in the fight; to overpower the ſtrength of ſuch chiefs, to force, through their invincible hands, his waſteful courſe to the navy of Argos: If Jove deſcends not, in thunder clothed, and launch his flaming bolt, on the hollow ſhips. To man will never yield, in fight, the great Telamonian Ajax: To mortal man, who eats the fruits of the golden Ceres; if his body is pervious to ſteel, or not proof againſt, flying rocks. Nor to Achilles himſelf yields the chief: Not

even to that breaker of armies, he yields, in the ſtanding fight. But, in the ſwift purſuit, with the hero, he cannot contend. Let us bend our courſe to the left. Let us try, in the front of the fight: Whether we ſhall give to others renown; or receive it, ourſelves, from the foe."

He ſpoke. Meriones, equal to furious Mars, ſtrode forward to the left of the line. When the foe beheld Idomeneus, like the ſtrength of devouring flame: When they beheld the king, with his friend, ruſhing forward in varied arms; they rouzed themſelves o'er their ranks. All ruſhed on the godlike man. The deadly hands of the foes are mixed, from each ſide. Dreadful battle is waked at the ſhips. As when the ſhrill-whiſtling winds ariſe; when the blaſt veers, from each quarter of heaven, —on the day of the ſultry ſun, when much duſt has covered the ways. From every ſide aſſailed, at once, the duſty cloud aſcends; and remains, long fixed, in the ſky. Thus, collected from every ſide, they urge, in one place, the fight. Eager burn the ſouls of all, to pierce each other, with pointed ſteel. Briſtled o'er, with long ſpears is the deadly fight. The eye is ſtruck, with dazzling light, from the brazen ſplendour of poliſhed helms, from breaſt-plates brightly-beaming forth,—from the orbs of refulgent ſhields; as, ruſhing from each ſide, they engaged.

engaged. Bold in heart were that man, who could behold their toil, with joy: Without feeling regret in his ſoul.

Favouring different ſides, in the war, were the two ſons of Saturn, tremendous in power: Pouring heavy woes, on the heroes, in fight. Jove favoured the arms of Troy; the victory to Hector would give: Honouring the great ſon of Peleus. Nor meant he, wholly, the Greeks to deſtroy: To lay them ſlain, on the ſhores of Ilium. But he honoured the bright-moving Thetis: He honoured her daring ſon. Neptune rouzed the ſouls of the Argives: Riſing, in ſecret, from the foam of his main. He grieved to ſee them vanquiſhed by Troy. Rage burnt, in his ſoul, againſt Jove. Equal was the race of both: From the ſame ſource ſprung the powerful gods. But thundering Jove was born, the firſt: And greater knowledge enlightened his ſoul. His brother, therefore, avoids in the field to give his open aid to the Argives. In ſecret he urged them to fight. In human form, he clothed the god. Theſe gods incloſed the fighting hoſts; between the lines of fierce diſcord, and all-equalling Mars. O'er both they ſtretched, the dreadful lines; infrangible, not to be looſed. The limbs of many were unbraced, in the fight.

Then firſt, though half-gray with years;—then Idomeneus rouzed the Argives. Bounding forward, he turned the Trojans to flight. He ſlew the gallant Othryoneus, who came from the diſtant Cabëſus. To the field, the warrior lately came. He ſought, without dowry, Caſſandra,—the moſt beauteous in form of the daughters of Priam. Great was his promiſed aid. He proffered, from Ilium to drive the ſons of Argos, acroſs the main. Aged Priam promiſed the maid. He vowed to give her to his arms: And, truſting to the voice, of the king, the hero urged the fight. Idomeneus threw, againſt him, the ſpear. He ſtruck him, as he proudly ſtrode. Nor ſtopt the brazen breaſt-plate the lance. In his bowels it, buried, remained. Reſounding he fell to the earth: And the hero gloried, thus, o'er the ſlain.

"Othryoneus!" the king began: "Thee will I praiſe, beyond mankind; if now thou wilt, all, perform,—for which to Priam thou plightedſt thy faith: When he promiſed his daughter beloved. We, alſo, would treat, for thy valour; and purchaſe thy ſword, with a ſpouſe. We will give thee, the faireſt in form of the daughters of great Atrides. From Argos, the maid ſhall come: And aſcend thy bed, in the glow of her charms: If thou wilt riſe in arms and ſack the well-peopled city of

of ſacred Troy. But follow my hand to the fleet. Let us, there, on the nuptials confer. Follow, Othryoneus, my hand. Worthy of ſuch a ſon are the Argives!"

He ſpoke: And dragged him, by the foot, through the loud tumult of arms. Aſius, his avenger, came: On foot, before his high-maned ſteeds. Light pacing they followed their lord; and breathed, upon his ſhoulders broad. The driver obeyed his commands, and held them cloſe, behind the king. Much he wiſhed from his inmoſt ſoul, Idomeneus to pierce, with his lance. But he hurled, firſt, his pointed ſpear. Through and through his throat it ruſhed. Aſius fell, ſounding, to earth. As when an oak, on its mountain, falls,—or white poplar or lofty pine: Which the woodmen, with redoubled ſtrokes, lay large along the ground;—to form the dark ſhip, for the main. Thus extended lay, large, the chief, before his ſteeds and poliſhed car. Loud, chattered his teeth as he died. He graſpt the bloody duſt in his hand.

From the driver wandered his mind: Confounded at the fall of his lord. His heart failed him. He turned not the ſteeds, to ſhun the hands of the dreadful foe. Him the warlike Antilochus ſtruck, in the breaſt, with his ſpear. The brazen breaſt-plate repelled not the point. In his bowels ſtood fixed the long lance. Gaſping, he

tumbled to earth, from the beauteous ſeat of his lofty car. The ſon of Neſtor, in council renowned, ſeized the ſtartled ſteeds of the ſlain; and drove them to the line of his friends.

Deïphobus, with rage, advanced, on Idomeneus, renowned at the ſpear. He grieved, for the fall of Aſius. He threw his bright-beaming lance. The king ſaw the ſhining death, as it came. He ſunk behind the wide round of his boſſy ſhield: His ſhield formed, ſtrong, of the hides of bulls; covered o'er with refulgent braſs. Beauteouſly turned was the orb; with two handles fitted behind. Under this, he, ſunk wholly from view. O'er it flew the ſpear, by the verge. Shrill rings the broad ſhield to the lance; as ſlantly it glides on the orb. Nor idly ruſhed the ſpear from his hand robuſt. He ſtruck the ſhepherd of his people, Hypſënor. Through the liver, by the midriff, it paſſed. Death unbraces his limbs, as he falls. Much gloried the chief o'er the ſlain; and, thus, ſwelled his voice to the foe:

"Nor unrevenged lies Aſius, in death. His great ſoul, I deem, will rejoice; as it darkly deſcends to the dead: To the ſtrong-gated regions below. His great ſoul will rejoice, as it flies. An attendant is given by my ſpear."—He ſpoke: Grief covered the Argives, at the loud

loud boaſt of the foe. But chief is moved the gallant ſoul of Antilochus, dauntleſs in fight. Yet neglects he not, in his grief, to cover the corſe of his friend. He ruſhed forward to the ſlain, in his arms: And ſtretched o'er him his boſſy ſhield. The hapleſs chief is borne away, by two of his friends beloved: By Meciſteus, the ſon of Echius, and Alaſtor, the divine. They bore the corſe to the hollow ſhips, deep-groaning, from their inmoſt ſouls.

Nor abated the ſoul of Idomeneus. Unceaſing, he wiſhed, in his mind, to cover ſome warrior of Troy, with the riſing night of death: To cover ſome hero with night; or to ſound, with his own great fall, repelling deſtruction from Argos. He ſtruck the hero Alcathous; the loved ſon of the great Æſyëtes, a warrior reared, by the care of Jove. Alcathous, the ſon of Anchiſes, the ſpouſe of his eldeſt born,—of the glowing charms of Hippodameia. Much her father loved the maid; and much her mother revered. O'er the fair troop of her equals ſhe roſe, in beauty, in prudence, in works of art. The firſt of women, in all, ſhe ſhone; and ſhe wedded the nobleſt in Troy.—Now Neptune ſubdued her ſpouſe, beneath the long ſpear of a foe. The God threw darkneſs o'er his bright eyes. He entangled his limbs, as with

with viewleſs chains. Nor back he could fly, from the ſpear: Nor, inclining, avoid its flight. Like a pillar, without motion he ſtood: Or lofty tree, unſtirred by the winds. Idomeneus ſtruck his breaſt, with the ſpear. Through the mail of braſs ruſhed the lance. The corſlet, that was wont to defend—harſhly grates, as it yields to the ſpear. Reſounding, he falls to the earth. The ſteely point is fixed in his heart; which, bouncing high, ſhook the ſpear to its end. Soon ſtopt the motion with life. The hero glories o'er the ſlain: And, thus, ſwells his voice to the foe.

"Deïphobus!" began the king: "Judge we right, when we think it but juſt,—that three chiefs, for one hero, ſhould fall,—ſince ſo vain were thy vaunts in our ears? But thou, doughty warrior, advance. Stand forth, before me in fight. Feel the force of the race of Jove. Great Jove firſt Minos begot: The prudent guardian of ſpacious Crete. To Minos was born a ſon,—Deucalion, faultleſs in form. Deucalion begot me in Crete: A king of many heroes in war. Hither I am come, in my ſhips: A ſource of ſorrow to thee,—to thy father, to the people of Troy!"

He ſpoke: And, in doubtful ſuſpence,—hung the ſoul of the valiant foe: Whether to call ſome Trojan, in aid; or,

or, alone, to try the ſtrength of the king. While theſe thoughts he revolved, in his breaſt; at length it ſeemed beſt to his mind; to turn his ſteps to the great Æneas. Him he found, remote in the rear. His wrath was rouzed againſt Priam divine: As he honoured him not, in ought; though, great, he ſhone amid the brave. Deïphobus approached the chief; and, thus, with winged words, began:

"Æneas, great leader of Troy! Now, at leaſt, it becomes thee to aid. If thou regardeſt a brother in ought: If touched is thy heart with the love of thy friends. Haſte. Follow my ſteps. Lend thine aid to the ſpouſe of thy ſiſter beloved: To Alcathous, who reared thee, while young, within his lofty halls. Protect the bleeding corſe of the chief: By Idomeneus ſlain in the fight."

He ſpoke and moved his ſoul in his breaſt. He ruſhed againſt the king of Crete: Eager for the conteſt of ſpears. Nor Idomeneus thinks of flight, like the timid heart of a boy. He, firm, remained, like a boar on his hills,—confiding in his mighty force. Unmoved he waits, in a deſart place, the loud-ruſhing tumult of men in arms. Briſtled, above, is his back. His fiery eyes are glaring round. His teeth he ſharpens for the fight: Eager to

repel the hunters and all their hounds. Thus; ſtood Idomeneus renowned at the ſpear. The hero diſdains to retreat. He waits the ruſhing ſpeed of Æneas. But loud ſwelled his voice to his friends. He called Aſcalaphus and brave Apharëus,—Deïpyrus, Meriones renowned,—and the youthful Antilochus, ſkilled in each motion of war. Inciting the chiefs to the fight; with winged words, the king began:

"Hither advance, O friends! Aid my ſpear: For I ſtand alone. Much I dread the ruſhing aſſault of the great Æneas: Who advances, on me, in arms. Strong is the hero in fight. The blood of warriors he pours amain. In the bloom of his youth, is the king: In youth, the greateſt ſtrength in war. Had we both been equal in years,—with this ſoul, which I feel in my breaſt: Soon with glory the chief ſhould be crowned, or I derive renown from his fall."

He ſpoke: The heroes all advanced. The ſame fire burnt o'er all their ſouls. Near the ſovereign of Crete they ſtood: Inclining to their ſhoulders, the wide orbs of their ſhields. Æneas, on the other ſide,—urged onward his friends to the fight: Deïphobus, the godlike Paris, Agënor the divine. Theſe, as leaders of Troy advanced. Their troops were pouring dark along: As, when,

when, behind, the fleecy ram, return the ſheep from their paſtures green. They follow their leader to the ſtream: And o'er his ſoul, the ſhepherd is glad. Thus rejoiced in his heart, Æneas; when he beheld in long order, behind,—the ranks of the warlike Trojans, falling forward, in his path.

Around the corſe of the great Alcathous,—hand to hand, they urge the fight. The long ſpears are ſtretched, from each ſide. Dreadful rings the braſs, on each breaſt. Death flies from line to line. Alternate fall the foes, in their blood. But two heroes ſkilled in war: Valiant, o'er their fellows, in fight: Æneas,—the godlike Idomeneus, both equal to Mars in arms,—with ardor, wiſh each other to wound; to urge forward their ſpears to blood. Æneas, firſt, threw his lance, on the king. He ſaw and ſhunned the gleaming death. In vain flew the ſpear, from his hand robuſt. Fixed in earth, it, quivering, remained.

Idomeneus ſtruck the brave Oenomaus. Below his breaſt fell the eager lance. Through the hollow corſlet it paſſed; and mixed, with his entrails, behind. Down dropt the chief, in the duſt: And graſpt the earth, in the palm of his hand. Idomeneus drew his ſpear, from the dead. But his other beauteous arms, he could not

tear, from his ſhoulders broad: For much was he urged, by the darts of the foe. His limbs failed the king, as he ruſhed. He, neither his own ſpear could regain: Nor yet avoid the lance of a foe. In ſtanding fight, he turned away—the deaths, which were flying around. Nor, equal now to flight itſelf,—could his limbs bear the hero from war. Slowly he began to retreat. Deïphobus launched forward his lance: For odious, ever, was the king to his ſoul. But, then, alſo, he ſtrayed from his life. On Aſcalaphus fell the ſpear. On the ſon of the furious Mars. Through his ſhoulder paſſed the ſwift ſteel. Down dropt the chief, in the duſt: And graſpt the earth, in his dying hand.

Nor yet heard impetuous Mars,—that his ſon fell in diſmal fight. On the brow of high Olympus, he ſat, beneath his golden clouds. He ſat, detained by Jove's commands: Where, the other immortal gods remained, —remote from forbidden war.—O'er the fallen Aſcalaphus, hand to hand, they urge the fight. Deïphobus from the head of the ſlain, withdrew, in haſte, the ſhining helm. But Meriones, equal to furious Mars, bounding forward, ſtruck his arm with the ſpear. Down dropt the helm from his hand: Harſhly ſounding, as it rolled, on the ground. Again the hero bounds amain, like a vulture

vulture that darts, on her prey. He withdraws the ſpear, from the arm. To the troop of his friends flies the foe. His brother, the valiant Polites,—raiſed up the chief, in both his arms. He bore him beyond the ſounding limits of fight,—to his fleet ſteeds, that ſtood behind. Beyond the tumult of battle they ſtood; with their driver and poliſhed car. To the city they bore the chief, deeply-groaning, with his pain: And dark ruſhed the blood, from the newly-inflicted wound.

The other warriors urge the fight. Loud clamour aſcends the ſky. Æneas ruſhing forward, with rage,—ſlew Aphareus, the ſon of Calëtor. Through the throat, as he looked away, paſſed the brazen point of the ſpear. The head, to the other ſide, inclined; weighed down on his ſhield with the helm. Bleeding dropt the chief in the duſt. Deſtructive death involves him round. Antilochus, obſerving Thoon, turning his back, on the foe,—wounded him behind, with his ſpear. In twain, he cut the vein, that runs,—down the back from the neck, behind. This, through and through, the hero cut. In the duſt fell the ſlain, ſupine: Stretching forth his dying hands to his friends.

Antilochus ruſhed, with ſpeed, on the foe. Looking round, he drew off his bright arms. The Trojans ſtood near,

near, with their ſpears. Blow ſucceeds blow, on his ſhield. Spear ruſhes with ſpear, on the chief. But impervious to wounds he remains. The earth-ſhaking Neptune protects the youth. The ſon of Neſtor the power defends: Amid the ſtorm of flying darts. Nor apart from the foe, was he ſeen. He, ever, ſtrayed, through their martial lines. He ceaſed not from the deadly lance. It always quivered in his hand. Ever ready was the chief in his ſoul; to throw the gleaming death: Or, hand to hand, to urge the fight.

Adamas, the ſon of Aſius, obſerved the youth, as he ſpoiled the ſlain. Reſolved, he ruſhed forth, from the crowd; and ſtruck the center of his ſhield, with the ſpear. Hand to hand he urged the lance. Blue-haired Neptune broke its point, on the ſhield,—refuſing the heroe's life to the foe. Half remained, like a ſtake, in the ſhield: Half, lay broken, on the ground. To the line of his friends he ſhrinks back,—avoiding the death he fears. Meriones purſued his flight with his ſpear. Below the navel, he ſtruck him with force: Where death enters, with fatal eaſe. In that part, the chief fixed his lance. He, throbbing, followed the ſpear, in his fall: Like a bull, which, aloft, on his hills, the cow-herds tye, with many bonds. Unwilling,

he is dragged along: He ſtruggles and heaves, in their hands. Thus, throbbed, for a moment, the youth: Till the hero drew his ſpear, from the wound. His ſoul followed the ſteel to the light. Darkneſs covered his eyes in death.

Helenus ſlew the warlike Deïpyrus. On his temple fell the large, Thracian ſword. Cleft was the helmet in twain. On the earth rung the ecchoing braſs. An Argive ſeized it, as it rolled,—ſtained, with blood, through the feet of the foes. Breathleſs the warrior ſunk. Shadowy night roſe over his eyes. Grief ſeized the brave ſon of Atreus:—Menelaus, renowned in arms, was ſad. He advanced, threatening death to the king, —to the hero, the prudent Helenus. High he ſhook the ſpear in his hand. The Trojan bent the horns of his bow. At once, to each other, they ruſhed. One wiſhed to launch the ſharp ſpear: The other to wing the ſhaft from the ſtring. The ſon of Priam the combat began. He ſtruck the breaſt of the chief, with the ſhaft. On the hollow of his corſlet it fell. Broken the barbed arrow rebounds. As when, from the large winnowing fan, in the wide threſhing floor of the golden Ceres,—the dark beans or the vetches rebound,—before the ſhrill blaſt, which the winnower has raiſed amain. Thus from the

the breaſt of the king,—from Menelaus, elated with fame; broken, the arrow returned, and flew wide, in fragments, on earth.

Then the ſon of Atreus advanced. He ſtruck the hand of the chief, with his ſpear: The hand, which held the poliſhed bow. Through and through, paſſed the brazen lance: And nailed to the bow his hand. To the troop of his friends he retreats: Avoiding death from the foe. Bleeding, hung his hand by his ſide: Dragging the aſhen ſpear along. The mighty Agënor withdrew the lance; and, wrapping in wool the wound: He hung the arm of the chief in a ſling. The ſling a faithful ſervant gave; who followed the ſhepherd of his people, to war.

Right, on the great Menelaus, the gallant Piſander advanced. Dread fate led the chief along. He haſtened to the goal of death. To thee he came, O Menelaus; to fall in blood, in the tumult of arms. When toward each other, approached the chiefs, plunging forward, in dreadful ſtrife: The ſon of Atreus ſtrayed, from the foe; his ſpear flew wide, from the mark. Piſander ſtruck the ſhield of the king. Nor, through, paſſed the ſteely point. The broad buckler ſuſtained the ſhock. Broken, the ſpear fell in twain. In his ſoul,

the hapleſs warrior rejoiced. His hopes to victory aroſe. The ſon of Atreus drew his ſword, diſtinguiſhed with ſilver ſtuds. He ruſhed forward, on Piſander. The chief, from behind his ſhield, a beauteous battle-ax took. Bright ſhone the ſteely head. The handle of olive was formed: Long, ſmooth and fit for the graſp. At once fell the blows of the eager chiefs. Piſander ſtruck the horſe-hair creſt of his foe. Near the higheſt plume fell the ax. The ſon of Atreus, as the Trojan advanced,—drove his point, between the forehead and noſe. Down dropt both his eye-balls to earth; and rolled, bloody, along the duſt. Doubled was the corſe, as it fell. The foe placed his foot, on the breaſt of the ſlain. He deſpoiled the dead of his arms: And gloried, thus, o'er him, aloud:

"Thus, at length, ſhall ye leave the tents,—the hollow ſhips of the car-borne Argives! O treaty-breaking Trojans! Inſatiable of ſlaughter and blood! Nor your late breach of faith was your firſt. Not unſtained, till then, were your ſouls: For great, before, were my wrongs, from your hands! Nor you, regard, within your breaſts,—the rouzed rage of high-thundering Jove: The avenging wrath of the hoſpitable god. Yet, ſoon, ſhall he ſtretch forth his hand; and level your lofty city

with duſt. My virgin ſpouſe you ſeized by force. By force, you bore my wealth away. Unprovoked, uninjured you bore her to Troy: Though, with friendſhip, received, in her halls. Now you come, in arms, to our camp: Our ſhips you wiſh to burn, with fire;—to give our hopes of return to flames: To lay our heroes ſlain in their blood! But your progreſs, at length, ſhall be checked: Though wildly furious, for the fight."

"O father Jove! In wiſdom,—they ſay,—thou far-excell'ſt both men and gods. O'er the world thine empire extends. Yet all theſe ills proceed from thee: For, the wicked thou aid'ſt in war. Thou indulgeſt the Trojans unjuſt: Men, whoſe ſouls delight in force,—who are never glutted, with blood: Whoſe paſtime is ſlaughter and war. In every thing there is a mean,—in ſleep, in the joys of love, in the ſoft ſound of the pleaſing ſong, in the ſteps of the graceful dance. All theſe pleaſe others much more, than the labours of ruinous war. The Trojans, alone, love ceaſeleſs ſtrife. They, only, are inſatiate in blood."

Thus ſaying, the king gave the arms, all-ſtained, with blood to his friends. To the battle, again, he returned: And mixed, with death, in the front of the line. Then bounded on the hero in arms, Harpalion the

ſon

ſon of Pylæmenes. The youth had followed his father beloved, to urge battle, at ſacred Troy. He came; but he never returned, to the loved fields of his native land. The ſhield of the ſon of Atreus, in the center, he ſtruck with the ſpear. Near the hero he ſtood: But he drove not the lance, through the braſs. Back to his friends the youth retreats: Avoiding death, from the foe. Cautious, he turned his eyes around: To ſhun the darts, that flew amain. Meriones diſmiſſed, on his flight, a fatal arrow, barbed with ſteel. On the right hip, he ſtruck the chief. Through and through, paſſed the eager ſhaft: Iſſuing forth, near the bladder, before. Sinking down, in the place, in death; he ſlowly fell in the arms of his friends. He, writhing, poured his ſoul away. Stretcht, on earth, like a worm, he lay. The dark blood ruſhed amain, from the wound: And moiſtened the duſt, as it ran. Grieving, they placed the youth, on his car; and bore him dead to ſacred Troy. Behind, followed ſlowly his father; pouring forth his tears, as he moved. No hopes of vengeance, for his ſon, ſuggeſts itſelf to his mournful ſoul.

Paris is enraged at his fall. Revenge kindles, along his mind. He had been the gueſt of Harpalion, in Paphlagonia's peopled land. For this, roſe the wrath of

the chief. He threw, with force, his brazen ſpear. A youth there was, by name, Euchënor,—the ſon of, Polyïdus, the ſeer: Rich in means, undaunted in fight; —who dwelt in the high-built Corinth. No ſtranger to his diſmal fate, he was borne, in his ſhip, o'er the main. Often had the aged ſeer,—Polyïdus, enlightened in ſoul, foretold his double fate to his ſon: That, either by ſome dire diſeaſe, he was deſtined to periſh at home;—or, to fall by the hands of the Trojans, at the hollow ſhips of the Argive powers. At once, he ſhunned diſgrace and diſeaſe. Sudden death he preferred to pain: And urged the willing battle at Troy. Him he ſtruck, beneath the ear. Straight, flew his ſoul, from his limbs: And horrid darkneſs involved him, around.

Thus, the foes fought amain, like the rage of devouring fire. Nor Hector, beloved of Jove, yet heard,—that, far to the left,—his troops, were falling, by the hands of the Argives. Nor the flight had yet reached his ears: Nor victory inclining to Greece. Such aid, the earth-ſhaking God, had given to the Argive powers. He urged them forward to the fight: And added his force to their rage. In arms the godlike Hector fought, where, firſt, he broke the wall and the gate: When he broke, with his deadly lance, the deep ranks of the yielding

ing foe. The godlike hero urged the fight,—at the ſhips of Ajax and great Proteſilaus: Where they lay, on the ſounding ſhore, by the waves of the foamy main. There, loweſt, was built the wall: As the braveſt were there encamped. There the Bœotians placed their tents, the long-robed Iaönes were there:—The Locrians, the warlike Phthians, the Epeï, illuſtrious in arms. They repelled his dreadful courſe from the ſhips: But, from themſelves they could not repel the chief: Hector, equal to the gods, a wide-waſting flame, in the fight.

The choſen chiefs of Athens ſtood, the foremoſt in the front of the line. Firſt in command is Meneſtheus, the ſon of illuſtrious Peteus. Behind the hero, ſtood his friends: Phidas, Stichius and Bias renowned. O'er the Epeï ſpreads their ſway, great Meges the ſon of Phyleus, Amphion and Dracius, unequalled in arms. Medon and the warlike Podârces, ſtood before the Phthians, in arms. Medon was the brother of Ajax, the ſon of Oïleus, the divine. In Phylacè the hero dwelt, far from his native land. His ſtep-mother's brother, he ſlew;—the brother of fair Eriöpis, the ſpouſe of the godlike Oïleus. But Podârces was the ſon of the great Phylacian Iphiclus. Both the chiefs ſtood, bright in their arms, before the ranks of the warlike Phthians. They defended the ſhips of the Argives: Joining with Bœotia their ſwords.

Nor, from the great Telamonian Ajax, ſtrayed, in fight, the ſwift race of Oïleus. Side by ſide, the heroes fought: Like two dark bulls of equal force, when they draw forward the well-joined plough, along the fallowed grounds. On their foreheads, by the roots of their horns, the copious ſweat burſts forth amain. Divided only by the yoke, their diſtance, ever equal they keep. Along the furrow ſlow they move: And, behind them, cleave the earth, with the ſhare. Thus, joined together in the fight, ſide by ſide, the heroes moved. Many and valiant youths, in arms, followed the ſteps of the elder Ajax. With joint force, they ſuſtained his broad ſhield, when his arm was unbraced with toil; and ſweat wandered o'er all his limbs.

But his Locrians advance not cloſe to the foe, behind the gallant ſon of the great Oïleus. In ſtanding fight conſiſts not their force. On their heads, no brazen helmets aroſe: Nor waved, aloft, their horſe-hair creſts. They bore no round ſhields on their arms: They ſhook no aſhen ſpears in their hands. Truſting to their crooked bows, to their ſlings formed of yielding wool, they followed their chief, from afar,—to wake battle round ſacred Troy. At diſtance ſtood the warriors behind, and broke the foe, with the far-ſent war. The two Ajaces

ſtood, in the front, bright-covered, with all their arms. Hand to hand they fought with Troy,—with mighty Hector, armed in ſteel. The Locrians, concealed in the rear, poured death from their ſlings and bows. The Trojans galled, with their frequent ſhafts, ſtood, unmindful of bloody fight. Then had ſlaughter raged amain: Then the Trojans had quitted the ſhips,—and urged their broken flight o'er the plain,—to Ilium, expoſed to the winds:—If Polydamas had not approached; and, thus, addreſſed the daring Hector:

"Thou know'ſt not, Hector, to yield in ought. Counſel, thou ever contemn'ſt. Since god has made thee brave in fight; and illuſtrious, in the toils of the field: In all thou wiſheſt, all to excel; in council, as well as in arms. But thou, though great, unequal art,—to enjoy each perfection, alone. To one, the gods have given to know—the dreadful works of glorious war: To another, the graceful dance: To a third, the ſong and the lyre. In the breaſts of ſome, high-thundering Jove has placed ſouls, for wiſdom renowned. They, o'er all others, aſcend. Mankind reap the fruits of their thoughts. States and cities they preſerve. They, who wiſdom poſſeſs, know its value the moſt."

"But now I will unfold my mind,—and ſpeak, what ſeems beſt to my ſoul. Around thee, Hector, on every ſide;

ſide; burns the waſteful circle of war. The Trojans, ſince the wall they have paſſed: Some, in all their arms, retire, ſome urge the fight on the foe. The few with the many contend. Our force is diſperſed, o'er the ſhips. But thou, awhile, retire, O chief! Call the nobles to council behind. Let us weigh the whole, in our thoughts: And turn the beſt advice, on the foe. At once, let our ſouls reſolve: Whether to ruſh, on the hollow ſhips,—if god ſhould grant ſucceſs to our arm,—or whether, to retreat, without loſs, from the tents, from the navy of Argos. Much I dread, O chief, in my ſoul, that the Greeks will amply repay—the debt, which they owe to our arms. Still, at their hollow ſhips, remains, a hero inſatiate in war. Nor will he long, I deem, in his wrath, abſtain from the bloody fight."

Thus great Polydamas ſpoke. The prudent counſel pleaſed Hector divine. Straight he leapt from his car, on the ground, in all the ſound of all his arms. I return, he ſpoke aloud to the chief: And, thus, with winged words, began:—"Polydamas!" the hero ſaid. Retain, here, all the braveſt in fight. But I will, thither, bend my ſteps: And meet the coming war, as it rolls. Straight, I will return to thine aid: When my orders ſhall have paſſed, o'er the line."—He ſpoke: And ruſhed large along, like a mountain covered over with ſnow. Loud

ſwelled

ſwelled his voice, as he moved, through the Trojans and their allies, in war. They crowd, at the voice of the chief, round the godlike ſon of Panthous,—Polydamas of valour beloved.

Hector moved, along the front. He called, by name, his godlike friends: Deïphobus, the ſtrength of Helenus, Adamas and Aſius renowned. He called the chiefs, they anſwered not. He ſought—they were found no more. Beneath the hands of the Argives, ſome, breathleſs, lay, at the hollow ſhips: Some wounded, or with ſhafts or with ſpears, lay in Ilium expoſed to the winds. Far in the left of the diſmal fight, he found Alexander divine,—the ſpouſe of the long-haired Helen. He added vigour to the ſouls of his friends: And urged his people, to the fight. Near the warrior Hector ſtood; and, thus, with bitter words began:

Ill-fated Paris! Firſt in form! Specious deceiver of maids! Where is the brave Deïphobus? Where the ſtrength of king Helenus? What haſt thou with Adamas done? What with Aſius, Hyrtacus' ſon? Where is the great Othryoneus? Lofty Ilium now falls from its baſe: And certain ruin hovers over thy head."

To him Paris of form divine: "Since, O Hector, it ſeems good to thy ſoul, to blame the guiltleſs; and un-

juſtly to rage. At times, I might have ceaſed from the fight: Though, my mother brought me forth to the light, not wholly timid or feeble in ſoul. But ſince, before their hollow ſhips, thou haſt waked the dreadful fight: Here have we ſtood, in our arms, and urged the ceaſeleſs war, on the foe. But the friends, whom thou call'ſt are ſlain. Two only ſtill breathe the air: Deïphobus and the ſtrength of Helenus. The hand of each has been pierced, with the ſpear. But Jove turned fate away from their lives. But thou, lead us, Hector, along. Wherever thou bid'ſt, we attend. With ready ſouls we will follow thy ſteps. Nor, deem I, that our valour will fail. Proportioned to our ſtrength we fight. Beyond it, belongs not to men."

Thus ſpoke the warrior divine. He bent, at once, his brother's ſoul. Tall, they took their rapid way, where moſt flamed the fight, o'er the line. To the place, where Cebriones fought; where Polydamas renowned: Where Phalces, where the brave Orthæus, and Polyphætes the divine;—where Palmys, ſtately Aſcanius, and Morys, Hippotion's ſons. The day preceding, came the youths, in their turn; from the pleaſant fields of the fertile Aſcania: Now Jove urged them forward to fight.

As

As when the ruſhing blaſt of the veering winds,—beneath the red bolt of our father, Jove,—aſſails, at once, the ecchoing world. With dreadful tumult they mix the main. Wild heave, at large, the waves,—o'er the wide back of the deep-roaring ſea. Swoln and whitened o'er with foam, ſucceſſive roll the billows along. Thus advanced, ſucceſſive, the Trojans. Thus troop, its armed troop purſued. Gleaming in ſteel, they advanced. Before each ſquadron ſtrode its chief. Hector, far the firſt, came on, equal to Mars, the deſtroyer of armies. Before him, he raiſed the round orb of his ſhield; formed of hides and thick-plated with braſs. Bright noded his lofty helm, on his brows. From ſide to ſide, the hero ſtrode. He ſearched for a breach in the deep-formed lines, as, tall, he ſtalked behind his ſhield. But he diſturbed not the ſouls of the Argives: And great Ajax defied him to arms; ſtretching forward his mighty ſtrides.

"Doughty warrior!" he ſaid, "Approach! Why frighten'ſt thou, thus, the Argives? Nor unſkilled are our hands in the fight: Subdued only, by the ſcourge of great Jove. Much thou hop'ſt, from thy inmoſt ſoul, to take, to deſtroy theſe ſhips. Yet ſtill we have hands to oppoſe,—to turn thee away in thy courſe. But ſooner

ſhall the well-peopled Troy, be taken,—be deſtroyed by the Argive powers. The time, Hector, approaches with ſpeed, when thou, flying over the field,—ſhalt ſtretch thy ſuppliant hands to father Jove,—to all the immortal gods,—praying that thy high-maned ſteeds, may outſtrip the ſwift wing of the hawk: When they bear thee to high-walled Troy, rouzing the duſt o'er the field."

Thus, as the hero ſpoke: To the right flew the bird of Jove: A ſtrong-winged eagle, ſoaring high, in his own dark clouds. The Argives ſhouted o'er the lines: Confirmed, by the omen divine. But illuſtrious Hector replied:—" Idle boaſter! Heavy warrior! What words have eſcaped from thy lips? Would I were as much the ſon of Ægis-bearing Jove. Would! that Juno, revered, brought me forth: Would! that honoured, I were like Pallas, or far ſhooting Phœbus: As that this fatal day, ſhall cover with deſtruction your hoſt. Nor ſhalt thou, vain boaſter, eſcape. Thou ſhalt fall, amidſt thy falling friends: Should'ſt thou dare to await my long ſpear. Soon will it tear thy ſoft body; and give thee, a prey to the dogs of Troy.—Thou ſhalt fatten, with thy fat, our vultures,—ſlain at the ſhips of the Argives."

Thus he ſpoke and led on his hoſt. The warriors followed their chief, amain. Loud tumult is ſpread o'er the

the field. Wild clamour aſcends, behind. The Argive ſhouted aloud: Nor forgot they their ſtrength, in the fight. They waited, firmly, the deep-ruſhing Trojans. The noiſe of both aſcended the ſkies: To the ſplendid halls of high-thundering Jove.

THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

BOOK XIV.

NOR unheard is the clamour by Neſtor, though cheering his ſoul with wine. To the ſon of Æſculapius, with winged words, the hero began. "Hark! O Machäon divine! What ſhouts aſcend, on the winds! Louder ſwells the tumult of arms: The voice of young warriors engaged in fight. But thou, repoſe thy wearied limbs. Recruit thy ſoul, with the dark-red wine: While the tepid bath is prepared, by Hecamëdè with lovely locks. HER fair hand ſhall waſh the blood, from thy wound: Whilſt I ſome height aſcend; and view the battle, that rolls around."

HE ſpoke: And took the ſhield of his ſon,—of Thraſymedes, the breaker of ſteeds. Bright lay the brazen orb

orb in the tent. The youth raiſed, in battle, his father's ſhield. He graſpt the ſtrong ſpear in his hand. The ſteely point glittered wide, as he moved. Without the tent, the hero ſtood. Shameful was the ſight he beheld. The Argives, broken, in flight. The Trojans purſuing amain. Fierce the foe in his wrath. The wall of the Argives levelled with earth!

As when the vaſt ocean grows black, o'er the face of its ſilent waters; preſcient, of the coming ſtorm,—the rapid courſe of the whiſtling winds. Dark it heaves, along its bounds, but knows not whither to roll its waves: Before, ſome wind, confirmed, deſcends,—from the manſions of father Jove. Thus doubtful in ſoul was the aged. Divided was his anxious mind: Whether to ruſh into the line; to aid the Argives, in fight:—Or to turn his ſteps to the king,—to the ſhepherd of his people, Atrides. Whilſt this he revolved in his thoughts, at length, it ſeemed beſt to his ſoul, to turn his ſteps to the great Atrides.—Death flies, amain, from ſide to ſide. With mutual wounds fall the foes in fight. Harſh ſounds the ſolid braſs, on their breaſts. To the ſwords it rings, —to the ſpears, that fall, unceaſing, from either line.

On Neſtor's courſe came forward the kings: The ſacred children of thundering Jove. The wounded aſcended,

aſcended, from their ſhips. The godlike ſon of warlike Tydeus. The great Ulyſſes alſo advanced, and Agamemnon, the ſon of Atreus. Remote from battle were the ſhips of the kings. They lay on the verge of the foamy main. The firſt line were dragged far in the plain: and near their ſterns was built the wall. Nor could the whole ſhore, though wide, contain, ſide by ſide, the veſſels of Greece. The army was confined in ſpace. In two rows they drew the ſhips on the ſhore. They filled the long bay, o'er its range. From cape to cape, the navy lay. The kings, therefore, were diſtant from war. They came forward, leaning each on his ſpear. Much they wiſhed to view the tumult of fight. Much grieved they all, from their ſouls. The aged Neſtor advanced on their courſe. Sudden terror ſtruck the kings of the Argives. Loud ſwelled the voice of Atrides; as, thus, to the hero, he ſpoke:

"O Nestor, ſon of Neleus! Greateſt glory of Achaia in arms! Why haſt thou left the bloody field? Why, the fight, that deſtroys mankind? Much I dread, O chief, from my ſoul,—that Hector will his promiſe perform: His haughty threats, midſt aſſembled Troy. He promiſed, not to return to Ilium, expoſed to the winds: Till fire ſhould conſume our ſhips,—till the Argives ſhould

fall by his ſpear. This, in council, he ſpoke: And HE, I deem, will the whole perform. But, O ye ever-living gods! who, ſo wretched as I of mankind! Sure, the other warlike Argives,—ſure, all have placed wrath, in their ſouls! Againſt ME, like Achilles, they rage. They loſe their ſafety, in their revenge, and will not fight, for their own hollow ſhips."

To him, the aged Neſtor replied: "Sure, misfortune rages amain: Nor, now, can high-thundering Jove himſelf repair the miſchiefs already done. Levelled with the ground is the wall. The ſtrength, in which we truſted is fallen. The bulwark of our ſhips is no more. No defence remains for the hoſt. Before our navy, at our tents,—with ſtubborn ſouls, they ſuſtain the fight. Perils threaten, from every ſide. Nor could'ſt thou know,—beholding all; on which quarter, we moſt are preſſed. So promiſcuous is death on the field: Such clamour aſcends the ſky. But let us weigh all in our ſouls. Let us ſeek ſome reſource from wo. Let us try if counſel can aid. Nor I adviſe the kings to fight. Battle ſuits not the wounded in war."

"NESTOR!" the king of men replied: "Since, at the ſterns of our ſhips they fight;—ſince the wall avails us no more;—nor the foſs, which we ſunk around.

Since the Argives have toiled in vain: Since the bulwark of the navy is loſt; and no defence remains to the army:—Our fall is decreed by the gods. It ſeems good to all-powerful Jove,—that the Greeks ſhould periſh at Troy,—far from Argos, their native land. There was a time when he favoured the Argives: But now his heavenly will is changed. He aids, in all, the ſons of Troy: And covers them, like gods, with renown. Our ſouls, he preſſes down with wo. He chains our very hands, in the fight."

"But, liſten, O chiefs, to my voice. Obey the dictates of my ſoul. Let us draw off the firſt line of our ſhips,—thoſe that lie next to the ſea. Let us launch them all with ſpeed, into the waves of the ſpacious main. At anchor, on the deep, let them ride; till night ſhall cover the world with ſhades: If even, in the ſhades of night, the Trojans will from battle abſtain. Then, protected in the gloom, the whole navy, we may launch to the main. Nor worthy of blame are the Argives, to fly from evil, through the ſhadows of night. More prudent is he, who evil ſhuns; than the man, who awaits its approach."

Sternly turning his eyes on the king, the wife Ulyſſes replied: "Son of Atreus," he ſaid: "What words have eſcaped,

eſcaped, from thy lips? O loſt to every ſenſe of ſhame! Would! that, o'er ſome cowardly hoſt,—not o'er us were extended thy ſway. Not o'er us, whom, from our youth,—to the diſtant limits of fading age,—great Jove has given wholly to war;—to fight, to conquer, to die!—Haſt thou then reſolved, in thy ſoul, to leave the wide-ſtreeted city of ſacred Troy? Forſak'ſt thou thus the price of toil? The boon, for which ſo long we fought? Speak low: Leſt ſome Argive ſhould hear. Repreſs words, that bear diſgrace, in their ſound. Words! unworthy of a man, whoſe ſoul is not to reaſon loſt: But more unworthy of a king,—a ſcepter-bearing prince, like thee: Whom ſo brave, ſo many troops,—whom Argos, o'er her nations obeys."

"Thy counſel I diſlike in all. Imprudence thou haſt joined to diſgrace. Thou adviſeſt in the midſt of the fight,—when every ſpear is ſtretched forth to blood!—Thou adviſeſt to launch the ſhips! To crowd with our veſſels the main! What more could the Trojans require? What better fortune could they join to ſucceſs? Dreadful ruin would all aſſail: And death ſtalk amain, through the hoſt. Nor the Argives the fight would ſuſtain: Whilſt the ſhips are launched to the main. Back, they would look from the war: And quit, with tumult, the

ſtrife of arms. Then thy counſel a hoſt would deſtroy; O leader of the nations in arms!"

"O Ulysses!" replied the king. "Thy juſt reproof has touched my heart. Severe are thy words, O chief! Nor I would force unwilling Greece,—to launch her dark ſhips to the main. But, now, I wiſh, from my ſoul,—to hear ſome more wholeſome advice: Whether from young or from old it comes. Mine ears are open to all."

To him, Diomedes, renowned in fight: "The man thou demand'ſt is near. Far thou need'ſt not ſtray for counſel: If the chiefs will my words obey;—if they will not deſpiſe my advice, as younger, far, than them, in years. But not ignoble is my race; nor yet the father, from whom I have ſprung. Renowned o'er the nations is Tydeus, whom earth has covered at ſacred Thebes. To Portheus were born three gallant ſons: Who dwelt in Pleuron, in Calydon expoſed to the winds. The firſt was Agrius, Melas the next, the third, Oeneus, the breaker of ſteeds. Oeneus the father of Tydeus: Who, in valour, o'er his brothers aroſe. The chief dwelt, in his native land: My father, remote in Argos. A wanderer, his country he left: So willed the gods and father Jove. The hero the daughter of Adraſtus eſpouſed. Great the wealth, which was ſtowed in his halls. Rich he was in fertile

fertile fields; both fruitful in wheat and the vine. Fair-bloſſomed his gardens around: White, wandered his flocks, on the hills. But in arms he mankind excelled: The ſons of Argos, in ſkill at the ſpear."

" Despise me not, as ſprung from a race,—obſcure in peace and unknown in arms: Deſpiſe not the counſel I give. I deem, that the beſt I adviſe. Proceed. Let us haſte to the fight. Though wounded, let us move to the field. Beyond the flight of darts, let us ſtand: Leſt wound ſhould be added to wound. Let us urge others, forward, to fight. Let our words give the aid, which our arms deny. Thoſe, who ſtand apart, let us urge: and puſh onward the ſluggiſh in war."

He ſpoke: And the heroes obeyed. Right forward they held their way. The king of men precedes them all. Nor unſeen, by a god, they moved. The world-ſurrounding Neptune beheld; and came forward on the courſe of the chiefs. In form, he ſeemed a man in years. He ſeized the hand of the ſon of Atreus: And, thus, aloud, with winged words, he began: " Son of Atreus!" he ſaid. " Now, the haughty heart of Achilles,—bounds, within his boſom, with joy. With raviſhed eyes, he, now, beholds,—the ſlaughter and flight of the Argives. Without a ſoul is the dreadful chief;—or curſed with an unfeeling

unfeeling ſoul! But let him periſh in his crimes. Let the gods wrap him round, with diſgrace. Nor averſe to thee are the gods: They have not turned their favour to Troy. Soon ſhall thine eyes, O king, behold, the daring leaders of the foe: Involving their flight, in clouds of duſt; as they urge their cars, o'er the plain. Soon ſhall thine eyes, O king, behold,—the Trojans flying, from the navy and tents."

He ſpoke; and ſwelled his dreadful voice, as rouzed, he ruſhed from fight, o'er the plain: Loud, as the voice of thouſands in fight,—of ten thouſand warriors in arms: When they raiſe their joint ſhout to the ſkies, rolling forward the battles of Mars. So loud from his mouth divine, roſe the voice of the earth-ſhaking god. He poured ſtrength into every heart. The Argives were inſpired, o'er their lines; with ceaſeleſs ardour, to urge the fight.

The golden-throned Juno, from heaven,—turned her large-rolling eyes, on the world. She ſtood on the top of Olympus. She beheld him buſy in war. She beheld her brother, in the fight of renown: And o'er her heavenly ſoul, ſhe rejoiced. On the lofty ſummits of ſtreamy Ida, her eyes met Jove, in his cloud. She ſaw the high favourer of Troy: And unpleaſing was the fight, to her ſoul. Anxious rolled her thoughts, o'er her mind. Much

the revered queen of heaven,—wiſhed to deceive the ſoul of Ægis-bearing Jove. At length, it ſeemed beſt to her mind, to urge her way to the cloud-covered Ida, after decking with care her charms. She hoped to raiſe ſoft deſire, in his ſoul: To ſurprize him, with her beauty, to love: To melt the god, in the glow of her charms. That, when languid, within her white arms, pleaſing ſleep might his eye-lids invade; and repoſe ſhade his prudence divine.

To her chamber divine moved the queen: The work of Vulcan, her ſon beloved. To ſolid pillars he fitted its doors: Which opened wide with a ſecret key. No other god could the chamber diſcloſe. She entered, with ſtately grace: And cloſed, behind her, the glittering door. Firſt, ſhe bathed, in ambroſial ſtreams,—her fair limbs, of proportion divine. O'er her beauteous body ſhe poured, rich oil, ſo ſweet to the ſmell; that its fragrance,—from the manſions of Jove,—reached earth, and ſpread over the ſkies.

When, with this eſſence divine,—ſhe anointed her beauteous form. She combed her long hair: With her hands, ſhe placed in order her ſhining locks. Beauteous, and lovely they flowed, from the immortal head of the queen. Her robe divine, ſhe poured around:

The

The work of Pallas, high-laboured with art. In its heavenly texture ſhe wove many figures to raviſh the eye. This ſhe bound beneath her white breaſt,—with golden claſps, that ſhone afar. She girt her waiſt, with a precious zone: Enriched, with an hundred taſſels of pureſt gold. The beauteous pendants hung, bright, from her ears. In each three gems beamed forth to the view; and ſpread, around her, a grace divine. Her radiant charms ſhe concealed, with a veil: Lately made, ſhining forth like the ſun. At length, on her beauteous feet, her heavenly ſhoes the goddeſs bound.

Thus, adorned, o'er her perſon divine, ſhe iſſued forth, in her ſtately charms. Calling her, apart from the gods, ſhe, thus, addreſſed the golden Venus: "Will my daughter beloved," ſhe ſaid; "grant, in ought, the requeſt of Juno? Wilt thou grant to my prayers a boon? Or muſt I be denied, in thy rage: As the Argives I favour in arms,—and thou giv'ſt thine aid to the Trojans?"—"O Juno! O goddeſs revered!" replied the fair daughter of Jove. "Bright race of tremendous Saturn! Unfold the deſire of thy ſoul. My mind bids me thy voice to obey; if to obey, I have the power: If thy requeſt can be granted by Venus."

Thus,—hiding deceit in her ſoul,—replied the daughter of mighty Saturn:—"Give that lovelineſs, that alluring

alluring deſire, by which, thou ſubdueſt all the gods: And o'er mortals extendeſt thy ſway. I go to viſit afar, the utmoſt bounds of the bounteous earth: To Ocean, the father of gods,—to Tethys, the mother of all. They reared me, with care, in their halls; receiving the charge from Rhea: When Jove, in his own thunder clad, threw Saturn beneath the earth,—beneath the waſte waves of the main. To viſit them, I take my way; to compoſe the bitter jars, which divide their ſouls. Long, have they, abſtained, in their rage, from the joys of all-pleaſing love. Should I ſoothe, with my words, their wrath; and perſuade them to return to their loves: Great would be the honour to Juno; much would ſhe be revered, by them both!"

To the queen replied, in her turn,—the bright goddeſs of charming ſmiles: "It becomes not—I muſt not refuſe,—the boon, which thy ſoul demands: In the arms of all-powerful Jove, thou, ſleep'ſt, O goddeſs, in all thy charms!"—She ſpoke; and, from her heaving boſom, looſed the various girdle with care. There contained were her ſoul-winning charms. There was love, there melting deſire: There, of lovers the tender vows. The pleaſing flattery was there; which takes, by ſtealth, the ſouls of the wiſe. This ſhe placed, in the hands of

the queen; and, thus, again, began: "Take this girdle," ſhe ſaid. "Hide it, in thy boſom, from view. Take this various zone, replete with all my alluring charms. Take it—Nor, I deem, ſhalt thou fail,—to complete the deſires of thy ſoul."

She ſpoke: The queen of heaven ſmiled; and, ſmiling, preſſed to her boſom, the zone. To the halls of high-thundering Jove, returned, with ſpeed, the golden Venus. Juno haſtened her flying ſteps, from Olympus involved in clouds. O'er ſacred Piëria ſhe glides; o'er Emathia's pleaſing fields. Aloft, ſhe is borne along, o'er the ſnow-clad ſummits of all the hills,—which rear their white heads in Thrace,—the mother of warlike ſteeds. O'er theſe the goddeſs took her way; nor touched the earth, with her feet, as ſhe moved. From Athos ſhe deſcended, on winds, to the broad back of the billowy main. To ſacred Lemnos ſhe came,—to the city of Thoas divine. There ſhe accoſted Sleep, the twin-brother of ſilent Death. She took the dark power, by the hand,—and, thus, addreſſed him by name:

"O sleep!" ſhe began: "King of gods and of mortal men! If, heretofore, thou liſtened'ſt to Juno: If her words found grace, in thine ear:—Now, alſo, grant my requeſt. Gain, for ever, my favour divine. Cloſe, in ſlumber, beneath his lids, the eyes refulgent of thundering Jove.

Straight,

Straight, invade the languid god, when he melts, in love, in mine arms. Nor unpaid ſhall this ſervice remain. A beauteous throne, unfading, of gold,—the work of Vulcan my ſon—ſhall be thine. The high-laboured work of the god; with a footſtool of ſplendid form;—on which thy graceful feet may reſt, when thou indulgeſt in the joys of the feaſt."

Pleasing Sleep replied to the queen: "O Juno, O goddeſs revered! Daughter of mighty Saturn! Spouſe of high-thundering Jove! With eaſe I could lull, to repoſe, any other of all the powers: Even the ſtrong-ruſhing ſtreams of the Ocean,—the parent of all the gods. But I, nor to Jove will approach: Nor cloſe, in ſlumber, his eyes, till he iſſues his high commands. I reflect, in my ſoul, on the paſt. I gather wiſdom from thy former requeſts! On the day, when the great ſon of Jove, from Ilium, raiſed his ſails on the main: When he laid waſte, reſiſtleſs in arms, the lofty city of ſacred Troy. Then I ſtole on the wakeful lids of Ægis-bearing Jove: And ſoftly poured myſelf on his mind. But ſecret miſchief lay hid in thy ſoul. The bluſtering tempeſt aroſe at thy nod; and rolled, together, the ecchoing main. Thou turned'ſt the chief from his courſe; to the well-peopled iſland of Cöos: Far remote from his friends beloved.

Jove wakened, in all his rage. On each other, he rolled the gods. Me, the moſt, he ſought, in his wrath. Me, loſt to heaven, he had hurled to the main: But night, the ſubduer of gods and of men, ſaved me, in my flight, from his hand. To her, I fled, in diſtreſs. He reſtrained himſelf in his rage. The god revered the ſacred night: Nor, in ought, would her ſoul offend. Yet again thou haſt urged thy requeſt; and would'ſt my former perils renew."

To him, awful Juno replied, rolling her large eyes, on the power. "O Sleep!" ſhe began to the god. "Why roll ſuch thoughts o'er thy mind? Deem'ſt THOU, that high-thundering Jove, ſo much favours the warriors of Troy;—as he favoured his own gallant ſon, great Hercules, equal to gods? But thou, attend on my ſteps. The youngeſt Grace I will give to thine arms. Paſithaë ſhall be called thy ſpouſe: She, whom, ever, thou haſt loved from thy ſoul."

She ſpoke: Sleep rejoiced, at her words. "Come then;" he ſaid: "Come, goddeſs, and ſwear: By the ſacred waters of Styx,—the inviolable oath of the gods. Touch, with one hand, the fruitful earth: With the other, the waves of the main. That the gods may bear witneſs to all,—the gods, who dwell, in darkneſs, with aged

aged Saturn: That, the youngeſt Grace, thou wilt give to mine arms;—That Paſithaë my ſpouſe ſhall be called: She whom I, ever, have loved from my ſoul."

He ſpoke: Nor, in ought, diſobeyed the white-armed daughter of Saturn. She ſwore,—as commanded the god: By all the powers that dwell, under the earth,—whom men the horrid Titans have named. But, when her promiſe ſhe, with oaths, had confirmed; they both took their way, on the winds: Leaving Lemnos and rocky Imbros. Involved, in thick darkneſs, they flew. Soon their journey the powers performed. They came to the ſtreamy Ida, the mother of all that is wild. To the ſummit of Lectos they came: Having left the broad back of the main. O'er the land glided forward the powers. Beneath their light feet ſhook, with awe,—the lofty tops of the waving groves. There Sleep remained involved in ſhades: Avoiding the piercing eyes of Jove. He took his ſeat, in a lofty pine, the largeſt, that roſe on Ida. Wide ſpread its broad top to the ſkies. There he ſat, deep-ſhrowded with boughs, in form, like the ſhrill-ſcreaming bird,—whom the gods, on his native hills, call Chalcis,—but mortal men Cymindis.

Juno aſcended the winds, with ſpeed, to the cloudy ſummits of lofty Ida. To Gargarus the goddeſs came.

She

She met the eyes of the ſtorm-ruling Jove. When he beheld the queen in her charms; ſoft deſire veiled his prudent ſoul. Such deſire as had flamed in his breaſt: When firſt they mixed, in ſecret love;—when they entered the inmoſt chamber, unknown to their parents beloved. Before her roſe the eager god. Thus he ſpoke to his ſtately ſpouſe: "Juno, whither tends thy ſpeed? Why com'ſt thou, from Olympus, alone? Where is thy car and where thy ſteeds,—wont to bear thee along, on the winds?"

Thus,—hiding deceit in her ſoul,—replied Juno with ſnow-white arms: "I go to viſit, afar, the utmoſt bounds of the fruitful earth: To Ocean, the father of gods—to Tethys, the mother of all. They reared me, with care, in their halls. To viſit them, I bend my way: To compoſe the bitter jars, which divide their ſouls. Long have they abſtained, in their rage, from the joys of all-pleaſing love. At the foot of the ſtreamy Ida, ſtand, involved in darkneſs, my ſteeds: Ready to bear me o'er earth,—o'er the waves of the hoary main. Thy conſent to obtain, I came,—from broad Olympus, with brows of ſnow. To prevent thy rage I came: Leſt wrath might invade thy ſoul; ſhould I take, in ſecret, my way, to the halls of deeply-rolling Ocean."

To her the high ruler of ſtorms: "O Juno! ſome other time, urge thither, thy rapid way. But let us now diſſolve in love: Give all our ſouls to its joys. Never did ſuch fierce deſire,—for goddeſs nor for mortal dame, pour its lambent flame round my heart,—as that which, now, ſubdues my ſoul. Not when I mixed with the charms of Ixion's glowing ſpouſe: Who bore the valiant Perithous, equal in council, to gods. Not when I Danaë preſſed, the fair-limbed daughter of great Acriſius: The mother of godlike Perſeus, the moſt renowned of mortal men. Not thus I burned for the beauteous daughter of Phænix: Who brought forth the prudent Minos—and Rhadamanthus, equal to gods. Nor felt I thus, in my ſoul, for Semelé,—for the Theban Alcmena: This the mother of magnanimous Hercules;—but Semelé bore Bacchus divine, the joy of mortal men. Nor burned I, thus, for ſtately Ceres, graceful queen, with golden locks: Nor for the ſplendid charms of Latona; nor even for thy majeſtic ſelf: As now I feel love in my ſoul and ſoft deſire pervading my frame."

To him,—hiding art in her ſoul,—replied Juno, with ſnow-white arms: "Impatient ſon of Saturn! What words have eſcaped, from thy lips? Here would'ſt thou yield to pleaſing love? On the ſummits of ſtreamy Ida? Where

Where all lies expoſed to the ſkies? What if ſome one of the gods ſhould behold thee diſſolved, in mine arms? What,—ſhould he call the deathleſs powers, to ſuch a ſight of laſting ſhame? Nor I to thy halls would then return,—diſordered, from thy bed, o'er my charms. Nor I would then return, to meet the ſcorn of the deathleſs powers. But if ſuch the deſire of thy ſoul: If this pleaſes the mind of Jove. A ſecret chamber is thine above; built by Vulcan, thy ſon beloved: Its pillars fitted, with ſolid doors. Thither let us repair to ſleep: Since love pleaſes the ſoul of Jove."

To her the high ruler of ſtorms: "O Juno! Fear none of the gods. Nor dread, in this, the eyes of men. I will pour around a cloud of gold: So thick, that the all-piercing Sun, ſhall not dart, through its darkneſs, his rays."—He ſpoke: The eager ſon of Saturn threw his arms, round his glowing ſpouſe. The earth divine poured forth, beneath,—her freſheſt flowers to form their bed: The dewy lotos, the crocus of yellow hue. The violet, thick and ſoft, reared its head: And heaved, aloft, from earth, the powers. They lay on their fragrant bed. Round them poured their cloud of gold. Their beauteous cloud, from which, diſtilled the lucid drops of the dew of heaven. Thus the father ſunk in repoſe; on the ſummit

mit of his own dark hill. With ſleep, with love, he lay ſubdued: And held his heaving ſpouſe in his arms.

Dewy Sleep deſcends, through the wind, to the ſhips of the Argive powers: To bear the news to awful Neptune, who ſurrounds the world, with his waves. Near the power he darkly ſtood: And, thus, with winged words, began:—"With ſpirit aſſiſt the Argives. O Neptune, aid the Greeks in the fight. Give them glory: At leaſt, whilſt he ſleeps: Whilſt Jove bends his lids in repoſe. I poured around him pleaſing reſt. Him Juno has deceived, with her loves. He lies, folded within her white arms."—Thus ſaying, he mixed, with the winds: And bent his courſe afar, to the illuſtrious nations of men. Great Neptune, though already prompt,—is urged the more to the aid of the Argives. Bounding forward, through their lines, he, thus, rouſed the warriors to fight:

"O Argives!" began the God. "Shall victory be ſnatched from our hands? Shall we yield again to Hector? Shall he ſeize the navy of Argos? Or cover his arms with renown? Sure, theſe are the thoughts of his ſoul. Thus he boaſts, as the mighty Achilles lies, in wrath, at his hollow ſhips. Nor yet is great our want of the chief:

Should we, the reſt, be rouzed to arms ;—and lend our mutual aid, o'er the field. But haſte. Attend to my words. Obey what my ſoul ſuggeſts. Let the braveſt, the ſtouteſt, in fight,—take the ſtrongeſt, broadeſt ſhields. Let us place the bright helms, on our heads: Stretch forward the longeſt ſpears. Let us advance. Myſelf will precede: Nor deem I, that the ſon of Priam,—though much the hero is rouzed o'er his ſoul,—will ſuſtain my approach to the war. Let HIM that is in combat ſtrong, who rears a narrow buckler in fight,—reſign his ſhield to a weaker arm: And bear forward a larger orb."

HE ſpoke. They liſtened o'er their lines. They all obeyed the voice of the god. The kings reſtore the martial ranks; though wounded, they form the field: The Son of Tydeus, the great Ulyſſes, and Atrides, the ſovereign of men. Moving through the forming lines; they changed, with their commands, the arms. The ſtrong are beſtowed, on the ſtrong: The light for the feeble, in fight. Now cloathed, in all their burniſhed ſteel, gleaming moves the army along. The earth-ſhaking Neptune, precedes the line: Holding, in his mighty hand, a huge, a dreadful, ſhining ſword,—like the flaming bolt of Jove. Nor permitted was the god in fight, to ſtretch his awful ſword to blood: But, with its terror, it vanquiſhed the brave.

OPPOSED

Opposed to the god was mighty Hector. He alſo formed his own firm lines. Then dark ſwelled the war on each ſide. Both poured it forward, with their might;—the blue-haired king of the ocean and Hector, illuſtrious in arms. This aided the Trojans in fight: That urged the Argives to blood. Behind the tents and hollow ſhips, high-ſwelled the hoarſe waves of the main.—They plunge, at once, in dreadful ſtrife: Horrid clamour aſcends the ſky. Nor roars ſo loud the huge waves of the main, when, large, they fall on the ecchoing ſhore,—beneath the fierce blaſts of the northern wind. Nor ſo great is the ſound of flame,—when ruſhing, wide, through the mountain groves: When all the foreſt ſinks, reſounding, beneath its rage. Not ſo loud reſounds the wind, in the leafy tops of the lofty oaks,—when the ſtorm wings its courſe, o'er the echoing hills:—Not all invade, ſo loud, the ear, as the clamour of the Trojans and Argives: When, roaring, they ruſhed to dreadful fight; and poured their whole ſtrength, in the ſhock.

Illustrious Hector the fight renewed. He, firſt, threw his ſpear on Ajax. Turned forward was the face of the chief. Nor the lance, from his body ſtrayed. It fell, where the two thick belts, each other croſſed, on his manly breaſt. The one ſuſtained his broad ſhield: The other, his deadly ſword. Theſe, now, ſaved his body

from wounds. Dreadful, raged the illuſtrious Hector: When he ſaw that his rapid ſpear flew, in vain, from his mighty hand. Back he turned to the troop of his friend: Avoiding death, from the hands of the foe.

The great Telamonian Ajax,—perceived the warrior, as he retired. He raiſed a huge ſtone from the earth: For many lay where the foes engaged,—to prop the hollow ſhips on the ſounding ſhore. One of theſe the chief heaved from the ground. He ſtruck Hector above the orb of his ſhield. On his neck fell the forceful weight. Onward, whirling, it flew amain: And tore the earth as it rolled along. As when a huge oak, on its hill, is ſtruck by the red bolt of our father Jove. Torn from the root, it lies along. The nauſeous ſmoak of the ſulphur aſcends. Stiff with terror the traveller ſtops. Half his ſoul wanders away: For dreadful is the bolt of all-powerful Jove.

Thus fell the ſtrength of illuſtrious Hector. Thus, large, he lay, along the ground. From his hand dropt the brazen lance: From his arm, the wide orb of his ſhield. The helmet fell, bright, from his head. All his armour harſhly ſounds as he falls. With dreadful clamour advance the Greeks. They hope to drag the chief to their line. Thick fly the frequent darts, from their

their hands. But none at diſtance, or hand to hand,—could touch the ſhepherd of his people, with ſteel. His valiant friends ſtood formed around: Polydamas, the godlike Æneas; Agënor the divine, the great leader of the Lycians Sarpedon,—and Glaucus blameleſs in ſoul. Nor any warrior neglects the chief. All held before him the wide orbs of their ſhields. His friends bore him, in their hands, from the fight: Till they came to his bounding ſteeds. Behind the war, they ſtood, remote: With their driver and various car. They ſlowly took their way to Troy. Deep-groaned the king, as they moved.

But when they came to the diſtant ford, of the beauteous ſtream of the gulphy Xanthus; whom immortal Jove begot: They laid the chief, from the car, on the earth; and ſprinkled, o'er him, the cooling ſtream. His ſoul returned to his breaſt. He rolled his heavy eyes, around. On his knees the hero lay: And poured the dark blood, from his mouth. Again he fell back on the earth. Dark night had wrapt his eyes, in ſhades. The heavy blow had ſubdued his ſoul.

When the Argives ſaw Hector divine; retiring, ſubdued, from the field: With riſing ſpirit they ruſhed on the Trojans. They remembered the diſmal fight. The

ſon of Oïleus death began. Swift Ajax threw firſt his lance. He wounded Satnius with the ſteel-pointed ſpear: Satnius the brave ſon of Enops: Whom the Nymph, the beauteous Naïs, brought forth to Enops as he tended the herds,—on the green banks of the roaring Satnio. Him the ſon of Oïleus ſtruck, with his pointed ſpear. Through the nether belly it paſſed. He fell backward and lay in death. Round his body fierce battle aroſe: Between the ſons of high-built Troy and the Argives covered with mails.

In revenge of the chief advanced—Polydamas, ſhaking, aloft, his ſpear. On the right ſhoulder, he ſtruck Prothoënor,—the ſon of great Areïlycus. Through and through, paſſed the brazen lance. In the duſt, the hero fell,—and graſpt the earth, with his dying hand. O'er the ſlain, much-gloried Polydamas,—raiſing his loud voice to the foe. "Not, in vain, I deem, from the arm,—from the hand robuſt of the ſon of Panthous,—flew the ſteel-pointed lance, through air. Some Argive receives the ſharp ſpear: And let it prop him, as he ſlowly deſcends,—to the dark halls of relentleſs Pluto."

He ſpoke. Grief aroſe to the Argives: When they heard the vaunting voice of the chief. But he, moſt, moved the warlike ſoul of the great Telamonian Ajax.

Before

Before his feet, fell the great Prothoënor. Straight he threw his lance on Polydamas: As the hero turned his ſteps, from the foe. He ſaw the ſhining ſpear as it came; and, inclining, avoided death. But Archilochus received the ſteel: The gallant ſon of the aged Antenor. Him, the gods had, then, deſtined to death. He ſtruck him where joined the neck with the head. On the laſt joint fell the deadly lance. Both the nerves are cut in twain. Prone forward he fell to the ground. His head, his face, his noſe, touched the earth,—ere yet his body tumbled down to the ground.

Ajax, vaunting in his turn, ſpoke thus to the valiant Polydamas. "Conſider, well, O Polydamas! Then convey the truth to mine ear. Is not the fall of this chief,—an ample vengeance for ſlain Prothoënor. Nor of vulgar form ſeems the youth: Nor yet of an ignoble race. But the brother or ſon of Antenor, the aged breaker of warlike ſteeds. To the chief is related the ſlain: Or his figure deceives theſe eyes."

He ſpoke, well-knowing the chief. Then Acamas, protecting his brother ſlain, ſlew Bœotian Promachus, as he dragged the dead warrior away. Much gloried the chief o'er his fall: Thus raiſing his voice to the foe. "O Argives! obnoxious to ſhafts! Inſatiable in vaunts

and

and in threats! Nor we alone ſhall bear, in our ſouls,—the toils and the ſorrows of war. You, alſo, ſhall be ſlain, in your turn: And anſwer to our wo with wo. Behold, how your Promachus ſleeps; ſubdued beneath my pointed ſpear! Not long unpaid was the vengeance due,—to the ſhade of a brother ſlain. Happy, even in death, is the man,—who leaves a brother in the conteſt of arms, to revenge his timeleſs fall, on the foe."

He ſpoke. Grief aroſe to the Argives, when they heard the vaunting voice of the chief. But he, moſt, moved the warlike Penëleus. On Acamas, the hero ruſhed. Nor the Trojan ſuſtained the king. Peneleus ſlew the young Ilioneus: The ſon of Phorbas, rich in flocks. Him Hermes loved the moſt of the Trojans: And gave him wide poſſeſſions and wealth. To him an only ſon was born, Ilioneus, dauntleſs in arms. Beneath the brow, through the eye, paſſed the lance. Bloody dropt the torn eye-ball in duſt. Through the nape appeared, bloody, the ſpear. Falling back, he ſeemed to ſit in the duſt: Stretching forth his dying hands. Penëleus drew his ſword, from his ſide. He cut his neck, at a blow, in twain. Down dropt the head, with its helm, to the duſt. Still, paſſed through the eye is the ſpear. The king raiſed the head aloft, on the lance: And, thus, gloried to the Trojans, aloud:

"Bear

"Bear tidings," he ſaid, "O Trojans! of the fall of the brave Ilioneus: Bear them to his father beloved; to his mother diſſolved in tears. Let them weep, in their lofty halls. Nor ſhall the blooming ſpouſe of Promachus: The chaſte wife of the ſon of Algënor,—preſent herſelf to her huſband returned, while gladneſs glows, on her heavenly charms. When, we, the ſons of Achaia, ſhall return, in our ſhips, from Troy."

He ſpoke. Pale terror wandered over their lines. Each looked around, in his fear: And ſearched, where flight could bear him away, from death. Unfold to me, O Muſes! Bright dwellers of heaven's high halls! Who, firſt, of the Argives tore the bloody ſpoils, from a foe: After the world-ſurrounding Neptune had turned the ſcale of the war? Great Telamonian Ajax ſlew Hyrtius, renowned in arms: The leader of the magnanimous Myſi. Antilochus ſlew the valiant Phalces: He ſpoiled Mermerus, fallen by his ſpear. Meriones gave Morys to death: And Hippotion, in battle brave. Teucer pierced the dauntleſs Prothöon: He ſlew Periphætes in arms. The ſon of Atreus gave to death Hyperënor, the ſhepherd of his people, in war. In the nether belly, he ſtruck the chief. Through the entrails paſſed, ſwiftly, the ſteel. Round the ſpear, came forth his ſoul. Thickeſt dark-

neſs o'erſhadowed his eyes. Many fell by the hand of Ajax,—the ſwift ſon of the great Oïleus. None could equal the chief, in ſpeed; when he hung, on the flying foe: When great Jove turns the ſcale of war: And throws a panic, in the ſouls of an hoſt.

THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

BOOK XV.

NOW, the Trojans had paſſed, in their flight,—the lofty wall and the trench profound. Many lay, ſubdued, in their blood: Beneath the hands of the Argive powers. When they came, to their cars, they ſtopt. Paleneſs wandered o'er every face. Terror ſhook their limbs, as they ſtood. From ſleep, ſtarted all-powerful Jove: On the ſummits of ſtreamy Ida;—from the white arms of the golden-throned Juno. Sudden-riſing the thunderer ſtood. He ſaw the Trojan and Argive powers. Theſe urging the deadly purſuit: Thoſe broken and diſperſed, in their flight. Among the victors HE Neptune beheld. He ſaw Hector, extended

on earth. Round the chief ſat his mournful friends. Short roſe his heaving breath from his breaſt: His ſtrength failed. His ſoul fluttered on her wings to depart. Dark poured the clotty blood from his mouth: Not the feebleſt of the Argives had inflicted the wound! The father of men and of gods—beheld and pitied the hapleſs chief. Sternly turning his dreadful eyes,—to Juno the god began:

"Contriver of ills!" he ſaid. "Deceiving Juno! Thy fraudful wiles—have ſtopt the progreſs of Hector divine: And poured the flight of his troops o'er the plain. But thou, the firſt, perhaps, ſhalt taſte—the bitter fruits of thy deſtructive deſigns. Thy former crimes renewed, may ſtill renew the ſcourge of my wrath. Reflects not thy ſoul on the paſt? Remember'ſt thou not, when aloft, I hung thee, full in my view, from the ſky. When I tied two dreadful weights to thy feet? When I bound thy hands with infrangible gold? When, ſuſpended, thou wert in the air? When round thee wandered the driving clouds. O'er broad Olympus, the deathleſs gods, were darkened with riſing wo. But they could not their queen unbind. Him, that approached thee, I ſeized,—and hurled him, headlong, from the threſhold divine. Scarce breathing, he fell on the earth. This I did

did in my dreadful rage: In my wrath for, my ſon beloved,—for Hercules divine: Whom THOU, artful author of ills!—Unbinding the blaſts of the northern winds,—had'ſt turned, from his deſtined courſe,—to the well-peopled iſland of Cöos. Thence I delivered the chief. I brought him back to Argos of ſteeds: Though encompaſſed, with perils, around. Theſe things, again, I ſhall bring to thy mind: That, at length, thou may'ſt deſiſt from thy wiles: That, at length, thou may'ſt know, from thy ſoul,—how little thy charms avail: How little the power of thy loves! With which, apart from the gods, thou, now, haſt deceived thy ſpouſe."

He ſpoke: And, ſhuddering, the goddeſs heard. She rolled, in terror, her awful eyes: And, thus, addreſſing the ſon of Saturn, with winged words, began: "Bear witneſs, O earth! O heavens! that ſpread above all! Waters of Styx, that ruſh below! The greateſt, the moſt dreadful oath—to the gods, who for ever live! By thine own ſacred head I ſwear: By the joys of our nuptial bed: By which I never raſhly ſwore. Witneſs all!—That NOT, at my nod, Neptune, who ſhakes the world with his waves—has poured ſlaughter on Hector and Troy,—or aided the Argive powers. His own ſoul has urged on the god: Has driven him, too far, in their aid.

aid. He ſaw them preſſed, at their ſhips. He pitied and roſe from his main. If MY counſels had been poured in his ear: If, in ought, he would hear MY words: He would join, with thy will divine, O awful ruler of ſtorms!"

SHE ſpoke: And the father of gods and of men—mildly-ſmiling, thus replied: "If THOU, henceforth, majeſtic Juno! Shalt think the ſame, with me in heaven: If, revering my will, thou wilt ſit, in the awful aſſembly of gods. Then Neptune ſhall ſoon change his mind, to THY will—to MY high command: Though bent on his own deſigns. But, if thy words agree, in all, with thy ſoul: Straight repair to the ſeat of the gods. Send hither the various Iris. Send Apollo renowned for the bow. SHE ſhall deſcend, through the winds, to the hoſt of the bright-mailed Argives: To bid Neptune, the ſovereign of waves, to leave the battle of heroes, with ſpeed: To retire to his own high halls. But Apollo ſhall rouze, again,—great Hector, in all his fame. HE ſhall breathe ſtrength o'er his limbs; and blot thoſe bitter woes, from his ſoul,—which, now, involve his manly heart."

"THEN ſhall the hero ruſh amain;—and turn the Argives to ſhameful flight. Dreadful, ſhall he hang on the foe.

foe. The battle he will ſpread, in his rage; to the hollow ſhips of the ſon of Peleus. Achilles, then, will rouze his friend. He will ſend forth Patroclus to war. Him, before the walls of Ilium, great Hector will ſlay, with his lance. Many youths ſhall fall, firſt, by his ſpear: Among the reſt, my gallant ſon,—Sarpëdon, though mortal, divine, Achilles ſhall riſe in his rage: And Hector ſhall fall, by his ſpear. Then wo ſhall follow wo, on Troy. Thenceforward her ſons ſhall fly: Turned, from the ſhips, by this powerful hand. No reſpite from ill ſhall they find: Till the Greeks, by the counſel of Pallas, ſhall level high Ilium with duſt. Nor till then ſhall I ceaſe from my wrath. Nor ſhall I permit any god, to aid the preſſed Argives in fight: Till all the wiſhes of the great ſon of Peleus,—ſhall be amply fulfilled, for his wrongs. I gave my promiſe confirmed. I ſealed all with my ſacred nod: On that day, when the goddeſs Thetis—embraced my knees, in her tears,—to honour great Achilles, the fierce deſtroyer of towns."

He ſpoke: Nor in ought, diſobeyed, the white-armed daughter of Saturn. She left the cloud-covered hills of Ida. To broad Olympus, ſhe aroſe, on the winds. As flies the rapid ſoul of a man, who has paſſed o'er many regions of earth. Deep in thought, he cons within:—

" This

" This way or that have I ſtrayed,"—he glides, at once, o'er the whole ſpace in his mind. So rapid flew Juno revered. To high Olympus, ſhe, quickly, came. In midſt of the gods, ſhe appeared: In the halls of high-thundering Jove. At the ſight, they roſe all, from their ſeats, and pledged her, in golden cups. She heeded not the reſt, as they came. From beauteous Themis, the cup ſhe received. She firſt met the queen of the ſkies: And thus addreſſed her, with winged words:—" O Juno! Why this ſudden aſcent? Terror wanders o'er all thy charms. Proceed thy fears from the ſon of Saturn? Has thy huſband, thus, frightened thy ſoul?"

To her the white-armed queen replied: " Aſk not, Themis! Forbear thy demands. To thee, already, is known,—how haughty, how ungentle his ſoul! But thou, preſide among the gods: In theſe halls, preſide o'er the feaſt. Thou ſhalt hear all, in the midſt of the deathleſs powers. Thou ſhalt hear all, that Jove, ſevere, denounces againſt his world. Nor, deem I, that,—hearing all,—or mortal or god will rejoice: Though, now, the gladneſs of the feaſt ſpreads around."

Thus ſpeaking, ſat Juno revered. Sudden darkneſs roſe, with wo, on the gods. Silence reigned, in the halls

of Jove. She forced a ſmile, on her lips: But care, darkly, ſat, aloft, on her brows. In the midſt of the gods ſhe began: Thus joining her rage to their wrath: "What madneſs has ſeized us all? Why, in our folly, contend we with Jove? In vain we wiſh to reſtrain the god. Nor perſuaſion, nor force will avail. Remote from all, he ſits alone. He values not, in ought, the gods: nor ever is he moved by their rage. He boaſts that o'er the immortals all, he riſes in ſtrength and in power: That all the deathleſs race of heaven, muſt own themſelves the ſlaves of his force. Submit, therefore: Obey his nod. With patience bear the ills, which he ſends. Nor, now, unhurt, by his power, I deem,—ſits Mars in the midſt of the gods. His valiant ſon is ſlain in fight: Him moſt he loved of mortal men: Aſcalaphus, renowned in arms,—whom furious Mars has owned for his ſon."

She ſaid. The god darkly aroſe. He ſmote both his ſtout thighs with his hands. Dreadful ſwelled the voice of his grief; as, thus, he ſpoke, in the midſt of the gods: "Let not your rage ariſe, O deathleſs dwellers of heaven's high halls! Forgive my purpoſe. I muſt revenge my ſlaughtered ſon, at the ſhips of the Argives. I muſt revenge my ſon in death: Should dreadful fate decree my fall. Should I—transfixed by Jove's red bolt,—

lie blaſted amid the dead, and roll, large, in duſt and in blood."

He ſpoke: And to Terror and Flight he iſſued forth his loud commands; to join his ſnorting ſteeds to the car. He cloathed his deathleſs form in arms: And, beaming bright, ruſhed forth, in his rage. Now, had the wrath of thundering Jove ſwelled, with tenfold fury, above: Now, his rage had flamed amain, againſt all the immortal gods. But Pallas ſuddenly aroſe. She feared for all the race of heaven. She roſe from her lofty throne. She iſſued forth through the gates of Jove. She tore his bright helm from his head: From his broad ſhoulders, his dreadful ſhield. From his hand robuſt, ſhe wrenched the ſpear: and reared it erect, in its place. With rapid words, like theſe, ſhe checked the rouzed rage of impetuous Mars:

"Furious and mad at once! Stop thy rage: Or, for ever, be loſt. Haſt thou ears? Or, in vain, doſt thou hear? Has reſpect, with thy prudence, expired? Heard'ſt thou not, what the white-armed Juno, has juſt brought, in charge, from Saturnian Jove? Would'ſt thou, in thy folly transfixed,—ſuffering much and yet dreading more,—would'ſt thou to return to Olympus, in bitter grief from the wounds of his hand? Or careleſs of thy furious ſelf, would'ſt thou ſink, in dreadful ruin, the reſt?

reſt? Straight, would the awful thunderer leave the fierce fight of the Trojans and Argives: Straight he would come to Olympus; to roll gods on gods, in his rage. One by one he would chaſtiſe. The blameleſs like the guilty muſt fall. But THOU, reſtrain thy rage for thy ſon. Many more valiant in fight, more ſtrong, than HE, to launch the ſpear,—have fallen and will fall, in this war. Hard the taſk to ſave from death,—the race of mortals born to die!"

SHE ſpoke: And ſeated Mars in his throne. The furious power repreſſed his rage. Juno called, apart, from the gods,—bright Apollo and various Iris: Iris, with feet of wind, who bears the commands of the gods. With winged words, ſhe both addreſſed: "Jove commands your preſence, on Ida. Haſte. Wing your flight to the god. When to his ſacred place ye ſhall come; and view the face of the father of all: Do, what ſeems good to his ſoul. Bear his high commands through the wind."

THUS ſpeaking, ſhe ſlowly retired. She ſat, in awful ſtate, on her throne. With ſpeed, THEY threw themſelves on the wind. Straight they came to the ſtreamy Ida, the mother of all that is wild. They found the far-reſounding Jove, on high Gargarus, cloathed in his clouds. When they came to the ſacred preſence of the high ruler

of all the ſtorms: At awful diſtance they ſtood: Nor ſeemed the god enraged in ſoul. Mildly turned his eyes on both: As ſo quickly, his ſpouſe they obeyed. Firſt, he called the various Iris, and, thus, with winged words began:

"Haste, Iris. Aſcend the winds. Bear my words to the lord of the main. Repreſs not, in ought, my commands, nor add, in thy zeal to obey. Go. Bid him to leave the fight: To quit the loud tumult of arms. To return to the ſynod of gods: Or to dive beneath the waves of his main. But ſhould he my words diſobey; ſhould azure Neptune diſdain to hear: Me, deſcending in my wrath,—though ſtrong, he can never ſuſtain. I profeſs to tranſcend him, in force, as in birthright and number of years. Yet he dreads not, within his ſoul,—to boaſt himſelf equal to Jove, whom all others obey and fear."

He ſpoke: Nor, in ought, diſobeyed,—the wind-footed, various Iris. She deſcended, from the mountains of Ida; to the limits of ſacred Troy. As, when, from the clouds, drives the ſnow, or rattling hail, before the wind: When blow the fierce blaſts of the north, wont to clear the broad face of the ſky. So rapid Iris, aſlant, deſcends. Standing near the lord of the main; the goddeſs began in his ear:

"To

" To thee an awful meſſage I bring. Blue-haired Neptune, thine ear incline. To thee I bring the commands of Ægis-bearing Jove. He bids thee to leave the fight: To quit the loud tumult of arms. To aſcend to the race of the gods: Or to dive, beneath the waves of thy main. But ſhould'ſt thou his words diſobey: Should azure Neptune diſdain to hear. He threatens to deſcend in his wrath: To urge againſt thee the dreadful fight. He bids thee his hands to avoid: As, in force, he tranſcends thee, as much—as in birth-right and number of years. Yet thou dread'ſt not, within thy ſoul, to boaſt thyſelf equal to Jove,—whom all others obey and fear."

Much enraged in his mighty ſoul, great Neptune replied to her words: " Ha! Surely, though great is his power, too-haughty he ſpeaks his commands: If me unwilling he means to reſtrain; me, with equal honours endued! Three brothers, from Saturn, we ſprung: Rhea bore us of old to the god. Jove and I were the firſt, by our birth: The third, Pluto, who rules the dead. In three parts was divided the world: Each held his own, uncontrouled. The wide empire of the foam-covered main, fell, by lot, to my ſhare,—there to dwell. To Pluto fell the darkneſs profound: The air, the clouds, the broad heavens to Jove. The earth was left common

to

to all: And Olympus, high ſeat of the gods. Nor I will obey him in all: Nor rule my conduct by Jove's commands. Though powerful, let him ſilent remain: To his lot, his ambition confine. With his threats he will never controul, nor frighten Neptune, with the force of his hands. On his daughters, on the ſons he begot, let him vent all the force of his rage. They may liſten to his harſheſt commands. His empire extends not o'er me."

To the god rapid Iris replied: "Muſt I then,—blue-haired god of the main! Muſt I bear to the ruler of ſtorms,—ſo hard, ſo fierce an anſwer from thee? Wilt thou alter, in ought, thy reply? Eaſy-changed are the ſouls of the wiſe! Know'ſt thou not that the furies attend, the right hand of the elder-born."

To her replied the earth-ſhaking power: "O goddeſs Iris!" he ſaid: "Juſt the words, which thou pour'ſt on mine ears. Much it avails, in all,—when the bearer of words is wiſe. But ſorrow invades my heart; riſing rage my ſoul obſcures: When he chides, with his wrathful words, me, whom fate has equalled in all;—in empire, as well as in birth. Yet, now, though enraged, I will yield. But another thing I will tell;—nor ſlight is this threat of my ſoul: Should the thunderer, againſt my will,—againſt the will of the warrior Minerva;—

oppoſed to Juno, to Hermes,—to the far-ruling god of the fire: Should he ſpare the high-built Ilium and prop her hated towers from their fall;—ſhould he deny in his pride the promiſed victory to Argos: This from Neptune bear to his ear, that for ever our rage ſhall burn."

He ſpoke: And left the hoſt of the Argives. He plunged in his own dark main: And Greece felt his loſs, o'er her lines. Then the ruler of ſtorms on Ida,—ſpoke thus to the far-ſhooting Phœbus: "Go, now, O Phœbus beloved! Go to Hector cloathed with mail. The world-ſurrounding god, is retired. He has plunged in his own vaſt main: Avoiding the riſing flame of my wrath. Elſe had others heard the ſound of our ſtrife: Even the powers who dwell below;—who, round Saturn, in thick darkneſs, reſide. But this is better for us both. It pleaſes Jove and ſuits his ſtate: That, thus, in dread of this right hand, he yields to my high commands. Elſe not without much toil, I deem, this conteſt had reached its end."

"But thou, Apollo, in thy hand, take the dreadful Ægis of Jove. Strike it in thy progreſs through war. Throw fear, in the ſouls of the Argives. Be illuſtrious Hector thy care. Raiſe the chief, O far-ſhooting Phœbus! Kindle wonted force in his ſoul: Breathe ſtrength o'er

o'er his mighty limbs; 'till the Argives ſhall fly to their ſhips,—to the Helleſpont's ecchoing ſhore. Then ſhall determine my ſoul: I will effect, with deeds and with words,—that, in their turn, the Argives—ſhall breathe from their many toils."

He ſpoke: Nor the god diſobeyed—the awful commands of his ſire. He deſcended from the mountains of Ida;—in ſpeed like the rapid hawk: Swift of wing, the deſtroyer of doves, the fleeteſt bird that darts through the wind. He found the ſon of warlike Priam,—Hector, in actions divine! Sitting the chief he found: Now, no longer, preſſed, with pain to the earth. Juſt returned was his wandering ſoul. He knew his loved companions around. The deep breathing,—the cold ſweat had ceaſed: When firſt the ſoul of thundering Jove, had turned his thoughts divine, on the chief. Near, ſtood, the far-ſhooting Phœbus: "Hector ſon of Priam!" he ſaid: "Why, thus, apart from the reſt,—ſit'ſt thou, failed in thy ſtrength? Say, what grief has invaded thy ſoul?"

To the god,—ſtill languid in mind, great Hector thus ſlowly replied. "Who art thou, O beſt of the gods? Who pours this heavenly voice, in mine ear? Know'ſt thou not, bright ſon of the ſky! That, near the hollow ſhips

ſhips of the Argives: When I ſlew his brave friends with my ſpear—great Ajax, unequalled in arms, hurled a mighty ſtone on my breaſt; and forced me to ceaſe from the fight. Long, I deemed, that this day was decreed, —to diſcloſe the dead to mine eyes: To open Pluto's gloomy halls to my ſteps. Death, ſlowly, ſeemed to creep on my limbs: And I, almoſt, breathed my ſoul, on the winds."

To him the far-ſhooting Phœbus: "No longer, O Hector, deſpond. Truſt mine aid: For, from Jove I deſcend. He ſent me, from the ſummits of Ida. To raiſe thee, to aid thee in fight, he ſent Phœbus Apollo, from afar. I, who was wont, heretofore, to ſhield thyſelf,—to protect lofty Troy. But, haſten. Ariſe. Urge to fight—thy many warlike friends o'er the field. Drive thy fiery courſers along. Pour the war to the ſhips and the main. Before thee, I will ſtride, in my ſtrength. I will level the wide way to thy ſteeds. I will ſmooth the rugged brow of the war: And turn to flight the heroes of Argos."

He ſpoke: And inſpired, with mighty force,—the ſhepherd of his people in arms. As a courſer long detained in the ſtall: High-pampered, at the manger, with corn; breaks looſe and ſcours o'er the field,—ſhaking

the ſolid earth, as he bounds. To his wonted ruſhing river, he flies with pride. Aloft his haughty head he rears: And, on his ſhoulders, pours his long mane. He, truſting to his beauty moves. His fleet limbs bear him, with eaſe, along: To his wonted paſtures,—to the well-known herd of his mares. Thus Hector moved his limbs o'er the plain: Thus, with vigour he bounded away. Rouzing his warriors, he ruſhed. Still he heard the awful voice of the god. As when on the high-branching ſtag—or huge goat of the deſart wild, borne forward, with force, are the hounds, with all the clamour of ruſhing hinds. But him the high-browed rock protects: The thick woods darkening round, with their gloom. Nor, in the fates, is it yet for them all, to ſeize the wide-bounding prey. Rouzed, by their noiſe, appears, the dreadful lion, with horrid jaws. The ſavage glares, near their courſe. Straight, he turns them, away, in their fear: Though they eagerly burn for the chace.—Thus the Argives, that late, purſued: That hung forward, on the flight of the foe, with all their ſwords and pointed ſpears. But, when they ſaw Hector divine; gleaming bright, as he winds through the lines: Struck with terror they ſtopt at once: Their ſouls ſunk in ſudden diſmay.

To his friends ſpoke the ſtately Thöas: The valiant race of the great Andræmon. The braveſt of Ætolia's ſons:

ſons: Skilled to launch the diſtant ſpear. In ſtanding fight, his fame was known: And few in council the chief excelled;—when, in ſpeaking, youths contended for fame. To the hoſt he raiſed his voice: And, thus, with prudent words, he began: "O gods! What new wonder appears? What ſight preſents itſelf to mine eyes? Great Hector, anew, ſprings to light. From the ſhades of diſmal death he aſcends: When each Argive had hoped, from his ſoul; that, ſlain, he lay low, on the field, beneath the hands of Telamonian Ajax. But ſome god has reſtored him to ſtrength. Some power has rouzed Hector, again:—Who, in battle, has ſo often unbraced the ſtout limbs of the Argive powers. Nor, I deem, at an end are ſuch ills. Without the aid of high-thundering Jove, the chief ſtands not in the front of the line: Thus rouzed, along his godlike ſoul."

"But, O Argives, attend to my words. Liſten all to the thought of my ſoul! Diſmiſs the crowd to the hollow ſhips. Command the main force from the field. Let us all, who profeſs that we riſe,—o'er the army in valour and fame: Let us, in a body, ſtand forth. Let us try to repreſs his rage: Raiſing high our pointed ſpears to the foe. He, I deem, though burning for fight,—will dread, in his ſoul, to approach: At leaſt to enter the phalanx of Argos."

He ſpoke: And his counſel they heard. The chiefs formed their deep ranks, in the front: Round the ſtrength of godlike Ajax,—round Idomeneus, the king, round Teucer and great Meriones,—round Meges, equal to Mars in arms. They formed the braveſt in the front. From wing to wing, the chiefs were convened. Oppoſed to daring Hector they ſtood: To all his Trojans, oppoſed in arms. But backward the crowd retired,—to the ſhips of the Argive powers.

The thick-formed Trojans advance. They, firſt, pour their ſtrength, on the foe. Before, moved Hector divine: Stretching wide his mighty ſtrides. But before him ruſhed Phœbus Apollo, with his ſhoulders inwrapt in a cloud. In his hand he held, aloft, the Ægis, wildly toſſing its orb, in the ſky. The dreadful, the high-famed Ægis, rough and ſhaggy, on every ſide. The artiſt Vulcan gave it to thundering Jove,—to turn to flight the deep ranks of the brave. This the god held aloft, in his hands,—as, dark, he ſtrode before the line.

But the Argives deep-formed, in their arms,—ſuſtained the ſhock that poured amain. Loud clamour aſcends, on each ſide. The arrows bound, from the twanging ſtrings. Thick fly the deadly ſpears, from their hands: Some are fixed, in the breaſts of the brave; ſome fall,

fall, in the middle ſpace: Ere they mix their points with the foe. Deep in earth, they quivering ſtand: Eager to be ſated with blood. As long as Phœbus Apollo held the Ægis, unmoved, in his hand: So long ruſh the mutual ſpears: And equal fall the foes, on each ſide. But when right in the face of the Argives, he ſhook the broad Ægis on high: And waked, above them, his tremendous voice;—their ſouls within, are unmanned. They forgot their wonted valour in fight.

As when on a herd of beeves, or large flock of ſnow-white ſheep, two lions darkly ruſh, from their woods,—in the ſtill ſeaſon of cloudy night. Diſturbed, they are ſcattered amain: Their abſent keeper is diſtant far. Thus, diſturbed are the heartleſs Argives. Apollo wakes fear o'er their lines: Giving glory to Troy,—to Hector divine, renown. Then man ſlew his man, in the flight. Two chiefs fell by Hector's ſpear: Stichius, in battle brave,—Arceſilaus, great in arms: This, the leader of the bright-mailed Bœotians: That the faithful friend of the valiant Meneſtheus. Æneas ſlew the warlike Medon: He laid Iäſus, dead, in his blood. Medon was the ſon of Oïleus, by a ſecret bed: The brother of the ſwift-footed Ajax. In Phylacè the hero dwelt, far from his native land. A warrior he had ſlain with his ſpear,—the brother of the fair

fair Eriopis,—the ſpouſe of the godlike Oïleus. But Iäſus to battle led, the Athenians renowned in arms: And boaſted himſelf the ſon of Bucolian Sphelus. Polydamas ſlew the gallant Meciſteus: Polites laid Echius in death. In the front of the line, fell Clonius, by the ſpear of the noble Agënor. Paris ſtruck the flying Deiochus. Behind the ſhoulder entered the lance: And ſhewed, before, its bloody point.

While the ſlain they deſpoiled of their arms; o'er the wall fled the Argive powers: O'er the ſtakes and the trench profound, they urged, amain, their ſcattered flight. Hector rouzed the Trojans to fight. Loud ſwelled his voice in their ears. He bade them to ruſh on the ſhips: To leave the bloody ſpoils, on the field—"Him whom I ſhall find, apart,—whom theſe eyes ſhall loitering behold,—I ſtraight ſhall diſmiſs to the ſhades. Nor brother, nor ſiſter in tears, ſhall make him partake, in death, of the pile. Dogs ſhall tear his wretched corſe: Before our city, he ſhall bleach in the winds."

He ſpoke:—O'er the ſhoulders of his ſteeds, the high-raiſed laſh reſounded amain. He urged the Trojans, o'er all their lines. With threatening clamour, they advanced with the chief. With dreadful tumult, they drove their cars.

cars. Before them moved Phœbus Apollo. He levelled the deep foſs, with his feet: Throwing down the high banks, in his rage. Like a bridge he ſmoothed the wide paſs: Scarce a javelin could fly o'er the ſpace; urged, with ſpeed, from a warrior's arm,—when he tries his manly force, at the ſpear. O'er this ſpace, they in ſquadrons, advanced: Still Phœbus precedes in clouds,—holding high the dreadful Ægis of Jove. He deſtroyed the huge wall of the Argives. It fell with eaſe, by the hands of the god.

Like the ſands, on the ſhore of the main, before the feet of a ſportful boy;—who, forms, with childiſh play, many figures along the ſand. But ſoon he changes his youthful mind; and levels all, with his hands and feet: Lightly ſkipping, in playful mood. Thus thou, O far-ſhooting Phœbus! Levelled'ſt with earth the labour,—the mighty toils of the Argive powers: Spreading panic, o'er all their lines. Thus, o'er their works, the Greeks are driven. At length, they ſtood firm, near the ſhips. They urged each other to fight. Their hands they raiſed to all the gods. Each poured, with loud voice, his vows. But chief aroſe the voice of Neſtor: The guardian of Achaia in arms! The aged prayed to the firſt of the gods: Stretching forth his hands, to the ſtarry heavens.

"O FATHER

"O father Jove!" the aged ſaid: "If, in Argos, abounding in corn,—any warrior, departing for Troy,—burning the thighs of a ſacred bull,—or offering the firſt of his fold,—prayed to thee, for his ſafe return: If thou heard'ſt,—if thou promiſedſt to grant his requeſt! Remember theſe, in their ſore diſtreſs. Turn, awful Lord Olympus! Turn away, the evil day. Suffer not the Argives to fall. Repreſs thou the hands of the ſons of Troy."

Thus praying, great Neſtor ſpoke. Loud thundered the preſcient Jove. To his ears, on high, came the prayer,—of the aged ſon of Neleus. The Trojans heard the awful ſound. They deemed it the heavenly ſign,—of Jove's ſacred will to their arms. With growing fury, they ruſhed, on the foe. Battle raged o'er all their line: As when the vaſt waves of the ſpacious main, o'er the ſides of the ſhip aſcends: Rolled large along, by the ſtrength of the wind. White heaves the troubled ocean around! Thus, the Trojans, with loud clamour, aroſe,—o'er the wall of the Argive powers. Their ſteeds they drove amain to the ſhips. At their ſterns, burnt the dreadful fight. Hand to hand, they urged the ſpears: Theſe, on their cars engage the foe: Thoſe, aloft, on the decks of their ſhips. The Argives their dark veſſels aſcend. With long poles they gall the foe: Poles, which lay ſtowed in their

ſhips,—formed to wage the naval war,—ſheathed, at the point, with ſteel.

As long as Greeks and Trojans, fought around the high wall of the Argives: While ſtill beyond the hollow ſhips, roared the war: So long ſat Patroclus divine,—in the tent of the ſon of Euæmon. The chief he cheered, with pleaſing diſcourſe: And poured healing balm in his wound; with medicine, ſettling his pains. But, when the Trojans, with tumult advanced,—with wild clamour, had poured through the wall: Deep-groaning, the hero aroſe. He ſmote both his thighs, with his hands: And, ſorrowing, theſe words began:

"Eurypylus!" the hero ſaid: "Not longer, though needful mine aid,—can I, now, remain in thy tent. Loud ſwells the dreadful noiſe of the fight. Let thy ſervants attend their lord. But I will haſten to great Achilles: To rouze the godlike hero to fight. Who knows, but by the aid of ſome god,—I may move his relentleſs ſoul? For powerful is the voice of a friend!"

This as he ſpoke, he ſtrode away. But the Argives, with firmneſs ſuſtained,—the ruſhing force of the ſons of Troy: Nor could they repel them from the ſhips;—though fewer were, in number—the foe. Nor yet

could the Trojan powers,—by breaking the lines of the Greeks,—mix themſelves with the ſhips and the tents. As levels the line, the wood, when guided by the ſhip-wright's hand: By a man, who knows the whole art;—whom Minerva herſelf has taught. Thus equally ſtretched, o'er their lines was the battle of either hoſt.

Others fought the diſmal fight,—round other ſhips, along the ſhore. But Hector advanced, in his ſtrength, againſt Ajax, elated with fame. For one ſhip the heroes toiled. Nor this could drive his foe away: And throw, into the navy, the flame. Nor that could repel the chief: For aided by a god he came. Then, illuſtrious Ajax ſlew—the ſon of Clytius, the noble Calëtor. The hero bore the flame to the ſhips. On his breaſt, fell the deadly ſpear. Sounding he ſunk on the earth. The flaming torch dropt, at once from his hand.

When the eyes of Hector beheld—his kinſman, rolling in the duſt,—before the dark ſtern of the hollow ſhip: He raiſed his awful voice to the hoſt: To the Trojan and Lycian powers. "O Trojans and Lycians renowned! Dardanians, fighting hand to hand! Turn not away from the fight. Leave me not, in this diſtreſs. Save the gallant ſon of Clytius. Stretch your ſhields, o'er our friend,

as

as he lies. Leſt the foe ſhould ſeize his arms: Thus fallen, at the ſhips of the Argives."

Thus ſpeaking, he threw his bright lance,—againſt the ample breaſt of Ajax. The flying death ſtrayed wide from the chief. On Lycophron fell the pointed ſpear: On Cytherian Lycophron, the friend of the godlike Ajax. With the hero he long had dwelt: Far diſtant from his native land;—where a warrior he, unwittingly, ſlew. Him he ſtruck with his burniſhed ſpear. Above the ear entered the point: As he ſtood, near the warlike Ajax. Supine, he fell down, from the ſhip to earth. His limbs are unbraced in death. Ajax ſhuddered, at the ſight, and, thus, ſpoke to his brother beloved. "O Teucer, deareſt to my ſoul! To us a faithful friend is low: The ſon of the valiant Maſtor, from the fair bounds of the famed Cythëra. Him, like our parents beloved, we honoured in our lofty halls.—But him valiant Hector has ſlain. Where, Teucer, are thy deadly ſhafts? Where the bow, which Apollo gave?"

He ſpoke. The chief obeyed his nod. Near the hero, he ſtood, with ſpeed. He held the tough bow, in his hand: His quiver, replete with ſhafts. Soon, he ſent the flying death, on the foe. He ſtruck, with his arrow, Clitus,—the illuſtrious ſon of Piſënor: The faithful friend

of Polydamas, the race of illuſtrious Panthus. He held the bright reins in his hand: To guide forward the ſteeds of the chief. Right forward he drove the car: Where moſt the foes, with tumult, engaged. Pleaſing Hector and Troy he moved. But, o'er him, hung deſtructive fate: And none warded away the blow. Behind, on his neck, fell the deadly ſhaft. Down, he dropt, from the car, to the ground. His frightened ſteeds recoil, at the ſound: And ſhake the empty car, as they rear.

This, great Polydamas beheld. He, firſt, came forward to the ſteeds. He gave them to the hands of Aſtynous, the gallant ſon of Protiäon. Much he gave in charge, to the youth: To hold near him, the bounding ſteeds. The hero himſelf, advanced: And mixed again, with the foremoſt, in fight. Teucer aimed another ſhaft, at Hector covered with mail: And him he had ſtopt in his courſe,—and had ſubdued, at the ſhips of the Argives: But he deceived not the ſoul of Jove. The god preſerved Hector divine; and denied the glory to Teucer. He broke the twanging ſtring on the bow: As the hero drew it, with all his force. He turned the ſteel-pointed arrow, aſide. The poliſhed bow fell, at once, from his hand. Teucer ſhuddered, at the ſight: And, thus, his brother addreſſed:

"Alas!"

"ALAS!" he ſaid: "Some angry god—breaks wholly our deſigns, in the fight. The ſtrong bow he has ſtruck, from my hand. He has broken the nerve in twain: The well-twiſted ſtring, which I bound to the bow,—to-day, with the early light,—to ſend, forward, many arrows to blood."—To his brother replied, with ſpeed, the great Telamonian Ajax: "O friend beloved!" the hero ſaid: "Lay thy bow,—thy frequent arrows aſide: Since ſome god, the foe of the Argives, has broken all, in thy manly graſp. But take, in thy hand, the long ſpear. Raiſe to thy ſhoulder the boſſy ſhield. Urge, thyſelf, the fight on the Trojans: And urge the Argives to the fight. Not without toil let them ſeize—if victory muſt crown their arms,—not without toil let them ſeize the fleet. Let us all remember the fight."

HE ſpoke; and his brother obeyed. He laid his bow, within the tents. On his ſhoulder he hung, aloft, the broad orb of his fourfold ſhield. He placed the poliſhed helm, on his gallant head. Thick roſe the horſe-hair plumes, on the braſs. Dreadful, nod the creſts, o'er his brows. He graſpt a ſtrong ſpear, in his hand. Bright beamed the ſteely head of the lance. He rouzed himſelf forward to fight. Swift, he ruſhed to the ſide of Ajax.

When

When Hector beheld the broken ſtring,—the uſeleſs arrows of valiant Teucer: He raiſed his loud voice to his friends. He urged the Trojans and Lycians renowned:

"O Trojans and warlike Lycians! Dardanians fighting hand to hand! Shew yourſelves warriors, O friends! Recal your wonted valour in fight. Pour, forward, on the ſhips of the Argives. This inſtant, I beheld with theſe eyes; the bow of a gallant foe,—his arrows rendered uſeleſs by Jove. Eaſy ſeen is his hand divine. Diſtinct are the marks of his power: When a nation he cloaths, with renown: When a people to wo he reſigns,—removing, from them, his guardian arm. Now, he leſſens the force of the Argives: And aids the Trojans, in bloody fight. Pour at once, your gathered force, on the ſhips: And, whoever is pierced with a ſhaft, from afar,—or hand to hand with the deadly lance: Whoever, here, ſhall meet his death,—let him die.—Not diſgraceful, for our country is death! But the ſpouſe of the ſlain ſhall be ſafe: His infant ſons remain unhurt. His loſty halls, untouched, ſhall ſtand: His wide poſſeſſions deſcend to his race. The ſound of war ſhall ceaſe, on our ſhores. The Argives ſhall depart in their ſhips,—to the loved ſhore of their native land."

Thus ſpeaking, he raiſed their force. He kindled valour o'er all their ſouls. But Ajax on the other ſide,—

thus, urged his faithful friends to the fight. "O Argives! What diſgrace is here! Now, better it were at once, to die: Or ſafe to remain, by turning the foe from the ſhips. Hope ye, O to prudence loſt!—Hope ye, ever to return, ſhould Hector take your ſhips in the fight? Can you tread the waves, with your feet? Or ſtretch, o'er ocean, your ſteps to your land? Hear ye not the mighty foe, urging forward all his troops to the war? Behold ye not their approach? The rouzed hopes of their daring ſouls? Nor to the dance he calls them forth: But to battle, to blood, to death. No other reſource remains: No other counſel ſhould guide our ſouls: But, hand to hand, to urge the fight,—to mix our arms, our whole ſtrength with the foe. Better it is, at once to die; or, with valour, to ſave our lives: Better it is to die, at once,—than to be waſted down, by degrees!—To be gradually conſumed in the fight! To fall, unrevenged at our ſhips,—beneath the hands of a weaker foe."

Thus ſpeaking, he raiſed their force. He kindled valour o'er all their ſouls. Then Hector ſlew the valiant Schedius, the ſtout ſon of the great Perimedes,—who led the warlike Phocians in arms. But Ajax pierced Laodamas: A leader of the foot in fight,—the gallant ſon of the

the wife Antënor. Polydamas ſlew Cyllenian Otus,—the faithful friend of the ſon of Phyleus: Who led the warlike Epëi to Troy. Meges ruſhed upon the foe: When he ſaw his friend in his blood. Polydamas obliquely inclined: And Meges ſtrayed from his aim, with his ſpear. Nor Phœbus ſuffered the ſon of Panthus,—to lie, ſubdued in the front of the line. But the ſpear ſtruck the breaſt of Crœſmus. Sounding he fell to the earth. Meges ruſhed to ſeize his bright arms.

On the hero bounded warlike Dolops: Much ſkilled to launch the ſpear in the fight: The ſon of the godlike Lampus,—the beſt, the greateſt of mortal men: The race of the far-famed Laomedon, taught to each motion of war. The chief ruſhed on Meges, in wrath. Hand to hand, he ſtruck his ſhield, with the ſpear. The thick breaſt-plate preſerved the chief. The thick breaſt-plate, with jointed ſcales; which Phyleus from Ephyra brought,—from Sellè's reſounding ſtream. The gift of his godlike hoſt,—of Euphetes, the ſovereign of men. He gave it to be borne in the fight: A bulwark againſt the darts of the foe. It had often preſerved the father in war: Now it warded death, from the ſon.

Meges ſtrikes the helm of Dolops: Where riſes thick the horſe-hair plume. The fartheſt baſe of the cone he

ſtruck: The hairy creſt was broken ſhort, by the ſpear. In the duſt it fell down, at his feet: Shining bright, with Phœnician red. While, thus, the chiefs fought hand to hand; while hopes of victory aroſe to both: To the aid of Meges came—Menelaus renowned in arms. Concealed, he ſtood near to the foe. He ſtruck his ſhoulder, behind, with his ſpear. Through the breaſt came the forceful point: And ſeemed eager to urge farther its courſe. Prone, he fell, in death, to the ground. Both ruſhed, at once, on the ſlain: To tear the bright arms from his corſe.

Hector beheld the fall of the chief. He rouzed all his kinſmen to arms. He chided the ſon of Hicetäon,—Melanippus in battle renowned. He, long, in the green Percötè, had led to paſture the lowing herd: While abſent yet was the ruthleſs foe. But when the fleet of the Argives came: along the vaſt back of the main,—to Ilium, the hero returned: And excelled, among the Trojans in arms. He dwelt, in the halls of Priam: And equal honours he held, with his ſons. Him Hector now chided, in fight: And thus began his words to the chief:—"Why, Melanippus," he ſaid, "are our hands thus remiſs in the fight? Is not thy heart moved with grief, in thy breaſt,—for thy kinſman, laid low in

his blood? See'ſt thou not how theſe are employed,—round the arms of the hapleſs Dolops. But follow thou my ſteps, with ſpeed. No longer, muſt we ſtand afar,—or urge the diſtant war on the Argives. Hand to hand we muſt engage: Till we ſhall lay them ſlain at their fleet; or lofty Ilium ſhall fall to its baſe: And death cover, with darkneſs, her ſons."

He ſpoke: And ſtrode, before, in arms. The godlike warrior trode his path. Loud ſwelled to his friends around, the voice of great Telamonian Ajax: "O friends, behave yourſelves like men! Place the fear of ſhame, in your ſouls. Each other reſpect in the ſtrife. Shew no example of flight. Of thoſe, who dread diſgrace, worſe than death,—more are ſafe, than are ſlain in the field. Nor the fame of the coward aſcends: Nor ſafety attends his flight."—He urged them, thus, already prompt,—to turn the foe, from the hollow ſhips. They laid up his words, in their ſouls: And ſtretched a wall of braſs round their ſhips. But Jove rouzed the Trojans to battle and blood.

To Antilochus then began,—Menelaus, in battle renowned. "Antilochus!" The hero ſaid. "None ſo young is ſo great, in the fight. None is ſwifter of foot, than thee. None throws the ſpear, with ſuch force.

force. Advance then to the ſtrife of renown. Bound forward, and try, with thy lance, to ſtrike ſome Trojan, advancing in arms."—Thus ſaying, again he retired. The ſoul of the youth was rouzed. Beyond the front, he iſſued forth. He launched, with force, his far-beaming ſpear. Around, he threw, with caution, his eyes. The foe retreats, as the javelin flies. Nor, in vain, flew the lance, from his hand. The valiant Melanippus he ſtruck: The ſon of great Hicetäon. On his breaſt, as the hero advanced,—fell the eager ſpear of the foe. Re-ſounding, he ſunk to the earth. O'er his body craſhed harſhly his arms.

Antilochus ruſhed forward, with ſpeed: Like a hound, on a wounded fawn: That the hunter has tranſ-fixed, with his dart, as ſhe bounds, from her ſecret ſeat. Unbraced lie her limbs in her blood! So, on thee, O brave Melanippus! the valiant Antilochus flew: Eager to ſeize thy bright arms. Nor unſeen is the hero, by Hector. He ruſhed forward, on his courſe, through the fight. Nor the Argive ſuſtained his approach: Tho' a warrior ardent in fight. He fled,—like a ſavage of prey,—that, conſcious, of the ill he has done,—having ſlain, or a bounding hound,—or the ſwain who attended the herd: He flies, ere yet to the place,—

pours the gathered ſtrength of the hinds. Thus, fled the ſon of the prudent Neſtor. The Trojans, with Hector divine,—with loud clamour purſue the chief: And pour a ſtorm of darts on his flight. When he came to the line he ſtood: And turned his face, again, on the foe.

The Trojans advanced, on the ſhips, like lions, that tear their prey, amain. They performed the high mandates of Jove. The god waked mighty force, o'er their ſouls: He ſunk the courage and glory of Argos. But he rouzed all the hearts of the foe. From his ſoul, he wiſhed to cover with fame,—great Hector the ſon of Priam: To urge him to throw amain—devouring fire, on the hollow ſhips. The god was bent to grant whole,—the vaſt requeſt of the bright-moving Thetis. Aloft ſat the preſcient Jove. He expected to behold, with his eyes,—the riſing flame, from the ſhips of the Argives. Then, he had decreed in his ſoul, to pour the flight of Troy, from the fleet: To cover the Argives, with fame.

Revolving this, in his mind, the god rouzed Hector divine. He puſhed forward the ſon of Priam,—already burning along his ſoul. He raged, in his ſtrength, like Mars, when the god lifts his deadly ſpear: Like devouring flame, by night, on the mountains—in the deep receſs of the ſounding groves. White foamed his mouth, in his wrath.

wrath. Bright burnt his eyes, beneath the dark ſhade of his ſcouling brows. Dreadful ſhone the dazzling helm round the awful brows of the ſlaying king. Jove himſelf was his aid, from his ſkies. Him only he honoured, in the midſt of a thouſand chiefs. He raiſed him in the beams of his fame; as ſhort was the term of his life. Pallas urged forward his fatal hour;—beneath the ſtrength of the ſon of Peleus.

Now he wiſhed, from his inmoſt ſoul,—to break the firmeſt ranks of the foe. Where thickeſt ſtood the Argives, he ruſhed: Where beamed the beſt arms to the eye. But not ſo ſlightly could he break the ſtout ranks: Though much the hero burnt, in the fight. In cloſe array, they firmly ſtood. Like a rock, that rears high its dark brow; near the ſounding ſhore of the foamy main. Unmoved it ſuſtains, the whole ſhock—the raging fury of all the winds,—the huge waves that break white, at its feet,—or roll, large, on its battered ſide. Thus the Argives ſuſtained, firmly, the Trojans: Unmindful of ſhameful flight.

But Hector wholly cloathed in fire,—bounded, bright, on the line of the foe. He ruſhed forward, with force:—Like the wave,—that breaks large, on the bounding ſhip: When huge it rolls, beneath the winds, which darkly burſt,

from

from the troubled clouds. The whole deck is covered with foam. Loud howls the blaſt, in the womb of the ſail. The ſhuddering mariners ſhake to their ſouls. On the verge of death, they are borne along. So broken were their mournful ſouls,—within the breaſts of the Argive powers. But Hector, like a lion in wrath,—when he comes, fierce, on a herd of beeves: As, numerous, they feed, at large, on the ſwampy banks of a reedy lake. In the midſt, the ſtout herdſman is ſeen,—but unſkilled, with the ſavage, to fight,—or to ſave, from ſlaughter, the kine. Now, among the firſt, he appears: Now, in the rear of the herd. On the center the lion bounds. He ſingles a bull for his prey. The reſt fly, amain, o'er the field. Thus yield the Argives to heaven-ſent flight: From Hector and Jove they retire.

All fly, amain, o'er the ſhips. One only by Hector fell: Periphëtes, from rich Mycenæ,—the ſon of Copreus, in battle renowned. Copreus, who bore the commands of Euriſtheus to the ſtrength of Alcides. A valiant ſon, from a father leſs brave: Endued with every virtue of ſoul: Renowned in the race and great in the fight. In prudence he his fellows excelled: In counſel wiſer, than the ſons of Mycënæ. But, now, he gave glory to Hector. He covered the chief, with renown. Turning from the battle, with ſpeed,

ſpeed, with his foot he ſtruck the edge of his own broad ſhield: The ſhield, which reached, large, to his heels: The defence of his body from darts. Stumbling, the chief lay, ſupine. Dreadful, rung his bright helm, as he fell. Nor unſeen is the warrior, by Hector. The hero quickly ruſhed to his ſide. He transfixed, with the ſpear, his broad breaſt;—in the midſt of his friends beloved. Nor could they, though ſad, for their friend, aid, in ought, the fallen chief, in his blood: For much they feared the lance of Hector divine.

Within the firſt line of the ſhips,—the routed Argives convey their flight. The fartheſt ſhips, on the ſhore of the main,—walled them in, from behind, to their tents. With loud tumult, purſued the foe. At their tents, behind the firſt line;—they ſtood gathered, nor diſperſed, through the camp. Shame and terror confine them to war. Loud-exclaiming, they each other exhort: But chief the voice of Neſtor aroſe: The ardent voice of the guardian of Argos. He implored them, for their ſafety, to fight: He adjured them, by their parents beloved:

"O friends, be men;" he ſaid. "Revere others. Place ſhame in your ſouls. Let each recal to his mind,—his children, his ſpouſe beloved: His wide poſſeſſions at home: The parents whom much he reveres: Whether, living,

living, they breathe the air; or, dead, they reſide, in the tomb. By THEM I adjure you all. Though abſent, they ſpeak in my voice. THEY bid you bravely to ſtand. Neſtor bids you for them to reſtrain your flight."

THUS ſpeaking, he rouzed the ſtrength,—and awakened the ſouls of all. Minerva diſperſed, from their eyes,—the thick cloud, which had hovered around: The heaven-ſent darkneſs, which ſhrowded their ſight. Bright burſts, upon them, the day. From the ſhips,—from the field, ruſhed the light. They beheld Hector, ſo great in the fight: The warring friends of the chief they beheld. They ſaw the troops that, behind, ſtood from war: They ſaw thoſe, who engaged at the ſhips. The whole field roſe, at once, to their view. Nor longer it pleaſed the ſoul,—the ſtout heart of magnanimous Ajax;—to ſtand ſtill in his arms, where the other ſons of Achaia, ſtood. From deck to deck, the hero ruſhed: Stretching wide his mighty ſtrides. He wielded the huge pole, in his hands: A weapon of death, in the naval fight! Two-and-twenty cubits its length: Bright-ſtudded with ſteel around.

As when a man well-ſkilled, in the art,—of mounting the high-bounding horſe; ſelects, from many beauteous ſteeds,—four courſers to urge the race. Side by ſide he wakes their ſpeed. From the field to ſome ſpacious

town,—they ruſh, amain, through the public road. Admiring crowds ſtand, gazing, round. Without danger, and ſafe in his art: From ſteed to ſteed he vaults, with eaſe: While beneath THEY ſeem to fly, on the winds. Thus Ajax bounded, from ſhip to ſhip: High ſtretching his mighty ſtrides. His loud voice aſcended the ſky. Unceaſing he exclaimed to the Greeks: And urged them to defend their camp. Nor ſunk, behind the bright-mailed Trojans,—remained the daring ſon of Priam: As when the tawny eagle invades,—ſome nation of flying birds: Or cranes or long-necked, ſwans,—as they feed by the ſlow-flowing ſtream. So Hector, forceful, poured along—on the blue-painted prows of the fleet. Jove impelled, forward, the chief,—ſpreading his broad hand behind. He rouzed his people, around the king.

AGAIN burnt the dreadful fight. Death flew, from ſide to ſide. Unfatigued, thou would'ſt have thought the foes: Unbroken—and new in the field. So fierce they met in the ſhock: With ſuch fury, they urged the fight. But different was the ſtate of their ſouls. The Argives deemed, that they could not eſcape. They provoked the death, which they failed to avoid. The minds of the Trojans, were rouzed with hope. They deemed, that they could burn the fleet: And drench, with the blood

of heroes, the ſhore. Thus, confirmed, on either ſide: They mixed, amain, their mutual force.

Hector ſeized, in his daring hand, the dark ſtern of a hollow ſhip: The beauteous ſhip, which o'er the main,—brought the hapleſs Proteſilaus. Nor ſhe bore him again, from Troy, to the loved ſhore of his native land. For this, the foes contended in arms. Round this, they, hand to hand, fell in blood. Nor, now, they dreaded the flight of ſhafts, from afar: Nor darts coming down, from the winds. Hand to hand, and face to face; with one mind, they mingled the war. With axes, with halberts, they fought: With mighty ſwords, with ſteel-pointed ſpears. Many bright ſwords fell on earth: With dark handles, with large, poliſhed hilts. Many fell, from the ſhoulders of heroes; and glittered, as they lay in the duſt. Confuſion ſpread, with tumult, around. The dark earth floated with blood.

But when Hector had ſeized the ſhip: He held it, thenceforth, in his graſp. On the ſtern are ſpread his broad hands; as, thus, he eagerly ſwelled his voice: "Haſte. Bring the fire. Urge the fight. Pour, at once, your gathered force, on the foe. This is the day,—the happy hour,—by which Jove delivers us all. Let us ſeize this hateful fleet: Hither come, againſt the will of the gods:

gods: The fleet, which covered us, with woes; through the cowardly counſels, of age. Me, the elders, thus long, have kept back: Though burning to fight, at the ſhips. Myſelf they detained, with their words. They reſtrained the whole army from war: But, if then, the high-thundering Jove,—maimed our councils, with our folly of ſoul: Now he impels us to fight. He pours us forward, in our ſtrength, on the foe."

He ſpoke: And with fiercer rage,—they ruſhed, amain, on the Argive powers! Nor longer Ajax himſelf ſuſtains—overwhelmed with darts, he retires. A ſmall ſpace, the hero retreats. To the bank of the rowers he came. He left the deck of the equal ſhip. There ſtood the chief and eyed the foe. With his ſpear, he turned the Trojans away. He drove away, whoever came, with the flame. Ceaſeleſs ſwelled his dreadful voice, on the winds. Ceaſeleſs, he urged the Argives to fight.

"O friends! O heroes of Argos! Once followers of Mars in arms! Shew yourſelves men, O beloved! Recal your wonted valour of ſoul. Deem ye, that aids are behind? That a bulwark aſcends in the rear? Have you any other trench to protect—any wall to turn deſtruction away? No city of ours is near. No lofty towers to annoy the foe. We have no place to defend. No town—

in ſucceſſion, to guard. On the ſhores of the bright-mailed Trojans,—we ſtand, incloſed by the main. Between the wave and the foe, we are hemmed. Diſtant far, is our native land. Our ſafety is placed in our hands. Certain ruin attends our flight."

He ſpoke: And, furious, exalted his ſpear. Whoever of Troy's hapleſs ſons,—ruſhed forward, on the ſhips, with the flame,—to gain the favour of Hector divine: Him Ajax received, on his ſpear. He pierced him, hand to hand, with his lance. Twelve Trojans, thus advancing, with fire,—lay ſlain at the ſtern of the ſhip.

THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

BOOK XVI.

SO fought the foes, amain, round the hollow ſhip, on the ſhore. Patroclus ſtood before Achilles: Before the ſhepherd of his people, in arms. Wide ruſhed the warm tears down his cheek: Like a fountain, that high on the ſteep,—pours, ceaſeleſs, its trickling waters, down the dark face of the lofty rock. The great ſon of Peleus ſaw his grief. Pity roſe, in his mighty ſoul: And, thus, with winged words, he began:

" WHY fall thy tears, O Patroclus? Why weeps the chief, like a child? Like a little girl, that haſtens along—her infant ſteps, by her mother's ſide. Eager-aſking to be

be raiſed to her breaſt;—her robe ſhe ſeizes and incumbers her ſpeed. Weeping, ſhe lifts her ſad eyes: And claims her wonted place, in her arms. Like HER, thou pour'ſt forth, O Patroclus, the wandering tears, on thy cheek. Bring'ſt thou tidings of dire import,—to the Myrmidons or to their king? Haſt thou heard ought of ſorrow from Phthia? Came diſaſter, alone, to thine ears? Still lives, as they ſay, great Menætius. Still Peleus beholds the light. Still, o'er his people, the hero reigns. The loſs of either would cloud our ſouls: And demand the warm tear from our eyes. Or mourn'ſt thou the fate of the Argives? Becauſe they fall at their hollow ſhips, for their injuſtice to ME? Speak. Conceal not thy ſoul. Let us both know the cauſe of thy grief."

DEEPLY ſighing, from his ſoul,—the car-borne Patroclus replied:—"O Achilles, ſon of Peleus! THOU firſt of the Argives in arms! Reproach me not, O chief, for theſe tears: Since deep the woes, which o'erſhadow the hoſt. All the braveſt have retired from the fight. Their hands unwilling, have ceaſed from the ſtrife. Wounded they lie, ſad, in the ſhips: Or hand to hand, or, by darts, from afar. An arrow ſtruck the ſon of Tydeus. Ulyſſes lies, torn with a ſpear. Atrides is wounded:

And

And great Eurypylus is pierced, with a ſhaft, through the thigh. Them, the ſkilled in the healing arts—attend and dreſs their deep wounds. But thou, relentleſs, remain'ſt, O Achilles! Nothing heals the wounds of thy pride."

"Never may a rage, like thine, the ſoul of Patroclus invade! O with miſchievous valour endued! Who, hereafter, ſhall claim thine aid? Who ſhall ſafety derive from thy ſword? If, now, thou refuſeſt to turn—certain ruin, from thy country and friends? O pitileſs, hard-hearted chief! Nor Peleus renowned is thy ſire: Nor thy mother the bright-moving Thetis. The ſtormy ocean brought thee forth. From high rocks, thou thy birth haſt derived. Thy ſoul is fierce, as the firſt: Like the latter thy heart is hard."

"But if thou dread'ſt, in thy ſoul, ſome prophecy, ſome diſaſtrous portent: Which Thetis has brought to thine ear: Which Jove has diſplayed on his winds: Me, at leaſt, ſend forth to the fight. Submit thy forces to my command. Let the Myrmidons take their ſpears: Perhaps, light may ariſe, on our friends. Give to me to wear thine arms: To cloath myſelf, in thy wonted ſteel. The Trojans, by the likeneſs deceived, in terror, will abſtain, from the fight: And the Argives, will breathe, from

from their toil. Oppreſſed as they are they will breathe: Small the reſpite, that aids not, in war! With eaſe, ſhall WE,—now freſh to the field,—drive the toil-worn foe along. With eaſe we ſhall drive them to Troy,—from the tents and the ſhips of the Argives."

THUS, intreating, he ſpoke,—blind to fate! He aſked for ruin and death, to himſelf! Deep ſighing, from his inmoſt ſoul—the godlike ſon of Peleus replied: "Ah me! Patroclus divine! What words haſt ſent to mine ear! Nor I a prophecy dread: Nor ought from Jove brought my mother revered. But heavy wo ſits deep, on my heart: Still wrath wraps, in tempeſt, my breaſt: As HE has dared to deſpoil—his equal in all of his prize: To reſume my portion again,—as in power, he excelled, in the hoſt. THIS has covered, with ſorrow, my heart. Much have I ſuffered in ſoul. The maid, whom the Argives gave,—WHOM, from many, they choſe for my prize: WHOM I won, with my own bright ſpear, when I levelled her native town: HER from mine arms, has the king,—Agamemnon, the proud ſon of Atreus,—HER he tore, from mine arms,—as from a ſtranger, unhonoured, deſpiſed!"

"BUT let theſe be forgot, with the paſt. It becomes not man for ever to rage: To cheriſh endleſs ſtrife in his ſoul.

ſoul. Yet I had reſolved, in my breaſt, not to reſtrain my wrath: Till to my own hollow ſhips, had advanced the loud tumult of war. But THOU aſſume my ſplendid arms. Be THOU the leader of my troops to the fight. Conduct my Myrmidons along: As the dark cloud of the Trojan powers, has girt the ſhips, with all their ſtrength. Hemmed in to the ſhore of the main: Small the ſpace, which the Argives poſſeſs. The whole city pours on them, amain. The Trojans full of confidence fight. They behold not the front of my helm: The awful light, which aſcends, from my creſt. Soon flying, from the navy of Argos,—the broad trench they had filled, with their dead:—If Agamemnon from my wrongs had abſtained. If the king had been gentle in ſoul."

"BUT, now, the army is ſhut, in their camp. The daring foe ſurrounds them all. No longer rages the ſpear, in the hands of the mighty ſon of Tydeus. HE has failed to ward death from the Greeks. No longer the hateful voice,—of Agamemnon comes with force on mine ear. But I hear the voice of Hector. His urging voice aſcends the wind. The Trojans hear it o'er their lines. They poſſeſs the whole field, with their powers: And ſlay in battle the warriors of Argos. Yet, now, iſſue forth, O Patroclus. Ruſh forth in thy valour, and ſave.

Turn deſtruction away, from our ſhips. Prevent, O friend, the hoſtile flame: Leſt our hopes of return ſhould be loſt."

"But thou in all, obey my words. Hear the ſum of what I adviſe: That thou may'ſt bring back, from the Argives,—mighty honour and renown to thy friend. That they may reſtore, in all her charms, the much-loved maid, whom their king has ſeized. That they may repair my wrongs: And add ſplendid gifts, to my prize. When the foe thou haſt repelled—return. Should even high-thundering Jove give thee fame: Yet urge not the ſtrife too far:—Return. Though eager in thy ſoul for the fight. Return: Leſt leſs honoured thou render thy friend. Nor, thou, exulting in ſucceſs,—hang, with death, on the rear of the foe. Puſh not the war to Ilium. Lead not thy troops to her walls: Leſt ſome ever-living god ſhould, from high Olympus, deſcend: For much is the foe beloved, by Apollo, who ſhoots from afar!"

"But thou return, O friend beloved! When the ſhips thou haſt ſaved, return. Let them continue the fight: And deal mutual deaths, o'er the field. O would to father Jove! To Pallas! To bright-beaming Phœbus: That no Trojan might death eſcape: No Argive

ſurvive the war: Might we, both, deſtruction avoid: And we only level, with earth,—the high walls of the ſacred Troy."

Thus ſpoke the godlike chiefs. Nor longer Ajax ſuſtains the fight: The hero is with darts overwhelmed. Him, the will of Jove has ſubdued: And warlike Troy, launching forward her ſpears. Dreadful ſounds the bright braſs on his head: Smote, on every ſide, by the foe. Ceaſeleſs fall the blows, on his helm: As it gleams, o'er its ſtuds to the light. His left ſhoulder is relaxed, with his toil: In holding high his firm ſhield to the war. Nor yet could they drive him along: Though leaning forward, with all their ſpears. High heaves, with ſhort-breathing, his breaſt. Sweat wanders o'er all his limbs. Nor reſt, nor reſpite he finds: On every ſide, with evils oppreſſed.

Unfold to me, O Muſes! Bright dwellers of heaven's high halls! How firſt fell devouring fire—on the ſhips of the Argive powers. Hector ſtruck with his wide-beaming ſword, the aſhen ſpear of the godlike Ajax: Where joined the wood, with the ſteel. Through and through paſſed the eager blade. The ſon of Telamon wielded in vain—the pointleſs ſtaff, in his mighty hand. Wide flew the bright head of the ſpear: Reſounding, as it fell to the

ground. Then the hero ſhuddered in ſoul. He knew the awful work of the gods. He knew that the fortune of war—was decided by thundering Jove. That the god had determined, in ſoul,—to cover Troy with ſucceſs and renown. He retreated beyond the darts. The foe threw the devouring fire. Wide, o'er the ſhip, ſpread the flame. The whole ſtern is involved, as it ſounds.

Achilles ſmote his manly thigh: And thus, with winged words began: "Ariſe, in thy ſtrength, O Patroclus! Valiant ruler of ſteeds ariſe! I ſee, at the ſhips of the Argives,—the rapid force of reſiſtleſs fire. Prevent the deſtruction, with ſpeed: Leſt our hopes of return ſhould be loſt. Haſte. Aſſume thy bright arms. I myſelf will convene the troops."

He ſpoke: And Patroclus obeyed. He armed himſelf in burniſhed ſteel. Firſt the beauteous greaves on his legs he drew: With ſilver claſps faſtened neatly before. Then he placed, on his manly breaſt,—the cuiraſs of the noble Achilles: Various, ſtarry, bright-flaming with gold. Round his ſhoulders he ſuſpended the ſword,—diſtinguiſhed, with its ſilver ſtuds. On his arm, he raiſed his ſhield, a wide and ſolid, boſſy orb. On his gallant head, aloft, he placed the dazzling flame of his helm. The horſe-hair waved, on high, in winds. Dreadful nodded, above,

above, the creſt. He took two ſtrong ſpears, in his hands: Which fitted well his manly graſp. But he took not the ONLY ſpear—of Achilles faultleſs in form: The long, heavy, ſtrong ſpear of Achilles; which none of all the Argives could wield. None but HE could wield in fight—the Pelian aſh: Which Chiron gave to his ſire: Cut from the brows of Pelion: A deſtruction to heroes in war.

THE hero commands Automedon,—to join the deathleſs ſteeds to the car: Automedon, whom he honoured the moſt,—next to Achilles, the breaker of armies. Faithful, in fight, was the chief,—to ſuſtain the aſſault of the foe. The warrior obeyed the high command. He joined the fleet ſteeds to the car: Xanthus and high bounding Balius: Both outſtripping the blaſt, in the race. Them to the weſtern wind the Harpy Podargè bore: As ſhe fed, on the graſſy mead, near the wide-rolling waves of the main. To the outward harneſs, the hero joined—beauteous Pedaſus, unmatched in the race. HIM, from the city of great Eëtion, Achilles brought to ſacred Troy: And though of mortal breed he was,—the deathleſs courſers he equalled in ſpeed.

BUT Achilles, ruſhing, tall through his troops,—rouzed them all, o'er the tents, to their arms. They iſſued forth like devouring wolves,—in whoſe breaſts dwells reſiſtleſs force:

force: Who tear, on his own dark hills,—the branchy ſtag, as ſlain he lies. Drenched with blood are their horrid jaws. At length, in crowds, they move to the ſpring. They lap, with lolling tongues, the ſtream: Belching clotty blood, as they drink amain. Fierce the ſpirit, that burns in their breaſts. Their bellies are diſtended with food. Such were the chiefs of the Myrmidons: Such their leaders, bright in arms,—moved forward, with dauntleſs ſouls,—round the gallant friend of the ſon of Peleus.

In the midſt ſtood the godlike Achilles: Urging forward the martial ſteeds,—and the deep ranks of his bright-ſhielded men. Fifty were his hollow ſhips, on the ſhore: Which Achilles, beloved of Jove,—brought o'er ocean to ſacred Troy. In each ſhip, fifty warriors came,—ſkilled all at the oar as in arms. Five were their leaders in fight: Chiefs truſted, by their daring lord. He himſelf was the firſt in command, as the firſt, in the bloody field. The leader of one troop was Meneſtheus,—diſtinguiſhed by his various mail: The ſon of Sperchius divine;—a river flowing from father Jove. Him the daughter of Peleus bore: Polydora unequalled in form. She bore him to unwearied Sperchius: A woman, yielding her charms to a god. But he was called the ſon of Borus,—who openly wedded the dame,—giving much nuptial gifts to her ſire.

The

The ſecond ſquadron is led to war, by Eudörus, reſiſtleſs in fight: The ſecret fruit of a maid! Him the daughter of Phylas bore: Polymëla, renowned in the graceful dance. Her the powerful Hermes beheld. His eyes wandered, in deſire, o'er her charms: As ſhe moved her beauteous limbs in the dance; and anſwered her motions, with ſong. Peaceful Hermes beheld the maid, in the dance of the golden-ſhafted Diana: Who delights in the noiſe of the chaſe. To the upper halls he followed her ſteps: And came, in ſecret, on all her charms. She bore a ſon to the god: Eudörus, illuſtrious in deeds: Renowned, for his ſpeed in the race; and great, in the ſtriſe of arms. But when Ilithyia divine, who o'er births preſides, with her power,—had produced the young hero to light: When firſt he ſaw the beams of the ſun: The ſtrength of Actorian Echecles,—brought the dame home to his halls: Giving rich nuptial gifts to her ſire. Aged Phylas received the child: And reared him to manhood with care. Great was his love for the youth: Not greater had he ſprung, from his loins.

The third ſquadron is led to war; by Piſander, reſiſtleſs in fight. The ſon of the godlike Mæmalus: Who o'er his fellows roſe in fame: In ſkill to launch the deadly ſpear,—the next to the friend of the ſon of Peleus. The fourth troop is conducted to war,—by Phœnix, aged

breaker

breaker of warlike ſteeds: The fifth by the godlike Alcimedon,—the daring ſon of Laërces. But when Achilles had formed—the deep ranks of his warlike troops,—behind their leaders, beaming forth in bright arms: He, thus, iſſued his ſtern commands:

"Forget not, Myrmidons, to me—the threats, which ye poured in mine ears: Your threats, in theſe hollow ſhips, againſt the ſons of lofty Troy: In the ſafe ſeaſon of the wrath of your lord. Me often ye, thus, have blamed:—"Hard-hearted offspring of Peleus! Thee thy mother has nurſed with gall. Relentleſs! who detain'ſt, from the war, thy friends, unwilling, confined at thy ſhips. Permit us, at leaſt, to return,—to divide, with our keels, the dark main. Permit us to ſail to our land: As rage, unceaſing, has fallen on thy ſoul."—This, convened, you have frequently ſaid: Now, the huge work of fierce battle appears: The ſeaſon, which you love, is arrived. Let each follow his own daring heart: And turn on the Trojans, the war."

He ſpoke. He awaked their ſtrength: And kindled valour o'er all their ſouls. More thickened became their lines: When they heard the awful voice of their king. As, when a man, well-ſkilled in the art, forms with ſtones the lofty dome. Thick-compacted aſcends the wall: Proof againſt

againſt the rage of the winds. So cloſely-joined were their helms: Their bright ſhields, with their boſſy orbs. Buckler its buckler ſupports, helm its helm, and man his man. Crowded the horſe-hair creſts ariſe. The plumes mix as they wave in the winds: So thick ſtand the warriors in arms.

But before the reſt, ſtood in arms,—two heroes, unmatched in their force: Patroclus and warlike Automedon,—having both but one mind, in their breaſts. Tall they ſtood, in the front of the line. Great Achilles entered his tent. He opened wide a beauteous cheſt: The high-wrought gift of the bright-moving Thetis. This he brought, o'er the ocean, to Troy,—with changes of garments filled: With furs to repel the chill winds,—with carpets of various dyes. Within was a laboured bowl,—never touched by the lips of man: Never ſtained, with the dark-red wine. Nor yet in libations uſed to the gods: To none, but to father Jove. This, from the coffer, he took. He purged it with ſulphur, with care. In clear water, he then waſhed the bowl. He cleanſed his hands: And drew the dark wine. In the ſacred circle he ſtood: Steadfaſt, eying the broad face of the ſky. He poured the libation, with prayer: Not unſeen, by the thunder-delighted Jove:

" Jove! Awful king of Dodona! Pelaſgic, O far-dwelling Jove! O thou that preſideſt on high! Involved in winter, on the tops of Dodona! Where the Selli, thy prieſts, dwell around: With feet unwaſhed and ſtretched, on the earth! Heretofore thou haſt heard my prayer. Thou haſt opened thine ears to my voice. Me, thou haſt honoured, o'er all: And covered the Argives, with wo. Again hear, O Jove, my requeſt. Grant, again, ſucceſs to my vows. Here, in my ſhips, I remain: But my friend I ſend forth to war. To battle I ſend him, forth: Amid many warriors in arms. With him, ſend victory forth: O ruler of tempeſts, Jove! Confirm his ſtout heart, in his breaſt: That daring Hector himſelf may know,—whether, my much-loved friend—can urge the fierce battle, alone: Or whether, rage his invincible hands, then only, when I ruſh to the field—and roll, before me, the tumults of Mars. Grant, after he turns from the ſhips,—the dreadful ſtrife and the clamours of fight,—that to me he ſafe may return,—to my hollow ſhips, on the ſhore: That the chief may return, in all his arms: With his cloſe-fighting friends of the war."

Thus praying, the hero ſpoke. Jove heard him, on Ida of Streams. The father granted half his requeſt: But half he gave to the winds. He gave him the war to repel:

repel: To turn battle from the ſhips of the Argives. But his ſafe return he denied: From the bloody hands of the foe. When, thus, he had poured out the wine: And addreſſed his fervent prayers to Jove: His tent he entered, with ſpeed: And, in the coffer replaced the bowl. Iſſuing forth, he ſtood again at his ſhip: Still he much wiſhed, in his ſoul,—to view the dreadful battle, that rolled, between the Trojan and Argive powers.

Right forward moved the troops, in their arms: With Patroclus undaunted in ſoul. Cloſe-compacted, in order, they moved: And ruſhed, with mighty force, on the foe. As pours along a ſwarm of waſps: Whom, dwelling by the ſide of the way—boys provoke, in their playful mood. Ceaſeleſs, in their folly, they vex—the buzzing tribe, in their dome, near the road: And urge the ſtate with one common ill. These ſhould the traveller touch,—as, unconſcious, he moves through the way: Forth they iſſue, with dauntleſs hearts; and, humming loud, around his ears,—defend their young, on the wing.

So loud and fierce iſſued forth—the warlike troops of the ſon of Peleus. Eager, from their veſſels, they moved. Wild clamour reſounds, o'er the ſhore. Patroclus raiſed his manly voice: And, thus, urged his friends to the fight: "O Myrmidons, dauntleſs in war! Gallant friends of the

great ſon of Peleus! Shew yourſelves men, O warriors! Recal the wonted force of your ſouls. Let us honour the mighty Achilles: Who, by far, is the braveſt of Greeks—and o'er the braveſt extends his command. Let the ſon of Atreus his error perceive: Let all-commanding Agamemnon repent,—that he has not honoured in aught,—the firſt of the Argives in arms."

He ſpoke. He awaked their ſtrength: And kindled valour o'er all their ſouls. Deep-formed, they ruſhed on the foe. Dreadful ecchoed the navy around: As the Argives ſhouted, with joy. But the Trojans, when they ſaw, ruſhing on,—the gallant ſon of the great Menætius: Him and his partner, in war,—beaming bright, in their dazzling arms. The ſouls of all, with a panic, were ſtruck. The battle inclined, o'er their lines. They deemed, that the ſwift ſon of Peleus—had thrown from his ſoul, his wrath: That to favour the king had returned. Wildly ſtaring, they turn their eyes. Each ſearches for a quarter, for flight.

Then firſt Patroclus divine—threw his bright lance through the air. In the midſt of the foe it fell: Where amain raged the tumult of arms: Near the ſtern of the beauteous ſhip,—which bore the great Proteſilaus to Troy. He ſtruck the valiant Peræchmes: The leader of

of the car-borne Peönès. From Amydon, he came to the war: From the wide-flowing ſtreams of Axius. His right ſhoulder received the lance. Supine, in the duſt he fell. Deep-ſighing, departed his ſoul. His friends left the chief, in his blood: His Peönès urged, headlong, their flight. Patroclus waked panic around: By ſlaying their leader in fight: The firſt in battle as the firſt in command.

He drove, from the navy, the foe: And extinguiſhed the raging flame. Half-burnt the ſhip is left, on the ſand. To flight THERE the Trojans are turned. With dreadful tumult they ſcour away. The Argives pour wide from their ſhips. Loud clamour aſcends the ſky. As, when from the lofty top of a mountain,—that rears its dark head to the ſkies,—great Jove diſpels, with his bolt,—the thick cloud, that had ſettled on high. Bright riſe all the rocks to the ſight. The broken tops of the hills appear. The foreſts wave their heads, in the light. Clear opens wide heaven to the view. Thus the Argives, diſtinct, appeared: When the flame they repelled from the ſhips,—and rolled the hoſtile ſmoke away. A ſhort ſpace, they all breathed, from their toils. Nor yet ceaſed wholly the fight. Nor yet, o'er the length of their line,—the foes turned their back, on the ſhips:

Before

Before the ruſhing force of the warlike Argives. Some reſiſted the turning war: And, unwillingly, quitted the ſhips.

Dispersed is the battle amain. Each leader a leader ſlays: And man purſues man, with his ſpear. Firſt the gallant ſon of the great Menætius,—threw his ſharp-pointed lance, bearing death. In the thigh he ſtruck Arëilycus, juſt as he turned from the fight. Through and through paſſed the eager ſteel: And broke the bone, in its rapid courſe. Prone, he fell, in death, on the ground. The warlike Menelaus ſlew Thöas. On his bare breaſt, fell the lance, near his ſhield. His limbs are unbraced in death. The ſon of Phyleus beheld valiant Amphiclus; as, forward, he ruſhed in the fight: He ſtruck him, in the leg, with the ſpear: Where thickeſt ſwells the calf to the eye. The ſinews were cut by the ſteel. Dreadful darkneſs aroſe, on his eyes.

Nor idle were the two ſons of Neſtor. Antilochus Atymnius ſlew. Through the nether belly the ſpear,—urged forward its brazen point. He fell, in death, at the feet of his foe. Maris, for his brother enraged,—hand to hand, on Antilochus ruſhed. Eager, he ſtood before the corſe. But the godlike Thraſymedes in arms,—prevented his falling blow. Nor ſtrayed the lance, from the mark.

Through

Through the joint of the ſhoulder it paſſed. The bone is broken: The muſcles divided in twain. Reſounding, he fell to the earth. Dreadful darkneſs o'erſhadowed his eyes. Thus two brothers by two brothers, were ſlain. Thus they ſunk to the regions of death: The valiant friends of the great Sarpedon: The ſpear-launching ſons of Amiſodarus. He, who bred the dreadful Chimæra: The deſtruction of many men.

Ajax, the ſon of Oileus, ſeized Cleobulus alive. He ſeized him, when ſtopt by the crowd. Soon, his ſtrength is unbraced, in death. He ſtruck his neck, with his large-hilted ſword. The whole blade is rendered warm, with the blood. Diſmal fate inwraps the warrior in ſhades: And purple death aſcends, on his eyes.—Penëleus and Lycon meet in fight. Their ſpears fly wide of their aim. Both, in vain, urge the lance, through the wind. They cloſe, with their ſwords, in the ſtrife. Lycon ſtruck the horſe-hair creſt of his foe. Near the hilt broke the faithleſs ſword. But Penëleus ſtruck the neck of the chief. Wholly, the ſword is immerſed. The ſkin only uncut remains. By it, hung the head of the ſlain: While his limbs are unbraced, in his blood.

Meriones, purſuing with ſpeed,—ſtruck Acamas, aſcending his car. Through his ſhoulder, ruſhed forward the

the lance. Reſounding, he fell back, from the car: And dreadful darkneſs is poured, on his eyes. Idomeneus brave Erymas ſlew. In his mouth, he received the keen ſteel. Behind his head appeared the red lance. Beneath the brain, it divided the bone. His teeth, from their ſockets are ſtruck. Both his eyes are filled with his blood. Through his mouth, through his noſtrils amain,—he pours out the black gore, with his ſoul. The dark cloud of death aroſe: And covered the warrior, from light.—Thus the chiefs of the warlike Argives—ſlew each his man, in the fight.

As when wolves, with reſiſtleſs force,—ruſh forward on bleating lambs: Or, deſtroying, aſſail the kids: When the flocks are diſperſed o'er the hills: Left, at large, by the fooliſh ſwain. The ſavage troop behold them with joy: And tear the timid prey, as it flies. Thus the Greeks, with reſiſtleſs force—ruſhed forward on flying Troy. The foe remembers nothing but flight. His wonted valour is forgot, o'er his ſoul. Great Ajax wiſhed much, with his ſpear,—to ſtrike Hector bright-ſheathed in his ſteel. The chief, in his knowledge of fight,—his broad ſhoulders hid, with his ſhield. He marked the whiſtling courſe of the ſhafts,—the well-known ſound of the ruſhing ſpears. He ſaw the changed ſcale of the fight: The victory in-

clined to the foe. He ſtopt his retreat, at times,—and ſaved his loved friends, with his ſpear.

As when, from the tops of Olympus, a duſky cloud is rolled on the heavens: When Jove pours his ſhowery ſtorms—o'er the blue face of the ſky. So dark is their flight from the ſhips. So loud is their tumult and noiſe. Nor without dreadful ſlaughter, they paſſed—the levelled wall and the trench profound. His fleet ſteeds bore Hector away. Unwilling he retreated, in all his arms. He deſerted the people of Troy: Whom he had led o'er the trench. Many ſwift ſteeds, in the foſs profound,—drawing forward, in flight the cars, broke ſhort the beam, at its root; and left the chariots of kings behind. Patroclus purſued amain. Loud roſe his urging voice to the Greeks: Brewing evil to Troy in his ſoul. With clamour, with loud tumult, they fled: And filled all the ways, as they flew. The duſt involved, in darkneſs their flight: And roſe, in clouds to the ſky: For ſwift, ruſhed the courſers to Troy; from the tents and the navy of Argos.

Patroclus urged forward his ſteeds,—where thickeſt fled the foe o'er the field. Threatening ſwelled the dreadful voice of the chief. Beneath their axles, the heroes fell. Prone they lay, on earth, preſſed by wheels. The craſhing cars are o'erturned, as they fly. From

bank to bank of the trench,—bound at once the immortal ſteeds: The courſers of the mighty Peleus: The ſplendid gift of the gods: Eager to urge all their ſpeed. His ſoul rouzed the hero, on Hector. He wiſhed to ſtrike the chief, with his ſpear. But his courſers bore HIM away.

As when beneath the rain-laden winds, the whole world is wrapt, in thick gloom: When, in the ſeaſon of Autumn, Jove, ſhrowded in impetuous ſhowers,—deſcends, in his rage, on earth,—and pours his dreadful wrath on mankind: When the laws are perverted by force: When juſtice is expelled, from her ſeat. When judges unjuſtly decide,—regardleſs of the vengeance of heaven. The rivers ſwell, beyond their fixed bounds: And ſpread the dark deluge amain: The torrents bear away, on their courſe, the falling ſides of the ecchoing hills. Red-ruſhing from the ſounding mountains,—the ſtream roars wide to the main: And o'er the world are levelled the works of men.

So impetuous, ſo noiſy, ſo dark,—the flight of Troy is poured amain. The ſteeds groan, as they ruſh along. The whole field is tumult and noiſe. But Patroclus, having broken the Trojans,—and turned their foremoſt in the battle, to flight: Drove back his eager ſteeds toward the ſhips. Nor, though bent on their flight, were the

foes,—he permits them to aſcend to the town. Between the navy, the river and wall—he hemmed them in, with furious force. Wildly flew many deaths from his hand. He exacted of many revenge.

First the hero ſtruck, there, warlike Pronous. On the breaſt, near the ſhield, fell the ſpear. The bright point entered amain. His limbs are unbraced in death: And reſounding he falls to the earth. The chief, then, bounded, on Theſtor: The hapleſs ſon of warlike Enops. Cowring, he ſat in his poliſhed car. A panic had ſeized his ſoul: And the reins flowed away from his hands. Standing near him, he ſtruck his right jaw. Craſhing, paſſed the lance, through his teeth. Raiſed aloft, on the point of his ſpear,—the hero drew the ſlain, from his car. As a man, ſitting bent o'er the main, on the point of the wave-waſhed rock,—draws a ſacred fiſh from the deep, with his line and his ſplendid ſteel. Thus he drew the gaſping chief: On the point of his burniſhed ſpear. He ſhook him off. On his face he fell. In his fall, his ſoul flew away. He ſtruck, with a ſtone, Eryalus: As the warrior ruſhed forward, in fight. On his head fell the dreadful weight. He ſplit the whole ſkull in twain: Within the ſtrong bounds of the helm. Prone, the warrior fell to the earth. Deſtructive death involved him, around. The hero ſlew the warlike Erymas: Amphoterus,

terus, the valiant Epaltes. Tlepolemus the ſon of Damaſtor,—Echius fell by his hand. Pyres he gave to death. Ipheas and Evippus he ſlew: With Polymelus, the ſtout ſon of Argeas. All theſe he laid dead, in their blood. Heaps on heaps, they crowded the ground.

When the great Sarpedon beheld—his unarmed friends laid low in death: Subdued by the mighty hands—of the godlike ſon of Menætius: He raiſed his urging voice in the fight: And, thus, chided his Lycians divine.—"What diſgrace has invaded the Lycians! Whither fly the renowned in arms? Now, at leaſt, your valour ſhew. I will meet this warrior in fight: That I at length may learn the cauſe,—why he thus prevails, in the ſtrife. Many woes has he laid on the Trojans. Many ſtout limbs has the hero unbraced in death."

He ſpoke, and bounded to earth, from his car,—in the harſh ſound of all his arms. Patroclus, on the other ſide,—beheld the king, and leaped, from his car. As two vultures, on a high-towering rock—with clenching talons and crooked beaks,—ſcreaming aloud engage in fight: So the heroes, with clamour advanced: Ruſhing forward, on each other, in arms. Jove beheld them, from his place. The race of Saturn pitied his ſon. His

words

words the god addreſſed to Juno: His awful ſiſter and ſpouſe beloved:

"Ah me! That the godlike Sarpedon,—whom moſt I love of mortal men,—is deſtined by the fates to fall: Beneath the hands of the ſon of Menætius! In doubtful ſuſpence hangs my mind: My ſoul changes, from ſide to ſide. Whether I ſhall ſave his life,—and remove him afar, from the war. Whether I ſhall remove him to Lycia: To the rich bounds of his peopled land: Or here ſubdue him in fight, beneath the ſpear of the ſon of Menætius."

The white-armed Juno replied,—rolling her large eyes on the god: "Unjuſt ſon of Saturn! What words have eſcaped, from thy lips? Would'ſt thou ſave a mortal man,—long deſtined to death, by the fates? Would'ſt thou again preſerve his life,—from the diſmal ſhade of invading death? Do. But we, the other gods, will never aſſent to the deed. Another thing I will tell to Jove: And let him lay it up in his ſoul. Should'ſt thou preſerve Sarpedon: And bear him, afar, to his own high halls: No god will, hereafter, neglect—to bear his own loved ſon from the field: And many are the ſons of the gods,—that fight round the noble city of Priam! Many the ſons of the immortals,—who are deſtined to fall, on theſe

theſe fields! Throw not bitter wrath, in the ſouls of the deathleſs powers."

"But if his ſon is beloved by Jove: If thou pitieſt his fall from thy heart: Permit him to fall with renown, —in the midſt of the diſmal fight: To be ſubdued, beneath the hands—of Patroclus the ſon of Menætius. But when his gallant life is loſt: When his ſoul takes wing, on the winds: Command dark Death and pleaſing Sleep—to bear his body away: To the wide domains of Lycia,—to his mournful people afar. There let his brothers, his friends beloved—the hero's obſequies perform. Let them rear aloft a high tomb to his fame: Theſe the honours, which belong to the dead!"

She ſpoke: Nor diſſented, in aught,—the great father of gods and of men. He ſhowered down bloody drops, on the earth. He, thus, honoured his ſon beloved: Who was, now, to fall by Patroclus,—on the fertile fields of Troy: Diſtant far, from his native land.

When, now, the dreadful warriors approached: Ruſhing forward to mutual wounds: Patroclus ſlew the brave Thraſymëlus: The faithful friend of Sarpëdon renowned. In the nether belly, he ſtruck the chief. His limbs are unbraced in death. Sarpëdon urged, next, his

his long ſpear. From the hero ſtrayed the bright point. But he wounded the mortal ſteed: Pedaſus renowned in the race. On his right ſhoulder, the javelin fell. Groaning, he breathed forth his ſoul. He, tumbling, lay, large, in the duſt. The ſteeds ſtarted, as he rolled, by their ſide. The yoke is ſwayed and the reins are mixed: As the outward horſe lay extended, on earth. But Automedon, renowned at the ſpear,—put an end to the miſchief, with ſpeed. He drew his ſword, from his manly thigh: And cut the traces of the ſteed that lay ſlain. Nor ſlothful was the chief in his place. The ſteeds ſtood, compoſed, in the car: And ſubmitted themſelves to the reins.

But the heroes, again, urged the fight: Unabating in their rage, they advanced. Sarpëdon ſtrayed wide from his foe. His ſhining lance flew, guiltleſs, through air. The bright point, o'er his left ſhoulder paſſed: Nor ſtained its ſteel, with the hero's blood. Then Patroclus, the laſt, urged his ſteel: Nor his dart flew, in vain, from his hand. He ſtruck the king, on his manly breaſt: Where the fibres involved the ſtrong heart. He fell, like ſome ſtately oak,—or poplar or lofty pine: Which the woodmen cut down, on the hills;—to form the dark ſhip, for the main. Thus, the hero, before his car,—

car,—lay, large, and ſtretched forth, on the ground. He gnaſhed his teeth, as he fell: And graſpt the bloody duſt, in his hand. As when a lion comes, in rage, on the herd: And ſlays a tawny bull, as he roars. Though ſtout in heart, and large in ſize: He dies, groaning, beneath his huge jaws.

Thus, ſlain by the ſpear of Patroclus,—lay the leader of the Lycians in arms. He groaned, from his indignant ſoul; and called his loved friend, by his name: "O Glaucus, O moſt beloved! O warrior among warriors renowned! Now, it behoves thee to fight: To urge the battle, with daring hand. Now, muſt the war be thy care: If thy heart is undaunted in war. Urge, Glaucus, my people to fight. Urge the leaders of the Lycians in arms. Move—ſend thy voice—through their lines. O bid them, for Sarpëdon to fight! Nor only bid, but act, O friend! Stretch o'er me thy gleaming ſteel. To thee, hereafter, ſhall I be a diſgrace: A dire reproach, to my friend beloved. Shame ſhall cover all thy days: Should the Argives poſſeſs mine arms. Should they ſtrip me, thus ſlain, in the fight: Before the hollow ſhips, in my blood. Boldly urge the dreadful fight. Rouze all my people to arms."

Thus as he groaning ſpoke,—ſhadowy death aroſe, on his eyes. The foe placed his foot, on his breaſt. He withdrew, from his body, the ſpear. The bloody fibres followed the point. With the lance iſſued forth his great ſoul. The Myrmidons detained his ſteeds: As they ſnorted and wiſhed to fly;—having left the bright car of their lord. Heavy grief covered Glaucus, with night: When he heard the latter words of his friend. His ſoul is moved, within the chief: As no aid he could bring to the ſlain. With his hand, he ſtill ſupported his wounded arm. Dreadful pain ſtill ſhot, through the wound: The wound, which Teucer made, with his ſhaft: When the warrior ſtood, high, on the wall: Turning evil away from his friends. In prayer ſtood the godlike Glaucus,—to great Apollo, who ſhoots from afar:

"Hear me, O king!" he ſaid: "Whether in Lycia's wealthy ſtate; or, in ſacred Troy, thou reſid'ſt.—Every where thou the hapleſs can'ſt hear: The man oppreſſed, with grief like mine: Whoſe ſoul is o'erſhadowed, with wo! Grievous is the wound which I bear. Ceaſeleſs flows the clotty blood. Pains dart ſtill through mine arm. My ſhoulder it fatigues, with its weight. Nor can I firmly graſp the ſpear: Nor engage, in fight, with the foe. The braveſt of my friends is ſlain: Sarpëdon, the ſon of Jove. Nor aids the god his own great race. But

THOU, grant, O king, my requeſt. Heal, god of healing arts, my wound. Lull my pains. Give me ſtrength, O Phœbus! That I may rouze the warlike Lycians: That I myſelf may launch the ſpear: And urge the fight, for the corſe of my friend."

THUS praying, the hero ſpoke. Apollo heard his ſuppliant voice. Straight he ſettled the bitter pain. He dried the clotty blood, from the wound: And poured ſtrength, on his warlike ſoul. Glaucus perceived the hand of the god. He rejoiced o'er his glowing mind: That, ſo ſoon, the mighty power had liſtened to the voice of his prayer. He ſtraight rouzed, to the fight, the Lycian leaders o'er all their line. Furious he ruſhed, through the ranks. He bade them to contend, for the mighty Sarpëdon. Then, moving forward, with mighty ſtrides, he called the Trojans to defend his friend. He called the godlike Polydamas. He called Agënor divine. He ruſhed to the dauntleſs Æneas: To Hector cloathed in mail. Near them the hero ſtood, and, thus, with winged words began:

"O HECTOR! Thou neglecteſt thy friends: Thine allies command not ought of thy care. Thoſe that loſe their lives for thy ſake: Far from their people and native land. But thou refuſeſt to turn, from their ſide,—the

evils, which hover around. Now lies the great Sarpedon: The leader of the ſhielded Lycians: Who protected his people with juſtice: Who defended, with valour, his land. Him has brazen Mars ſubdued beneath the hands of the great Patroclus. But, O approach, my gallant friends. Throw reſentment, throw rage, in your ſouls. Prevent them from ſeizing his arms: Prevent them from diſhonouring the dead. The Myrmidons the ſlain will diſgrace: Enraged for the Argives, who fell: Who ſunk, in blood, beneath our ſpears, at the ſhips."

He ſpoke. The Trojans are invaded by grief: Not to yield, yet not to be borne. The pillar of their city he was! Though born, in a foreign land. Many and brave were the hero's troops: But he himſelf was the braveſt of all. Right forward, they ruſhed, on the foe. Hector, enraged for Sarpëdon,—led, in wrath, the fierce attack. But the ſtout heart of Patroclus, thus urged the warlike Argives to arms. He, firſt, ſpoke to the great Ajaces: Already prompt in their ſouls to fight. "O Ajaces!" he ſaid. "Now, place the fight in your ſouls. Stand forth to repel the foe. Be what, in war, you have been: Even add to your former fame. The man lies ſlain, in his blood, who firſt ſcaled the wall of the Argives. Sarpëdon, now, lies, in death. But now let us diſgrace the

ſlain: By ſtripping his corſe of his arms: And, O that, with ſteel, we could lay ſome gallant friend of the chief, on earth."

He rouzed them, thus, already prompt. The firm ranks are formed, on either ſide: The Trojans and the Lycian powers: The Myrmidons and warlike Argives. Fierce, they met, in fight, o'er the dead. Dreadful clamour aſcended the wind. Battered arms ſound harſhly on the bodies of men. Jove ſpread deſtructive night, o'er the war: To add horror to the diſmal ſtrife, for the corſe of his own loved ſon. Firſt, the Trojans puſhed, from their place, the black-eyed Argives, with their arms. A warrior is ſtruck, in the front of the fight: Not the leaſt renowned of the friends of the ſon of Peleus: The ſon of the great Agacleus, Epigeus the divine. In high-built Budium, once, he reigned. But his valiant kinſman he ſlew: And came, a ſuppliant to Peleus,—to the brightly-moving Thetis. They ſent him to Ilium of warlike ſteeds: With Achilles, the breaker of armies, to turn, on the Trojans, the fight. Him, as he touched the corſe, with his hand,—the illuſtrious Hector ſlew. He ſtruck his head, with a flying ſtone. The ſkull is ſplit in twain, within the bounds of the ſolid helm. Prone he fell, on the corſe. Deſtructive death involved him around.

Grief

Grief aroſe, for his fallen friend, on the ſoul of the great Patroclus. He ruſhed through the front of the fight: Like a hawk, on his ſounding wings; who purſues choughs or ſtarlings, as they fly on the winds. Thus thou, on the ranks of the Lycians, Patroclus, ruler of ſteeds! Thus, on the Trojans, thou ruſhed'ſt: Enraged, in thy ſoul, for thy friend. The chief ſtruck the brave Sthenelaüs, the loved ſon of Ithæmeneus. On his neck fell the flying rock. The ſinews are broken. He ſunk. The foremoſt of the foe gave way. Illuſtrious Hector, himſelf, retired. Far as flies the beamy lance, from the able hand of a valiant man: When he ſtrains his whole force, in the liſts: Or in battle engaged with the foe. So far the Trojans retired: And gave ground to the warlike Argives.

But Glaucus turned his ſteps the firſt: The leader of the Lycians, in arms. He ſlew the great Bathyclæus: The ſon beloved of mighty Chalcon. The warrior dwelt in beauteous Hellas. The wealthieſt of the Myrmidon chiefs. Him Glaucus, ſuddenly turning round, ſtruck, in the breaſt, with his ſpear: As, eager, he purſued his ſteps. Reſounding, he fell to the earth. Dreadful ſorrow aroſe on the Argives: For the fall of ſo valiant a chief. But the Trojans rejoiced, o'er their lines. They crowded

crowded in arms, around the ſlain. Nor the Argives their valour forgot. Right forward, they poured all their ſtrength.

THEN Meriones ſlew a warrior to Troy: Gallant, in the front of her line: Laogonus, the daring ſon of Onetor,—the prieſt of Idæan Jove: Honoured, like a god, by the hoſt. HIM he ſtruck, beneath the jaw near the ear. Straight, his ſoul forſook his limbs: And dreadful darkneſs involved him around. But Æneas launched on Meriones, his bright-pointed lance, through the air. He hoped, as he moved behind his broad ſhield,—to pierce the hero, in diſmal fight. But HE beheld the gleaming death: And ſhunned it as it came. Forward he ſtoopt, as ruſhed the lance. Behind his back it ſtands fixed in the ground: And o'er his ſhoulder vibrates the ſtaff. The forceful ſteel of the chief loſt its rage: As deep in earth lay buried the point. Trembling at firſt, it ſettled, at length: For, in vain, it had ruſhed from his hand.

ÆNEAS, enraged in his ſoul, thus began, to his gallant foe. "Though, Meriones, thou ſeem'ſt ſkilled in the dance: Soon my ſpear would have ſettled thy active bounds; Had its point found its way to thy breaſt." To HIM, Meriones, famed at the ſpear: "Æneas, hard for thee the taſk, though brave thou art, in the fight:

fight: To extinguiſh the ſtrength of all;—who, againſt thee, ſhall advance in the field. Thou, thyſelf, art a mortal born. Should MY ſpear find its way to THY breaſt: Though valiant thou art and confiding, in the force of thy hands: Yet to ME thou would'ſt give renown,—but thy ſoul to the ſhades below."

HE ſpoke. But the ſon of Menœtius, thus chided the warrior, aloud: "O Meriones! why vaunteſt thou thus? Though valiant is thy hand in the fight? The Trojans, O my gallant friend, will not, with reproachful words, be driven from the corſe of the ſlain. THEM the ſpear can only drive: The fall of their braveſt, in duſt. The hand muſt decide in war. In council let words prevail. But, now, to ſpeak becomes us leſs, than to fight."

THUS ſaying, he ſtrode in his might. The godlike warrior followed his ſteps. As heard afar is the ſound of woodmen, felling the foreſt amain: On the lofty tops of the ecchoing hills. So ſpread the horrid craſhings of war,—o'er all the wide-reſounding plain: The ſound of ſteel, of battered ſhields,—ſtruck with ſwords,—pierced, with ſpears, from each ſide. The whole field is one tumult—one noiſe. Death darkly bounds, from line to line. Nor could the ſkilful eye of a man,—diſtinguiſh

now

now the noble Sarpëdon. With darts, with blood, with duſt o'erſpread—from head to foot the hero lay. Ceaſeleſs, crowd round him the foe: As flies, in the ſhepherd's abode,—buz around the foaming pails: In the warm ſeaſon of ſpring, when the milk all the veſſels o'erflows.

Thus crowded the murmuring foes, round the ſlain. Nor Jove, from the diſmal fight,—turned, once, the radiant orbs of his eyes. Right on both looked the awful god. In ſuſpence hung his heavenly ſoul. Much he thought, on the fall of Patroclus. Anxious, he weighed in his mind: Whether, this inſtant, in diſmal fight,—great Hector ſhould lay him ſlain, on the corſe of Sarpedon divine: And deſpoil him of all his bright arms: Or ſtill, to ſwell the deathful toil: To ſend many to the regions of death. Whilſt, thus, he revolved in his thoughts: At length it ſeemed beſt to his ſoul; that the gallant friend of the great ſon of Peleus—ſhould drive the Trojans and Hector cloathed with mail—back to their own lofty town: And give many ſouls to the wind.

The god, for the firſt time, filled the breaſt—of Hector divine, with diſmay. He aſcended his car, in his flight. He exhorted the Trojans to fly. He perceived the ſacred ſcales of Jove. Nor even the gallant

Lycians

Lycians ſuſtained, now, the fight. All turned their backs to the foe. Their king they ſaw, pierced, through the heart: Lying beneath the heaps of the ſlain. Many had fallen, on his corſe: When Jove rouzed deſtructive battle around. They ſtrip of his arms great Sarpedon: His brazen, his bright-beaming arms. The gallant ſon of Menætius,—gave the ſplendid ſpoils to his friends: To be borne to the navy of Argos.

Then to Apollo ſpoke—the high ruler of tempeſts, Jove. "Ariſe, now, O Phœbus beloved! Bear Sarpëdon, from the heaps of the ſlain. Bear, far from the field, the chief. Waſh his corſe, in the river's ſtream: Cleanſe, from gore, all his form divine. Anoint with Ambroſia the chief. Cloath him, in immortal robes. Give him to be borne away: By the twin-brothers dark Death and pleaſing Sleep. Swift are the bearers, who ſhall have the hero in charge. They, quickly, ſhall place him afar: In the wide dominions of Lycia,—in the midſt of his opulent ſtate. There ſhall his brothers, his friends beloved—the hero's obſequies perform. They ſhall rear a high tomb to his fame. Theſe the honours, which belong to the dead!"

He ſpoke: Nor inobedient was Phœbus,—to the voice of his awful Sire. He deſcended, from the moun-

tains of Ida; to the fierce battle at ſacred Troy. He bore Sarpedon, from the heaps of the ſlain: He bore him, afar from the field: And waſhed his corſe, in the river's ſtream. He anointed, with Ambroſia, the chief. He cloathed him in immortal robes: And gave him to be borne away,—by the twin-brothers—dark Death and pleaſing Sleep. The ſwift bearers bore him away. They quickly placed him, afar: In the wide dominions of Lycia,—in the midſt of his own wealthy ſtate.

Patroclus, urging his deathleſs ſteeds: Urging Automedon to arms: Purſued the Lycians and Trojans. Ill-fated chief! Thou purſueſt thy death. Had he placed, in his thoughts, the words,—the high commands of the ſon of Peleus: Safe would have been his return. The goal of fate he might avoid. But more powerful is the will of great Jove: Than the feeble counſels of men. He turns the valiant to flight. He tears victory, from the hands of the brave: Though he, himſelf, may have urged him to fight. Now, he urged, to the fight, Patroclus. He kindled battle, o'er all his ſoul.

Who firſt, O warrior divine! Who, Patroclus, fell laſt, by thy ſpear? When the gods called thee forward to death? Firſt, he ſlew Adreſtus: Then Autonöus and gallant Echeclus. Perimus fell by his ſpear: Epiſtor

and brave Melanippus. Elaſus he alſo ſlew: Mulius and godlike Pylartes. Theſe he transfixed, as they fled: Their whole army is poured, o'er the plain. Then had the ſons of the Argives—taken Troy with lofty gates: Beneath the hands of the great Patroclus. Above meaſure, raged the chief, with his ſpear. But Phœbus ſtood, in the lofty tower. The god aided high Troy, and entertained in his heavenly ſoul,—dreadful miſchief to the ſon of Menætius.

Thrice he ſtrove to aſcend the wall. Thrice Apollo threw him back, to the ground, ſtriking his bright ſhield, with his deathleſs hand. But when he made his fourth attempt,—ruſhing forward, with the force of a god: Dreadful roſe the threatening voice of Apollo: The long-haired king, who ſhoots from afar. "Retire, O Patroclus divine! The fates permit not,—that by thy bright ſpear,—ſhould fall the city of ſacred Troy. No. Nor beneath the great Achilles: Who far excels thee, in valour and force."

He ſpoke: And Patroclus retired. He avoided the wrath of Apollo, who ſhoots from afar. But Hector, in the Scæan gate, ſtill ſtayed his high-bounding ſteeds. In doubtful ſuſpence, hung his ſoul: Whether to drive his courſers to fight: Or to command, with awful

voice, his troops to defend the wall. While, thus debated the thoughts of his ſoul: Great Apollo ſtood, by his ſide. The god aſſumed the form of Aſius. At once a youth and a hero in fight: The uncle of car-borne Hector; the ſon of Dymas and brother of Hecuba. In Phrygia the warrior had dwelt: Near the ſtreams of the roaring Sangarius. Aſſuming the form of the youth, —Phœbus Apollo began: "Hector! Why retireſt thou, from fight? It ill becomes thee, O hero, to fly. Would, that as much, as I yield to Hector,—I now excelled the chief in arms! Then, to evil, as well as to ſhame; thou, now, had'ſt retreated from war. Ariſe. Urge thy ſteeds, on Patroclus. Redeem thy renown, with his death. He perhaps may fall by thy ſpear. Great Apollo may give thee fame."

Thus ſaying, the god retired—and mixed with the toils of men. Illuſtrious Hector commands—brave Cebriones to war. He bade him to urge the ſwift ſteeds: To drive right, on the foe, the car. Apollo entered the line, of the foe. He rouzed deſtructive panic, among the Argives. He gave glory to Hector and Troy. Hector left the reſt of the Greeks. He ſlew them not, with his deadly ſpear. Right, on the warlike Patroclus,—he drove forward his bounding ſteeds.

Patroclus,

Patroclus, on the other ſide, bounded, from his car to the ground. In his left hand is his beamy ſpear. In his right, he wields, aloft, a ſtone: White, rugged, of enormous ſize. He graſpt it in his hand robuſt. He threw it forward, with all his might. Nor ſtrayed he far, from the chief. The weight flew not, in vain, from his hand. He ſtruck the driver of Hector's car: Cebriones, the ſon of illuſtrious Priam;—his offspring, by a ſecret bed. He ſtruck him, as he held the reins. On his forehead fell the ſharp ſtone. Both his brows were cruſhed, by the weight. The ſkull yielded. His eye-balls fell, in the duſt. Before his feet, they fell, in blood. Like a diver, he tumbled to earth,—from the poliſhed ſeat of his lofty car: And his ſoul left his corſe, on the plain. Harſhly-deriding the ſlain,—the car-borne Patroclus ſpoke:

"Good heavens! How active the man! With what eaſe he dives to the plain! Had this warrior been placed, in a bark: On the back of the fiſhy ſea; he many would feed with his art: Searching oyſters, beneath the main: Though rolled, together, it were with ſtorms. He, ſurely, on the wave would ſucceed,—who dives, with ſuch eaſe, on the plain. In every art, our foes excel: In diving, as well as in fight."

Thus ſaying, he ruſhed, in his might: On the hero, juſt ſlain, by his hand. He bore, along, a lion's force:

A lion,

A lion, who, waſting the fold,—is wounded, on his ample breaſt: Whom his own courage deſtroys. Thus, on the hero Cebriones,—THOU bounded'ſt, in thy might, O Patroclus! Hector, on the other ſide,—leapt, at once, from his car, to the ground. Like two lions, they fought for the ſlain: Two lions, who, on the mountain's bleak brow;—both raging with hunger, each other aſſail,—for ſome ſlaughtered hind, in her flowing blood. Thus for the fallen Cebriones, fought the two authors of dreadful fight: Patroclus, the ſon of Menætius, and the illuſtrious Hector. Each wiſhes, from his inmoſt ſoul,—to pierce the other, with ruthleſs ſteel.

HECTOR ſeized the ſlain, by the head. Nor quitted the hero his hold. Patroclus, on the other ſide, dragged the fallen chief, by the foot. The foes, mean time, engaged in fight. The Trojans and Argives are drenched in blood. Death darkly bounds, from line to line. Loud tumult rolls together the field. As, when the eaſt and ſouthern winds,—deſcending from the heavens contend,—in the lofty groves of the ecchoing hills: Bending the deep woods, in their rage: The beech, the lofty aſh, the barky corneil-tree. Each other they invade, as they wave: Mixing their huge arms, as they bend. O'er the mountain, the foreſt reſounds. Harſhly craſh the trunks, as they break amain.

THUS,

Thus, the Trojans and warlike Argives,—fiercely bounding on each other, engage. Mutual were the deaths and the wounds. Neither ſide thought of ſhameful flight. Many ſharp ſpears are fixed, in earth, round the ſlain offspring of aged Priam: Many winged arrows came ſounding along,—ruſhing from the nerves of the bows. Many huge ſtones flew through air: And, craſhing, fell, on the boſſy ſhields: As wildly raging fought the foes, round Cebriones, laid in his blood. But he lay, largely extended in duſt,—unmindful of his bounding ſteeds.

Whilst the ſun rolled his bright orb, o'er half the heavens, with his light: Mutual were the wounds of the foes. The people fell on either ſide. But when he veered his ſlant beams to the weſt: Then the Argives victorious remained. They roſe ſuperior to fate. They drew the hero Cebriones,—from the heaps of dead and of darts: From the tumult of Troy in the fight. They ſtript the fallen chief of his arms. Patroclus, then, with hoſtile ſoul, ruſhed forward, on the foe, with his ſpear. Thrice he ruſhed, like brazen Mars. Dreadful ſwelled his loud voice, on the winds. Thrice he nine warriors ſlew. But when he made the fourth aſſault: Bounding on, with the force of a god: Then, darkly hovered o'er thee, Patroclus,—the end of a life of renown.

Phoebus

Phoebus met thee, in diſmal fight. Dreadful was the courſe of the god! Unſeen by thee, he darkly came. A cloud involved his awful ſteps, through the line. Behind the hero he ſtood. His broad ſhoulders he ſtruck, with his hand. A dizzineſs ſeized his bright eyes. Phœbus threw his helm to the ground. Bright rolled the ſounding braſs, on the earth: Through the feet of the bounding ſteeds. With blood and duſt, at once, are ſoiled the high plumes of the helm: The helm, which never before—was ſtained, o'er the creſts, with the duſt. It ſhaded the head of a hero divine: The awful forehead of great Achilles. But Jove gave it, now, to be borne,—on the head of illuſtrious Hector. Not long!—For death was near, with his cloud.

His ſpear hung looſe, in his nerveleſs hand. His long, heavy, huge, ſtrong, pointed ſpear,—he ſcarce could drag, along the duſt. His ſhield fell, from its thong, on the ground. His breaſt-plate, on his breaſt was looſed,—by the hand of the king, the ſon of Jove. A ſudden ſtupor invaded his mind. Beneath, his fair limbs were unbraced. Dizzy and aſtoniſhed he ſtood. Between his ſhoulders, approaching behind, a Dardan warrior drove his ſpear: Euphorbus, the ſon of Panthus. Above his fellows, in all, he roſe: At the ſpear, at driving the car,—in the fleetneſs of his feet, in the race. Twenty chiefs he

he threw, to earth, from their cars: When firſt he drove his ſteeds, o'er the field: To learn the art of the bloody fight.

Such was the chief, O car-borne Patroclus: Who firſt ſtruck thy body, with ſteel. He ſtruck, but he did not ſubdue. He withdrew his aſhen ſpear, from the wound. He retreated and mixed, with his friends: Nor could he ſuſtain Patroclus,—though expoſed, he ſtood in the fight. But the hero, by the ſtroke of the god,—by the ſharp-pointed javelin ſubdued; retreated to the troop of his friends: Avoiding death, from the hands of the foe. But when Hector perceived the great Patroclus,—thus retreating and wounded, with ſteel: He ruſhed upon him, through the ranks of the foes. Hand to hand, he urged the ſpear. Through and through his nether belly, it paſſed. Reſounding, he fell to the earth. Dreadful ſorrow ſhades the hoſt of the Argives.

As when a lion, in all his ſtrength,—contends, in fight, with a mighty boar. On the brows of the ecchoing hill,—with all their ſavage courage, they ſtrive. For a ſcanty ſpring, they engage: Both wiſhing to drink of the ſtream. At length the fierce lion prevails. He ſubdues, the much-panting boar, exerting his mighty force. Thus Hector, the ſon of Priam—deprived of life, with his ſteely

ſpear,—the gallant ſon of the great Menætius, hewing down the ranks of the foe. He gloried, o'er the fallen chief; and, thus, with winged words began:

"O Patroclus!" the hero ſaid: "Thou hoped'ſt to level the ſacred Troy: To bear away her lovely dames: To bear THEM, of freedom deprived,—in thy ſhips, to thy native land. Imprudent man! For THESE I fight. His rapid ſteeds carry Hector, for THESE: To the diſmal clangour of war. To defend THEM, I excel at the ſpear. O'er the Trojans I ſhine in arms: To turn the ſervile day, from their dames. But THEE, hapleſs man! Shall the vultures devour. Nor could Achilles, though brave, bring thee aid. HE, perhaps, at thy departure; gave, thus, his commands to his friend. "Return not to ME, divine Patroclus! Return not to the hollow ſhips: Before thy ſpear burſt the bloody mail,—on the breaſt of Hector, the deſtroyer of men." This, perhaps, he ſpoke in thine ear. He perſuaded thy frantic ſoul."

To HIM thou faintly replieſt, O Patroclus, ruler of ſteeds! "Now, Hector!" the hero ſaid: "Now vent thy lofty boaſtings amain. The ſon of Saturn gave thee ſucceſs. Apollo urged forward thy lance. The gods ſubdued me, with eaſe. They, from my ſhoulders, withdrew the bright arms. Had twenty, each thy match in the

the fight;—met, fairly, my ſpear, in the field: They all had periſhed beneath my hand. But ME my pernicious fate—and the ſon of Latona have ſlain: Of mortals the valiant Euphorbus. Thou, the third, com'ſt to ſpoil the dead. But another thing I will add: And thou record, in thy ſoul. Not long ſhalt THOU view the light. Near thee is death and deſtructive fate: Subdued, by the mighty hands of the daring ſon of Peleus."

THUS, as the hero ſpoke,—ſhadowy death aroſe, on his eyes. His ſoul, flying wide from his limbs,—deſcended to the regions below: Mourning his untimely fate,—his vigour, his youth left behind. To him, though dead in the duſt,—ſpoke, thus, the illuſtrious Hector: "Why, Patroclus, foretell'ſt thou my fate? Why a prophet of diſaſters become? Who knows, but the brave Achilles,—the ſon of the long-haired Thetis,—may firſt reſign his gallant ſoul: Transfixed, by my deadly ſpear?"

HE ſpoke: And withdrew, from the wound, the bright ſpear: Placing his foot, on the ſlain. He threw the corſe ſupine from his lance. Straight he ruſhed, in all his arms, on the great Automedon: The godlike friend of the ſwift ſon of Peleus. Much he wiſhed to ſlay the chief. HIM his bounding ſteeds bore away: The deathleſs ſteeds of the warlike Peleus: The ſplendid gift of the gods.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK XVII.

NOR unperceived by the ſon of Atreus,—by Meneläus, renowned in arms,—Patroclus lay, ſubdued by the Trojans,—in the diſmal fight. He moved, through the front of the line: Bright-ſheathed, in his burniſhed ſteel. Round the corſe, in defence, he moved: Like a heifer around her young: Her firſt-born!—Till then unknowing a birth; ſhe anxiouſly lows, as ſhe moves. Thus around the fallen Patroclus,—ſtrode Meneläus with yellow locks. He ſtretched his bright ſpear before him. He raiſed the bright orb of his ſhield: Ready to conſign, to death,—the foe that dared to approach the dead.

NOR

Nor did the race of warlike Panthus: Euphorbus, renowned at the ſpear,—neglect Patroclus divine, as, ſlain, he lay in his blood. Near the fallen hero he ſtood: And, thus, addreſſed the great Meneläus: "Son of Atreus, Meneläus! Reared by Jove! O leader of armies! Retire. Forſake the dead. Leave the bloody ſpoils to the foe. I,—the firſt of the Trojans,—of their allies renowned in arms; I the firſt ſtruck the great Patroclus,—with my ſpear, in the diſmal fight. Leave the glory, which I won, on mine arms. Permit me, 'midſt my people, to ſhine. Retire: Leſt THEE, alſo, I ſtrike: And call forth thy ſoul, round my ſpear."

To HIM the yellow-haired king—thus replied, in his riſing rage: "O father Jove!" he ſaid. "Ill-becomes it a warrior to boaſt! Not ſo haughty in his ſtrength is the panther; not the lion nor mountain-boar,—who excel in their fierceneſs of heart: Who are, headlong, borne away, with their rage: As the proud ſons of warlike Panthus: Who, above meaſure, are vain. But the ſtrength of thy brother beloved; the youth and vigour of brave Hyperënor,—availed not his life, in the fight: When ME he inſulted with words,—yet waited, in his folly, my ſpear. He called me aloud, in his pride,—the moſt feeble, the leaſt brave of the Argives. Nor HE,

I deem,

I deem, returned from the field: To pleaſe the brightening ſoul of his ſpouſe: Or his parents, decaying in years. So ſhall I, alſo, THY vigour unbrace: If my ſpear thou preſum'ſt to oppoſe. But THEE I adviſe to retreat: To mix, with the crowd, in the fight. Stand not before my bright lance. Avoid evil, while yet there is time. Retire. Be prudent. Retreat. Even fools learn wiſdom, from facts."

HE ſpoke: But he moved not the youth: Who, thus, in his turn, replied: "Now, Meneläus!" he ſaid: "Now, at length, O reared by Jove! Thou ſhalt give the vengeance due—to the ſoul of my brother ſlain. THOU ſhalt forfeit thy life, for thy vaunts: For the blood, which has ſtained thy ſpear. A widow THOU haſt made his wife: His late-eſpouſed, in his ſecret halls. Thou haſt covered his friends with grief: With ceaſeleſs ſorrow his parents in years. But this hand ſhall end their wo,—ſhall remove the cloud, from their ſouls: If I ſhall bear that head of thine,—if in triumph, theſe bloody arms,—I ſhall place in the hands of Panthus: In the hands of Phrontis divine. But no more! Exert thy ſtrength. Be the labour no longer deferred. Not untried ſhall the conteſt remain: Nor the valour, nor terror of fight."

HE

He ſpoke: And ſtruck the wide round of his ſhield. But he pierced not the ſolid braſs. Bent back is the point, on the orb. The ſon of Atreus urged, next, his bright ſpear: Addreſſing a prayer to Jove. He ſtruck his throat, as he turned away. With all his force, he urged the point: Truſting to the ſtrength of his arm. Through and through, he pierced his neck. The ſteel appeared, in blood, behind. Reſounding, he fell to the earth. On his body craſhed harſhly his arms. Drenched with blood, are his flowing locks: His braided locks, which the Graces might wear:—With ſilver bound and adorned with gold.

As a wide-ſpreading olive-tree, which a man rears, in a lonely field—where guſh the living waters around. Beauteous, budding, it aſcends to the ſight. White with bloſſoms its lofty head—moves, gently, to all the winds. But ſudden-ruſhing, from heaven comes—the darkening whirlwind, and lays it low. Acroſs the ditch it lies along: Spreading all its fair branches, on earth. So lay, in death, the ſon of Panthus: Euphorbus, well-ſkilled, at the ſpear: When the ſon of warlike Atreus, ſtript him ſlain of his beauteous arms. As when a lion bred, on his hills,—truſting to his ſtrength deſcends: And, ruſhing, ſeizes a bull; the largeſt and beſt, in the herd. He firſt breaks his huge neck in his rage: Deep-fixing his

his ſtrong teeth, on the prey. Then he drenches his jaws in blood: Tearing all his entrails amain. Around him, but diſtant far, aſcends the clamour of ſhepherds and hounds. Their ſouls bear not a near approach. Pale terror invades them all. So the Trojans, at diſtance, ſtood: Not daring in their ſouls to approach: To ruſh forward, on great Atrides, now, much-elated with fame.

Then had the ſon of warlike Atreus—ſtript the ſlain of his beauteous arms. But Phœbus envied the ſpoils to the king. He rouzed, on him, Hector divine,—in force equal to impetuous Mars. The god aſſumed the form of Mentes: Who led the Ciconians in fight. He raiſed his loud voice in his ear: And, thus, with winged words began: "Hector, fruitleſs is thy ſpeed. In vain, O chief, thou purſueſt—the deathleſs ſteeds of the great Achilles. Hard are they to be ſubdued. They yield not to a mortal man: Or to Achilles, only yield: Whom a daughter of heaven brought forth. Meantime, the gallant Menelæus: The martial ſon of warlike Atreus,—protecting the corſe of Patroclus,—has ſlain the braveſt of Ilium's ſons: The ſon of Panthus, youthful Euphorbus. Extinguiſhed is the warrior's force."

Thus ſpoke the god, in human form. Again he mixed, with the toils of men. Sudden ſorrow at once

involved the darkening ſoul of Hector divine. He threw his radiant eye o'er the line. He ſaw the foe unlooſing his arms. He ſaw the youth extended, on earth. The dark blood flowed wide from the wound. Along the front the hero moved: All-bright, in his burniſhed arms. Loud ſwelled the awful voice of the chief. Waſteful was his gleaming courſe: Like Vulcan's unextinguiſhed flame. Nor unheard, by the great ſon of Atreus, was the dreadful voice of the foe. Deep-groaning, thus the hero ſpoke—to his own undaunted ſoul.

"Ah me! Which way ſhall I turn? If here I quit theſe ſpoils of the foe: If here I leave the great Patroclus: Who, in my cauſe, has reſigned his ſoul: I fear the reproach of the Argives. The rage of my friends I fear. But ſhould I, alone, remain,—to fight againſt Hector, with Troy to engage: Should I battle prefer to flight: Many foes may ſurround my life. Hither the warlike Hector leads, the collected ſons of Troy. But why ſprings this doubt, in my breaſt? Why contends, with itſelf, my ſoul? Whenever a man turns his ſpear againſt a god: To fight with a chief, whom heaven honours, in all his deeds: Then certain ruin approaches amain. Nor I, therefore, can the Argives offend, by yielding to Hector divine: Who fights, by

the aid of a god. But could mine eyes meet the godlike Ajax. Could his voice reach my longing ear, we both might return to the fight: And urge the battle againſt a god. Then might we bear away the ſlain,—to Achilles, the ſon of Peleus. This the beſt reſource, in ſuch ills!"

Whilst this he revolved, in his ſoul: The deep ranks of the Trojans advanced. Hector preceded, in all his might. Unwilling the king retired: Often turning, as he quitted the ſlain. As a lion, with flowing mane: Whom men and hounds, united, drive,—with clamour, with darts, from the ſtall. His ſtout heart ſhudders, within his breaſt. Yet, unwilling, he departs, from the fold. Thus, the yellow-haired Meneläus, left the corſe of the fallen Patroclus. He turned his manly face to the foe: When he came to the line of his friends. O'er the ranks he rolled his eyes,—in ſearch of the great Telamonian Ajax. The hero he quickly perceived,—far, in the left of the line: Confirming his warriors in fight; and turning their force, on the foe. O'er them ſpread a panic divine; raiſed by Phœbus Apollo, in wrath.

Forward to the chief ſtrode the king. Near the hero, he ſtood and began: "Hither, Ajax! Come hither, O friend! Let us haſte. Let us fight for the fallen Patroclus.

clus. Let us bear his corſe to Achilles: His naked corſe: For his martial arms are, now, poſſeſſed by Hector divine." He ſpoke. He moved the ſoul of the chief. He ſtrode, along the front of the fight. The yellow-haired Menelaüs attended his ſteps. Patroclus is ſtript of his beauteous arms; by the hands of the godlike Hector. He, now, dragged the ſlain along: Reſolved to lop the head, from the trunk: To give the mangled corſe—a bloody prey to the dogs of Troy. But Ajax came near, in his arms: Rearing his ſhield, aloft, like a tower. Hector retreated amain; and mixed himſelf with the ranks of his hoſt. He aſcended, with a bound, his car. He gave the beauteous arms to his friends: To bear them to the high-walled Ilium; to add to his mighty renown.

But Ajax ſtretched forth, in his might,—his broad ſhield o'er the ſon of Menætius. He ſtood, like a long-maned lion: Who ſtalks around defending his young: A lion, when bearing his whelps along, ſurrounded by the hunters, within the woods. He rolls his flaming eye-balls in ſtrength: Dark ſink his dreadful brows, on their glare: And half-cover their fire, as they burn. So ſtalking round the hero Patroclus,—Ajax covered his bleeding corſe. Atrides, on the other ſide,—the warlike Menelaüs ſtood in arms: Indulging his grief for his friend: And encreaſing the cloud, on his ſoul.

But Glaucus, the ſon of Hippolochus,—the leader of the Lycians in arms: Sternly turning his eyes on Hector, thus upbraided the chief, with words. "Hector, though ſpecious in form,—diſtant art thou, from valour in arms. Undeſerved, thou haſt fame acquired: Whilſt, thus, thou ſhrink'ſt away, from the field. But weigh, doughty chief, in thy ſoul: Conſider well; how, thou Troy can'ſt defend: Alone, with thy native troops: With the ſons of Ilium, alone. None of the Lycians, at leaſt, will, henceforth, ruſh againſt the Argives: To fight for thy falling town. Too long have they fought, in vain: Without favour, without grateful return: Though ceaſeleſs have been their toils: Though they ever mixed their ſpears, with the foe."

"How, ungrateful, unfeeling chief! How, wilt thou any other defend? What favour have the troops to expect,—Whilſt, thus, thou deſerteſt their king? Whilſt, thus, thou deſerteſt Sarpëdon, thy gueſt, thy ally, thy friend? Whilſt, thus, thou haſt left him a prey—a mournful object of ſcorn to the foe? From him, who defended the town,—who warded ruin from thyſelf,—who ſaved you all, while yet he lived, thou turn'ſt not, away, the very dogs: That now are deſtined to mangle his corſe. But if the Lycians will obey: If in ought, they will attend

tend to my voice; ſtraight they will return to their land: For certain ruin, now, hovers o'er Troy."

"BUT had the Trojans that force of ſoul,—that daring vigour, which ought to inflame—MEN, who for their country fight: When it hangs to its fall, o'er their heads: When they pour their utmoſt ſtrength, in the fight; when they urge their laſt toil, on the foe: Straight we had dragged the dead Patroclus, to Ilium expoſed to the winds. Straight the Argives would reſtore—the beauteous arms, the corſe of Sarpedon. They would exchange the king, for the chief: And ſend his corſe to ſacred Troy. Slain lies the friend of a chief,—the braveſt of all the Argives: And, ſlain, lie in blood his attendants in war."

"BUT thou ſuſtain'ſt not the dreadful arm: Not even the ſight of godlike Ajax. Thou haſt ſhrunk, from his face, in the fight. Freezed thou art, with the eyes of the foe. Thou dar'ſt not approach to his ſpear. THOU art prudent. HE is valiant in war."

STERNLY turning his eyes, on the chief, Hector divine replied: "Glaucus! Why, great as thou art, come thy words, in ſuch ſort, to mine ear? I deemed thee, once, my gallant friend! The firſt, in prudence, as the firſt in renown,—of thoſe, who dwell in fertile Lycia, afar. But, now,

now, I muſt reprove thy mind: And blame the raſh voice, which I heard. Nor juſt are the words thou haſt ſaid: That I ſuſtained not mighty Ajax in fight. I ſhudder not, O chief, at the ſtrife. I ſhrink not, from the clangour of cars. But the will of Ægis-bearing Jove—is more powerful, than the courage of men. He, now, turns the valiant to flight. He now ſnatches victory from his hands. At other times, he urges his ſpear: And cloaths him, with renown, in the field. But hither advance, O friend! Stand near me. Behold my deeds. See, whether, throughout the day, my conduct will ſuit with thy words. Mark well my courſe, through the field. Behold, whether this ſpear ſhall repreſs—ſome Argive, from the fallen Patroclus: Though that Argive ſhould ſeem matchleſs in war."

Thus ſaying, he raiſed his loud voice: And, thus, urged the Trojans to war: "O Trojans and Lycians renowned! Dardanians fighting hand to hand! Shew yourſelves warriors, O friends! Recal your wonted vigour of ſoul! Whilſt I aſſume the arms of Achilles: The beauteous arms, which I tore from Patroclus,—ſlain by this ſpear, in the fight."

Thus ſaying, illuſtrious Hector—retired from the flaming ſtrife. Bounding forward, with eager ſpeed—he ſoon overtook

overtook his friends. He ſoon came along, on the ſteps of thoſe, who bore to lofty Troy, the burniſhed arms of the great ſon of Peleus. Standing apart, from the mournful fight; the awful hero changed his arms. He gave his own to the warlike Trojans: To bear them to ſacred Troy. He aſſumed the immortal arms of great Achilles, the ſon of Peleus. The arms, which the deathleſs gods gave to his father beloved. The aged reſigned them to his ſon: But the ſon waxed not old, in the father's arms.

When the ſtorm-ruling Jove ſaw the chief,—apart, from the ſtrife of the ſpears: Aſſuming the ſplendid arms,—of the divine ſon of Peleus; He ſhook his ſacred head, on high: And thus ſpoke, to his own preſcient ſoul: "Ah! Hapleſs warrior! Thou admit'ſt not to the thoughts of thy ſoul,—the dark death, that is hovering near. Thou aſſumeſt the immortal arms—of a hero unequalled in fight: Who ſtrikes whole armies with fear. His friend thou haſt ſlain, with thy lance: His mild but his valiant friend! Thou haſt treated the ſlain with diſgrace! Thou haſt torn, from his corſe, his bright arms! Yet now, at leaſt, I will victory give,—and cover thy courſe, with renown. This I will give thee, O chief! As thou ſhalt return no more. As Andromachè ſhall not, from war,

war, receive, with ardent joy, her ſpouſe,—clad in the awful armour of the renowned ſon of Peleus."

He ſpoke: And, confirmed his words,—with the awful nod of his ſable brows. The armour fitted Hector divine. Dreadful Mars breathed on him his force. All his limbs, with freſh vigour are rouzed: New ſtrength pervaded his frame. To his gallant friends, in the fight,—he ruſhed, with mighty clamour, along. Like Achilles he ſeemed to them all: As flaming he ſtrode, o'er the field—in the arms of the great ſon of Peleus. Winding his courſe, through all the line,—he rouzed the chiefs of the people to fight: Meſthles, the hero Glaucus, Medon, Therſilochus bold: Aſteropæus, brave Diſenor, Hippothous in battle renowned: Phorcys, illuſtrious Chromius and Ennomus in auguries ſkilled. Rouzing theſe to dreadful fight, the hero thus began:

"Hear me, ye hundred tribes! Who border on ſacred Troy! Nor I, in want of numbers at home—nor to cover our fields, with an idle crowd,—have rouzed you, from your diſtant towns,—or called you to the walls of Ilium. To defend the Trojans ye came: To ſhield their wives and infant ſons: To enter battle, with willing hearts: To chace a valiant foe, from the land. Indulging this thought in my ſoul; I my people exhauſt with demands

demands—of preſents of proviſions for YOU: Pleaſing each of your ſouls, with gifts. Let each, therefore, turn his face to the foe: Whether ſafety or death preſents: For theſe are the terms of the war. Whoever ſhall drag Patroclus,—though, ſlain, he now lies in his blood: Whoever ſhall drag him to our line,—and force Ajax to yield the prize: Half the ſpoils of the dead ſhall be HIS;—half only with ME ſhall remain. Equal ſhall be the trophy to both: And equal ſhall be our renown."

HE ſpoke: Right forward they ruſhed,—with all their gathered force, on the Argives. They raiſed, before them, all their ſpears. Much they hoped, from their inmoſt ſouls,—to force the dead from the mighty graſp—of the great Telamonian Ajax. Fools that they were, in their hopes! Many, pierced by his dreadful ſpear,—poured forth their ſouls, on the corſe. Then the godlike Ajax ſpoke thus to the brave Meneläus: "O friend! O Meneläus! Reared by Jove! Now loſt are my hopes. Nor WE, I deem, ſhall ever return—to our ſhips, from the dreadful fight. Not ſo great are my fears, O chief! For the corſe of the fallen Patroclus: Who ſoon ſhall glut the fierce birds,—the hungry dogs of the high-walled Troy:—Not ſo great are my fears for the ſlain,—as for my own life and for thine, O king. Great Hector collects the ſtorm of war. He pours it dark, o'er all the field. Dreadful

ruin hangs over our heads. Go. Call the braveſt Argives: Should any hero hear thy voice, in the fight."

He ſpoke: Nor diſobeyed in ought,—Meneläus renowned in arms. He ſwelled his loud voice, on the winds. Thus, he called the bright-mailed Argives: "O friends! O leaders of Argos! O princes of the nations in arms! Ye, who, with the ſons of Atreus,—quaff, at large, the public wine! ye who, each, command your tribes! Who derive your ſacred honours, from Jove! Hard the taſk it is for ME,—ſo fierce is the conteſt of arms,—to perceive each chief, o'er the line: To pour my words, in each leader's ear. But let SOME iſſue forth of THEIR accord: Let them feel rage, in their ſouls: That the great, but fallen Patroclus ſhould become a ſport to the dogs of Troy."

He ſpoke: And the ſon of Oïleus,—the ſwift-footed Ajax heard. He, firſt, came forward in ſteel: Reſounding, as he ruſhed through the fight. Idomeneus followed the chief; and the friend of the great Idomeneus: Meriones, equal to Mars, the deſtroyer of armies. But who can name all the chiefs? All the warriors that came in their arms? When the Argives renewed the fight—round the corſe of the fallen Patroclus? The gathered Trojans

ruſhed

ruſhed firſt on the foe. Great Hector preceded, in arms.

As when, in the ecchoing mouth—of a river deſcending, from father Jove: Huge tumbles the roaring wave—and rolls back in its channel the ſtream. Loud-reſounding, the banks complain: As o'er them ſwells the deep-heaving main. So loud was the clamour of Troy: But ſilent ſtood the Argives arrayed. They ſtood, round the ſon of Menætius: Having but ONE ſoul in ALL their breaſts. Walled round they were all, with their ſhields. Round the bright beams of their helms,—the ſon of Saturn poured thickeſt night. Nor odious to the ſoul of the god,—was the ſon of the great Menætius: While yet the hero lived: The gallant friend of the great Achilles! But odious it was to the god;—that the warrior ſhould become a prey—to the dogs of a ruthleſs foe. He rouzed, therefore, in his defence; the dauntleſs ſouls of his valiant friends.

But, firſt, the Trojans removed, from the place,—the firm ranks of the deep-formed Argives. Trembling, they fled, from the ſlain. Yet the foe ſlew none, with the ſpear: Though eager to ſtretch them to blood. They dragged the bloody corſe, o'er the field. But not long remained, diſtant, the Argives. Straight, Ajax turned

their face to the foe: Ajax, in figure, in deeds, in arms,—the firſt of the Greeks in the fight: Next to the blameleſs ſon of Peleus. He broke the firm front of the Trojans: In his ſtrength, like a mountain-boar: Who diſperſes, with eaſe, on his hills—the youthful hunters, with all their hounds: When he ſuddenly turns on the foe; and urges forward through the bruſh wood his force. So illuſtrious Ajax—the ſon of Telamon in arms renowned: Diſperſed with eaſe the line of the Trojans: When he poured, upon them, his force. Already they ſurrounded Patroclus. They hoped, o'er their ardent ſouls: To drag, to their city, the ſlain: To cover their arms, with renown. Him Hippothous ſeized by the foot: The illuſtrious ſon of Pelaſgian Lethus. He dragged the dead through the burning fight: Binding, round the ancle, a thong. He pleaſed Hector and Troy, with the deed: But ſudden evil hovered o'er his own head. None could turn death from the chief—though eager to ward it away.

The ſon of Telamon, bounding amain,—ſtruck the hero, hand to hand, with his ſpear. On the brazen helm fell the lance. Split is the caſk in twain. The point paſſed, near the horſe-hair cone: Forceful driven, by a ſinewy arm. The brain, where entered the eager ſteel,—ruſhed, bloody, to the earth, from the wound. His ſtrength is, at once, unbraced. He dropt the foot of the ſlain,

ſlain, on the ground. On his face, he fell on Patroclus. Prone he lay, in death, on the dead: From the fertile Lariſſa, far! Nor to his parents the youth repaid—their anxious care in rearing their ſon. Short was the warrior's life: Subdued beneath the deadly lance—of the illuſtrious Ajax.

But Hector launched, on the godlike Ajax,—his ſpear, that ſhone bright, as it flew! He ſaw the gleaming ſteel, as it came: And, inclining, avoided its point. But the ſpear fell on warlike Schedius, the magnanimous ſon of Iphitus: By far the braveſt of all the Phoceans. He dwelt, in the beauteous Panopè: O'er many extending his ſway. Him the hero ſtruck, in the throat. Through his ſhoulder appeared in blood,—the eager point of the fatal lance. Reſounding he fell to the earth. O'er his body craſhed harſhly his arms. But Ajax ſtruck the warlike Phorcys—the ſon of Phænops, illuſtrious in arms. The chief defended Hippothous. Through his belly paſſed ſwiftly the lance. The ſteel broke the cuiraſs in twain: And mixed its point, with the entrails behind. Extended, large he lay on earth: And graſpt the duſt with his dying hand.

The foremoſt of the ranks of the foe give way. Illuſtrious Hector himſelf retires. Loud ſwell the ſhouts of

the Argives. They dragged the ſlain heroes away: Phorcys and the valiant Hippothous. From their bodies they tore their arms. Then had the Trojans, in flight: Driven headlong, before the Argives,—aſcended to lofty Ilium,—ſubdued by their coward fears. Then the Argives had won renown: By their own proper courage and force,—againſt the will of fate and of Jove: If Apollo had not rouzed great Æneas,—like Periphas, in voice and in form: The herald Periphas, the ſon of Epytus. He in the halls of Anchiſes—had grown old, in the hero's love. Mild the counſels, which dwelt, in his ſoul! Aſſuming the form of the aged,—the ſon of Jove, Apollo began:

"Æneas! What means remain, to ſave Ilium expoſed to the winds? To ſave the lofty town from its fall, againſt the will of the gods? Hear the means, O chief, and give ear: I have ſeen other heroes in fight, —confiding in their valour and ſtrength: Truſting to their own proper force,—to the ſpears of their dauntleſs people in arms: Who ſaved their tottering ſtates from their fall. But Jove wills to our arms ſucceſs. He has left the falling cauſe of the Argives: But ye defeat his purpoſe divine. Ye fly amain. Ye renounce the fight."

He ſpoke: Nor unperceived by Æneas,—ſtood before him the far-ſhooting Phœbus. He knew the god, through the

the form aſſumed: And, raiſing his loud voice to Hector began: "O Hector! Other leaders of Troy! Chiefs of allies, arrived from afar! Now diſgrace has involved us in ſhades. Driven back, by the warlike Argives: Shall we thus aſcend to lofty Ilium,—ſubdued, by our coward fears? Before me, confeſſed, ſtood a god. A bright viſion was diſcloſed to mine eyes. He ſaid, that Jove, the moſt powerful and wiſe,—is our awful aid, in the fight. Right forward, let us ruſh, on the Argives. At leaſt, let them not, at their eaſe,—bear off the fallen Patroclus."

He ſpoke: And, bounding forward, in arms,—ſtood, far-advanced, before the line. They turned their face, from ſhameful flight. They ruſhed onward againſt the Argives. Æneas launched, with force, his bright ſpear. He ſtruck Leocritus, the ſon of Ariſbas: The gallant friend of the great Lycomedes. Him, as he fell in his blood—pitied his friend renowned. Before the ſlain he ſtood, in ſteel. He launched his beaming ſpear, on the foe. He ſtruck the ſhepherd of his people in arms: The ſon of Hippaſus, brave Apiſäon. Through his liver ruſhed, eager, the lance. Straight his limbs are unbraced in death. From the fertile Pæon he came: And next to great Aſteropæus; he was the braveſt of his people in fight.

Him,

Him, as he fell, in his blood, pitied the mighty Aſteropæus. Right onward, he urged his courſe: Ready to launch his ſpear, on the Argives. But no opening appeared for his ſteel. Covered over, with their bucklers, they ſtood. They formed a circle, round the fallen Patroclus: And ſtretched forward to the Trojans their ſpears. Through their lines ruſhed the godlike Ajax. He urged them to the battle, with words. With deeds he urged them to the fight. He permitted none to retreat from the dead: None to ruſh forward, from his line, on the foe. He commanded all to ſtand firm: To cloſe round his ſpear their cloſe ranks: Hand to hand to urge their bright points.

Such were the orders of mighty Ajax. The earth is drenched with purple blood. Heaps on heaps ſink the foe, to the ground. The Trojans, with their allies renowned, fell mixed, with the falling Argives. Nor the latter urged the fight, without blood: Though fewer they ſunk in death. They remembered the words of the chief. Cloſe compacted the warriors ſtood: And warded off death, with their mutual aid. Thus, fought the foes, in the field, with all the rage of devouring flame. Nor couldſt thou ſay, from thy ſoul: Whether ſtill the Sun of heaven remained: Or whether the Moon ſtill rolled, in ſafety, her orb. Deep darkneſs involved the fight. In a cloud

a cloud ſtood concealed the foes,—who puſhed their ſpears to blood and death: Round the fallen corſe of the ſon of Menætius.

The other warriors of lofty Troy,—and the Argives bright-covered with mails, fought, free, in the air ſerene. Spread o'er them is the ſplendour divine: The ſharp light of the blazing ſun. Nor cloud aroſe from the ample field: Nor miſt inwrapt the mountain's head. At intervals, they fought, diſperſed: Avoiding, with mutual care, their deadly ſpears, as they flew. But the foes, who in the center engaged,—ſuffered woes and wounds and death: Involved in battle, in darkneſs, in night. Two heroes had not yet heard, in ought—two brothers renowned in arms,—Antilochus and brave Thraſymedes.—They heard not, in ought, that, in death,—lay Patroclus divine, on the field. They deemed that the hero lived: That ſtill he fought, in the front, with the foe. The brothers beheld, afar,—the ſlaughter, the flight of their friends. Apart, in the field, they fought. The voice of Neſtor his ſons obeyed: His words, when he ſent them forth,—to turn the war from the ſhips of the Argives.

But to them, throughout the day,—the deadly conteſt of arms aroſe. With fatigue, with unceaſing toil,—their feet, their knees, their joints are unbraced. Their hands are

ſtained, with reeking blood: Duſt covers, with darkneſs, their eyes. Tumult, toil and death are mixed,—round the godlike friend of the great ſon of Peleus. As when a man gives the hide of a mighty bull,—freſh, covered over with recent greaſe,—to be ſtretched, by many youths, on the field. In a circle, apart, they ſit down,—and extend it, with all their force. The moiſture departs: The fat ſinks into all its pores. On every ſide, they exert their ſtrength: Till the whole is ſpread wide to the eye.

So the foes, in a narrow ſpace,—dragged, to and fro, the corſe of the ſlain. Each ſtrove to drag it to his line. Much they both hoped the prize to obtain. The Trojans wiſhed to bear it to Troy: The Argives to their ſhips, on the ſhore. Dreadful tumult aroſe, on each ſide. Nor Mars, the fierce ſtirrer of armies,—nor Pallas, though deſcending in wrath—could the dreadful conteſt of arms deſpiſe: Such the labour, of men and of ſteeds; the ſlaughter, the blood and the ſtrife: Which Jove poured, around Patroclus, on that dreadful day.

Nor yet knew Achilles divine—that Patroclus lay ſlain, on the field. Far diſtant from the ſhips, fought the foes: Before the walls of the high-built Troy. He thought not, in his ſoul, of his death: ſtill he hoped that, alive, his friend—would return to the camp of the Argives:

When

When the foe he ſhould drive to the gates. He deemed not that the city would fall,—by his friend, without his own aid: Nor even with his own mighty arm. Often, to this purpoſe, the voice—of his bright mother came, apart to his ear. Thus ſhe brought, through the winds—the high will of almighty Jove. But his mother divine—brought not this wo to his ears: This diſaſter, which to HIM had befallen: That by far the moſt beloved of his friends—ſhould periſh, in the conteſt of ſpears.

But the foes, round the corſe of the ſlain,—ſtretching forward their ſpears, in their hands: Ceaſeleſs, ruſhed, with mutual ſhocks, to the fight: And ſlew each other, amain, in their rage. Thus, aroſe amid the crowd,—the voice of ſome Argive in arms: "O friends! Urge onward the war. It becomes not—we muſt not retreat. It were now diſgraceful to fly to the ſhips. Here rather let the earth open wide,—and, cloſing o'er us conceal us from ſhame! This were better far for our fame: Than to ſuffer the car-ruling Trojans,—to drag HIM hence to their lofty town: And to cover their arms with renown."

Thus, ſome Argive. Whilſt bright in his arms,—ſome Trojan began words like theſe: "O friends! Let us urge here the war. Let none turn his foot, from the fight:

Though all were deſtined to fall in death,—on the corſe of the hero ſlain."—On either ſide roſe words like theſe. The ſouls of the warriors were rouzed. Battle raged amain on the field. The horrid clangor, the tumult, the noiſe,—ſwelled on the air and roſe to the brazen concave of heaven.

But the deathleſs ſteeds of the great Achilles,—ſtood, apart, on the field and wept: when they found that their driver renowned fell, in death, on the duſt of Troy: Beneath the hands of Hector divine. In vain Automedon, the ſtout ſon of Diöres,—urged them, with the laſh, to proceed: In vain he ſoothed them, with words: Or threatened them, aloud, with his voice. Neither, would they return to the ſhips,—to the ſhore of the ſpacious Helleſpont: Nor to the conteſt of arms,—where the Argives ſtrove for the ſlain. Like a monument firm they remained: A ſolid pillar, which rears its head,—o'er ſome warrior laid low, in the earth: Or woman, once for beauty renowned.

So ſtood the ſteeds, unmoved: Still joined to the beauteous car. Bent to earth were their graceful heads. The warm tears came, rolling down, and mixed, with the duſt, as they fell. Deep heaved their anxious boſoms with wo: Much regretting the loſs of the chief. Soiled are their bright-

bright-flowing manes: As, in circles, they are poured, on the yoke. Jove beheld the deathleſs ſteeds in their grief. He pitied them, as he looked from his ſky. The god ſhook his awful head: And, thus, began to his own mighty ſoul:

"Ah! hapleſs ſteeds! Why did the gods give you, both away—deathleſs as you are and exempted from the rigour of years.—Why gave they you to the far-ruling Peleus: Though great, ſtill a mortal man? Was it to ſhare the woes? The dire diſaſters of wretched man? For of all that breathes the air of heaven: Of all, that moves, with life, on the earth—none is more wretched than man! None ſo ſubject to trouble and woe! But ceaſe your grief: For never by you,—nor ſeated aloft on that car,—ſhall great Hector be borne along. This Jove and the fates forbid. Is it not enough for the chief,—that he bears the ſplendid arms of Achilles,—and raſhly glories, in the prize? But I will pour force, on your limbs: O'er your ſouls I will vigour awake. That you may bear Automedon,—ſafe from the conteſt of ſpears,—to the hollow ſhips of the Argive powers. Still with glory, I will cover the foe. Death and ſlaughter ſhall ſpread amain: Till Troy ſhall puſh the war to the ſhips: Till the ſun ſhall fall, in the weſt,—and ſacred darkneſs ſhall cover the world."

Thus

Thus ſpoke the father of gods. He breathed ſtrength, on the ſteeds divine. They ſhook the duſt, from their beauteous manes: And drew ſwiftly the bounding car. Between the Trojans and Argives they drove. Automedon fought, aloft, from his ſeat: Though grieved for his fallen friend. He ruſhed, with his car, on the foe: As a vulture, which deſcends, from the winds,—on a clamorous train of ſnow-white geeſe. With eaſe the warrior fled, from the foe: With eaſe, from the tumult of ſpears. With eaſe he alſo ruſhed, on their line: And broke their ſolid ranks, in purſuit. But he ſlew not the foe, with the ſpear: When he bounded, on his car, through their lines: Hard it was to hurl the lance: And, at once, to reſtrain the ſteeds: When, ſole, he ſat in the ſacred car. At length his friend and fellow in arms: Alcimedon, the warlike ſon of Laërces,—perceived him, as he drove o'er the field. Behind the beauteous car he ſtood: And, thus, to the great Automedon:

"Automedon:" The warrior ſaid: "Who of the immortal gods—has breathed pernicious counſels on the mind of the chief? Who has prudence expelled, from thy ſoul? That, Thus, thou driveſt thy car alone: Through the ranks of the Trojan powers. Slain lies thy partner in war. Hector bears, on his body, his arms: Exulting, in the ſpoils of Achilles."—To him replied the ſon of Diöres:

Automedon

Automedon in battle renowned: "Alcimedon! Who of the Argives is like THEE to guide this bright car? To manage the deathleſs ſteeds? To reſtrain their fierce vigour of ſoul? Who but the great Patroclus,—equal in deeds to the gods,—while yet the hero lived? But, now, he lies ſlain, in his blood. Fate and death involve him, in ſhades. Receive the bright whip, in thy graſp. Draw the reins back to thy hands. But I will bound, on earth, from the car: To hurl the deadly ſpear, on the foe."

He ſpoke: The warrior mounted the car. He ſeized the bright whip, in his graſp: And drew back the reins to his hands. Automedon bounded to earth. Illuſtrious Hector perceived the chief. He ſpoke to the great Æneas,—as near the hero ſtood, in his arms: "Æneas!" Began Hector divine: "Leader of the Trojans, bright in their mails! I behold the deathleſs ſteeds—of the ſwift ſon of magnanimous Peleus. I behold them iſſuing forth to the fight: Bearing drivers unſkilled in war. I ſhould hope to ſeize them both in the field: If thy ſoul will give thine aid to my ſpear. Nor will the daſtards ſuſtain our force. They will not ſtand, oppoſed to our ſpears."

He ſpoke: Nor diſobeyed in aught,—the gallant ſon of the great Anchiſes. Onward they ruſhed, in their arms: Rearing aloft the broad orbs of their ſhields. Their

ſhields

ſhields ſolidly formed of dry hides: Covered over, with plates of braſs. With the heroes ruſhed forward to war,—Chromius and the godlike Arëtus. Much THEY, each, hoped from their ſouls,—to lay the heroes ſlain, on the field: And to drive the high-necked ſteeds to their line. Fools that they were in their hopes! Nor both were deſtined to return,—without blood, from Automedon's ſpear. To Jove the father, the hero prayed. Force and valour are poured, by the god,—on the darkneſs, which covered his ſoul. Straight he addreſſed Alcimedon,—his faithful friend and fellow in arms:

"ALCIMEDON! Keep near me the ſteeds. Let them breathe, on my ſhoulders, behind. Hector, the ſon of Priam, I deem,—will never his valour reſtrain: Till he aſcend the high-maned ſteeds—of great Achilles, the ſon of Peleus: Till he aſcend the bright car,—having laid us, in death on the field: Till he break the lines of the Argives;—or give his own great ſoul to the winds."

THUS ſaying, he called the two Ajaces. He ſent his voice to the great Menelaus: "Ajaces! Brave leaders of Argives! O Menelaus attend! Commit to others the care of the dead: Commit the corſe to the braveſt in fight. Let them firmly ſurround the ſlain. Let them repel the ranks of the foe. But YOU, from US, who

ſtill ſurvive;—turn away the evil day, with your ſpears. Hither ruſh, through the mournful fight,—Hector and the godlike Æneas,—by far the braveſt of the warriors of Troy. But all is placed in the breaſts of the gods. Succeſs only on heaven depends. But I will launch my beamy ſpear: And leave the reſt to the care of Jove."

He ſpoke: And, vibrating, hurled his long lance. He ſtruck the broad ſhield of the godlike Arëtus. The bright orb ſuſtained not the point. Through and through ruſhed the eager ſteel. Through the belt it ſwiftly paſſed: And, fixed in his nether belly, remained. As when a youth, with his hand robuſt—rears aloft the gleaming ax, in the air: Down falls the forceful weapon, with ſpeed,—behind the horns of a ſavage bull. The whole ſinew is divided in twain. He bounds and tumbles, in death, on the ground. Thus bounding, the youth fell ſupine. In his entrails ſhook the ſharp-pointed ſpear: And his limbs were unbraced, as he lay.

Hector hurled his bright lance, through the air—at the breaſt of the great Automedon. He ſaw the gleaming ſteel, as it came,—and, ſtooping forward, avoided its point. Behind him, it ſtood fixed in the ground. The ſtaff quivered, as the head ſunk in earth. But ſoon the ſtrong ſpear remitted its force as it ſhook. Then, hand

to hand, had the heroes cloſed: Then had they urged, with their ſwords the fight: But the Ajaces ruſhed in between. They parted the chiefs, as they glowed. Through the deep ranks had the warriors come: At the well-known voice of their friend.

Avoiding the battle of the chiefs,—the leaders of Troy retired: Hector, the great Æneas and Chromius, in form like the gods. They left Arëtus, in all his blood. Mangled and torn, he lay on the ground. But Automedon, equal to Mars,—diveſted the ſlain of his arms: And glorying, o'er the warrior, began: "This, at leaſt, has leſſened my grief,—for the fall of the ſon of Menætius. A part of the cloud of wo is diſpelled: Though leſs, than his, the renown of the ſlain." Thus he ſpoke: And placed aloft, in the car,—the bloody ſpoils of the hapleſs Arëtus. Stained with gore are his feet and his hands: Like a lion the hero ſeemed,—when drenched, with the blood of ſome ſlaughtered bull.

Again, o'er the fallen Patroclus—is kindled the diſmal fight. Blue-eyed Pallas awaked the fierce ſtrife: Deſcending, from the heavens to the field. The high-thundering Jove ſent her forth,—to rouze the failing hearts of the Argives: For the ſoul of the god was changed. As, when extended to mortals eyes,—Jove bends

bends his purple bow, in the clouds: The dire omen of diſaſtrous war: Or the ſign of deſcending ſtorms: Which ſtop, o'er the earth, the labours of men: And ſadden the drooping herds. So inwrapt in a purple cloud, —blue-eyed Pallas ſhot, from heaven to the field. She entered the nations of Argos. She rouzed the ſoul of each chief to the fight. Firſt, ſhe ſpoke to the ſon of Atreus: To Menelaus renowned in arms. Near the place, where ſhe lighted, he ſtood. The form of Phœnix the goddeſs aſſumed: The hero's voice unknown to yield.

"To thee what ſhame! O Menelaus! What diſhonour, what dire diſgrace! If, under the walls of high Troy,—fleet dogs ſhall devour the corſe,—what remains of the gallant friend of the illuſtrious ſon of Peleus! But THOU thyſelf advance to the fight: And urge, with ardor, thy people to war." To the goddeſs, in turn, replied—Menelaus renowned in arms: "O Phœnix! O father! O born, in the days of old! Would! that Minerva gave me ſtrength equal to mine ardor of ſoul: That ſhe would turn from my life,—the fierce progreſs of hoſtile darts. Then would I follow the bent of my ſoul: And bear aid to the fallen Patroclus. Much I feel his fall in my heart. Regret darkens my breaſt for the ſlain. But Hector, advancing in fight,—bears the dread-

ful force of devouring flame: Nor ceaſes his ſteel to ſlaughter amain: For Jove has covered his arms with renown."

He ſpoke: And, o'er her heavenly ſoul,—the blue-eyed Pallas rejoiced, at his words: As to her he addreſſed his prayer,—amid the hoſt of the deathleſs powers. She breathed ſtrength on his ſhoulders and limbs. She kindled boldneſs, within his breaſt. Like the perſiſting rage of a fly: Who, often repulſed, as often returns,—to faſten on the bodies of men: For grateful to him is human blood! With ſuch boldneſs the power filled his breaſt: And lightened through the cloud, on his ſoul. He advanced to the fallen Patroclus: And hurled his gleaming lance, through the air.

A chief there was, among the Trojans: Podes, the ſon of Eëtion: In wealth abounding, brave in war: The moſt honoured by Hector divine—of all the warriors, who fought for Troy: His companion his gueſt beloved! Him, as he turned to flight,—the yellow-haired Menelaus ſtruck with his ſpear. Near the belt paſſed the eager ſteel. Through and through, ruſhed the deadly lance. Reſounding, he fell to the earth: The foe dragged the ſlain from his friends: To the deep ranks of the Argive powers.

Fast,

Fast, by the ſide of Hector—Apollo exhorting aroſe: In form, like Phænops, the ſon of Aſius: The moſt beloved of all his gueſts: Who dwelt, in high halls, in Abydos. Aſſuming the hero's form: Thus ſpoke the far-ſhooting Phœbus: "Hector! Who, hereafter, of Argives—ſhall dread to meet thy ſpear in fight? While, thus, thou turn'ſt thy trembling ſteps,—from Menelaus —till now, no terror in the ſtrife of renown. But, now, he boldly ſtands forth alone. He ſlays, then drags the ſlain away. By his ſpear fell thy faithful friend,—once valiant in the front of the line: Podes, the ſon of Eëtion."

He ſpoke: On the hero's ſoul—aroſe a ſudden cloud of wo. To the front of the battle he ruſhed: Gleaming, bright in his burniſhed ſteel. Then Jove took his dreadful Ægis. He hung it forward a gleaming portent. All Ida he wrapt in a cloud. His bolts iſſued forth, from the gloom: And, awful, rolled his loud thunders, on high. The whole mountain he ſhook, as he launched. He gave victory to Troy: And turned the Argives, amain, to flight.

The rout was led by Bœotian Peneleus. In the ſhoulder he was ſtruck with the lance: When he turned his manly face to the foe. Slight was the wound! Juſt

to

to the bone—came the point of Polydamas' ſpear. Hand to hand, he ſtruck the chief. Hector pierced the ſon of Alectryon: Bold Leïtus matchleſs in war. Through his hand, by the wriſt paſſed the lance. It ſtopt the progreſs of the hero in war. Trembling, and with caution he fled. He hoped no longer, within his ſoul: To launch the ſpear, from his hand, on the foe: To turn the battle on Troy, in the field.

Idomeneus launched, on Hector his ſpear: As, on Leïtus ruſhed forward, the chief. Full on the breaſt-plate it fell. Broken ſhort is the point of the lance: And the Trojans rend, with clamour, the ſkies. But he, in turn, hurled his javelin amain,—on Idomeneus, the ſon of Deucalion: As, aloft, he ſtood, on his car. He ſtrayed, from the life of the king: But he ſtruck the friend and fellow in arms,—of Meriones, equal to Mars: Cæranus, who guided his car. From the well-built Lyctus, the warrior came.—Firſt, on foot, Meriones came: To turn the war from the hollow ſhips. But, now, laid low in his blood—he had covered the Trojans, with fame: But Cæranus, ſtraight, brought his ſteeds: And with them, he brought ſafety along: And turned the evil day, from his lord. But he himſelf loſt his life, in his zeal: Beneath the force of Hector divine.

Near the jaw bone, juſt under the ear—entered the eager lance. His teeth are ſhattered, his tongue cut in twain. He tumbles, in death, from the car. Wide fly the floating reins, on the ground. Meriones bends from the car: And aſſumes them, from the earth, with his hand. The hero ſpoke to Idomeneus: "Laſh the ſteeds. To the ſhips let us fly. Thou perceiv'ſt that the battle is loſt: That victory declares for the foe." The king laſhed the high-maned ſteeds. He urged his courſe to the ſhips of the Argives. A ſudden panic had fallen, on his ſoul.

Nor unperceived by magnanimous Ajax,—by Menelaus renowned in arms,—great Jove had inclined the ſcale: And given the changing conqueſt to Troy. With words like theſe, began aloud—the great Telamonian Ajax: "Alas! Who ſo fooliſh, as not to perceive? That father Jove has inclined the ſcale: And covered the foe, with renown. With effect, fall their deadly darts: Whenever they fly from their hands: Whether launched, by the feeble in fight,—or by the warlike and renowned, in the field. Jove guides them all, with his mighty hand. But ours fall ſhort of their aim. They fly in vain, through the air, on the foe."

"But let us conſider with ſpeed: Let us think of ſome reſource, in our ſouls: By what means, by what arduous deed,

deed,—we may bear the ſlain chief, from the foe: That we may gladden, with our return,—the brightening ſouls of our friends beloved. Turning hither their eyes, they are ſad. They deem, that we cannot ſuſtain—the force of Hector, his invincible hands. They deem, that we muſt yield to the foe: That they themſelves are to fall, at the ſhips."

"Would that ſome friend were near,—to bear the tidings to the great ſon of Peleus. He, I deem, knows not ought of our ſtate. The mournful tale has not yet reached his ear: That his friend beloved has fallen, in the war. Nor can mine eyes perceive a chief: A fit bearer of the news to Achilles. Oppreſſed with darkneſs we fight amain. Our ſteeds, ourſelves are involved in clouds. O father Jove! remove the cloud: Free from darkneſs the ſons of Argos. Reſtore the ſun. Give us to ſee with our eyes. Deſtroy us, at leaſt, in light: As deſtruction ſeems good to thy ſoul."

He ſpoke: And the father heard. He pitied the hero's tears. Straight he diſperſed the darkneſs. He removed the cloud, from their eyes. The ſun ſhone forth from his ſky. The whole battle is covered with light. Then Ajax addreſſed his words—to Menelaus renowned in arms: "Look around thee, O reared by Jove.

Jove. See, whether in line of the Argives—ſtill alive is the warlike Antilochus: Prudent Neſtor's magnanimous ſon! Urge him to bend, with ſpeed, his ſteps—to the illuſtrious ſon of Peleus. Let him bear the mournful tale to his car: That fallen, beneath the hand of the foe,—lies ſlain the moſt beloved of his friends."

He ſpoke: Nor diſobeyed in ought—Meneläus renowned in arms. He moved forward, through the ranks, of his friends: As—the lion, retires from the fold: Fatigued, with his toils through the night,—with encountering the ſhepherds and hounds. They permit not the prey to his jaws: Watching down the whole night, round the pen. He greedy of blood, ruſhes on: But his efforts avail not in ought. Forward fly the frequent darts, from their hands. The flaming torches they rear in the air. Dreading theſe, he retreats though much rouzed. With morning he retires to the woods: Diſappointed and gloomy in heart.

So, from the corſe of Patroclus,—Meneläus, unwilling, retired. Much he feared, in his manly ſoul,—that the Argives, ſtruck with panic divine—might leave him, a prey, to the foe. Much he gave in charge to Meriones,—to both the illuſtrious Ajaces: "O Ajaces! Great leaders of Argos! Meriones, dauntleſs in fight! Now,

recal, each, to your ſouls,—the gentle meekneſs of the hapleſs Patroclus. To all he knew to be mild of heart: While yet the hero lived. But now dark fate is around him: Death wraps him, in endleſs ſhades."

Thus ſpeaking, the yellow-haired king—took his way, through the ranks of his friends. To every ſide, he turned his keen eyes: Like an eagle, who, they ſay, is ſharpeſt of ſight,—of all the birds that ſtretch their wings, on the winds. He, though floating aloft, on the air,—beholds the fleet-bounding hare, on the field: As ſhe cowrs beneath the thick-ſpreading ſhrub. Reſounding, he deſcends, on the prey. Straight mixes her life, with the wind. So to thee, O thou nurtured by Jove! Rolled round, thy bright eyes, o'er the field: O'er the deep ranks of the Argive powers. To find the ſon of Neſtor, they rolled: If the hero ſtill breathed the air. Him he quickly perceived, in the left wing of the fight: Confirming the ſouls of his friends: Urging forward his warriors to fight.

Near the chief ſtood the great Meneläus: "Antilochus!" The hero ſaid. "Approach and liſten, beloved of Jove! Hear tidings of deepeſt wo. Would they were not now to be heard. Thou, I deem, haſt long perceived: Thine eyes have ſeen, o'er the line: That a god has rolled death

death on the Argives: That the victory has inclined to the foe. Slain is the braveſt of Greeks. Fallen is the hapleſs Patroclus. Mighty wo has o'erſhadowed the Argives. But thou to Achilles repair. Ruſh, with ſpeed, to the ſhips on the ſhore. Bear the dreadful wo to his ear. Let him haſte, to regain the corſe: The naked corſe! For the ſplendid arms,—now ſhine from Hector's ſhoulders, in fight."

He ſpoke: And ſhuddering the hero heard. The mournful tale fell dark on his ſoul. Long ſpeechleſs the warrior ſtood. His eyes are filled, with ſudden tears: His flowing voice adhered to his mouth. But not, even thus, the youth neglects,—the mournful charge of the great Meneläus. He gave his bright arms to Laodocus: His friend in war, who held, near him, the ſteeds. He gave—then he bounded away. The big tears dropt, on earth, as he moved.—He ruſhed to bear the mournful tale,—to the ears of the ſon of Peleus.

Nor to thee ſuggeſts thy great ſoul, O Meneläus, beloved of Jove! To aid the toiling warriors in fight: Whom Antilochus left, in the field. But the Pylians, now engaged with the foe,—felt his abſence o'er all their lines. But the king rouzed the divine Thraſymedes,—to aid his native forces in fight. He himſelf returns o'er

the field, o'er the field,—to the corſe of the hero, Patroclus. He ſtopt, when he came to the great Ajaces. Thus aroſe his words to their ears:

"Him have I ſent," he ſaid: "To the ſwift ſhips of the Argive powers. I have ſent him to the mighty Achilles. Nor he, I deem, will iſſue to war. Though much enraged againſt Hector divine: Unarmed, he cannot fight with the Trojans. But let us conſider, with ſpeed: Let us think of ſome reſource, in our ſouls: By what means, by what arduous deed,—we may bear the fallen chief from the foe. Let us think of ſome means to eſcape: To ſave ourſelves, from the deaths, which hover around."

To the hero replied, in his turn,—the mighty Telamonian Ajax: "Prudent the advice thou haſt urged! O Menelæus, renowned in arms! But thou and the warlike Meriones,—ſtraight bear the corſe, from the field. We ſhall fight behind your ſteps,—with the Trojans, with Hector divine. We equal in our names, as in arms! We, who often have ſuſtained fierce Mars: The ruſhing torrent of war, in the field." He ſpoke. They raiſed the corſe, in their arms. Aloft they reared it, with all their force. Loud ſwelled the dreadful ſhout of the Trojans: When the Argives raiſed the body, from earth.

Right forward ruſhed, tumultuous, the Trojans: Like hounds, purſuing a wounded boar. A ſmall ſpace, before

fore the hunters they ſtretch: Eager to tear the ſavage amain. But when, confiding in his ſtrength,—he turns upon them the glare of his eye. Straight they fall back toward their lords: And, diſperſing, fly, o'er the wilds. Thus the Trojans advanced a ſmall ſpace: Dealing blows, with their ſwords, launching ſpears. But when the Ajaces turned their face: When they ſtood forth to oppoſe the foe. The colour changed o'er their features, through fear. None ſuſtained, forward-bounding to blood, to fight for the corſe of the chief.

Thus, with ſpirit, they bear amain,—the hero's corſe toward the ſhips of the Argives. Dreadful battle ſwells, behind them, with noiſe: Like a fire, which invades, in its rage,—the wide ſtreets of well peopled towns. Sudden, it burſts forth to ſight. The lofty domes ſink dark,—in the broad-ſkirted flame. Reſounding it ſpreads along, beneath the force of the roaring wind. Such the horrid ſound of bounding ſteeds,—of men ruſhing forward, in arms: When, collected, they poured on the flight. The heroes laboured, beneath the weight: Like mules, who, cloathed, in reſiſtleſs ſtrength,—drag, from the mountain, through rugged ways,—a vaſt beam or lofty maſt for the ſhip, on the main. Deep heave their huge ſides, with the toil: They ſweat amain, as they contend, in the draught.

So

So the heroes bore the body along. Behind,—the two Ajaces—broke the ruſhing tide of the foe: As a hill, which with all its woods—ſtretching forward its head, through a plain: Withſtands the headlong courſe of the rapid ſtreams: And turns them large on the level ground. Firm in its ſtrength it ſtands: Careleſs of the rage of waters. So firmly, the mighty Ajaces,—repelled the roaring tide of the Trojans. Yet ſtill the foe purſued amain. Two godlike heroes led them on: Æneas, the great ſon of Anchiſes—and Hector illuſtrious in arms.

As flies a cloud of ſtarlings, through air: Or clamourous flocks of choughs, when they ſee—the bird of Jove hovering around;—or ſouſing fierce, on their callow young. So driven by the ſtrength of Æneas,—by the hands of Hector divine: The ſons of Argos ſhrilly-clamorous fled to their ſhips: Forgetful of the fight of renown. Many were the bright-beaming arms: Which ſtrewed the deep trench, as the Argives fled. Yet no reſt from the fight,—no reſpite from blood remained.

THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

BOOK XVIII.

THUS fought the foes, in the field,—like the force of devouring flame. But Antilochus came to Achilles,—a ſwift-footed bearer of wo! HIM he found ſitting alone, near the lofty ſterns of his hollow ſhips. Dark roſe in his boding mind—the dire event, which already had come. Deep-ſighing the hero, thus,—addreſſed, penſive, his own great ſoul:

"AH me! What change is this? Why again fly the long-haired Argives? Why turn they their flight to the ſhips? Thus broken, thus diſperſed, in the field? Much I dread that the deathleſs gods—have fulfilled the mournful fears of my ſoul: As, heretofore, my mother divine

conveyed, in dark words, to mine ear: That the braveſt of all the Myrmidons,—while yet I lived and breathed the air,—ſhould lie, ſubdued by the hands of the Trojans,—and deſert the ſplendid light of the ſun. Surely fallen by their ruthleſs hands,—is the valiant ſon of the great Menætius. Hapleſs man! Yet ſtrict was my charge! I bade him, the fire repelled, to return to the ſhips: And not to urge the battle with Hector divine.

Whilst, thus, he turned diſmal thoughts, in his ſoul: Near, came Neſtor's illuſtrious ſon. Wide-poured the warm tears from his eyes. He told at once, the mournful tale: "Ah me! Son of warlike Peleus! Sad the tidings which now, thou ſhalt hear: Would! they exiſted not to be told! Slain lies Patroclus! For his body, they all contend: His naked corſe! His ſplendid arms are borne, in fight, by illuſtrious Hector."

He ſpoke. At once, on the chief,—a dark cloud of ſorrow aroſe. He raiſed the aſhes, in both his hands. He poured it, amain, on his head: And disfigured his graceful face. To his garments divine,—the dark duſt adhered on every ſide. Large he is ſpread on the earth: Covering a wide ſpace, as, rolling, he lies. He tears his heavy locks, with his hands. The captive maids iſſue forth, from their tents: The bright prizes, which he

he gained, in war: Which Patroclus had won in the field. Sad in ſoul, they iſſued forth. Their mournful voice aroſe, round the chief. They ſtruck their white breaſts with their hands. Their lovely limbs were unbraced, with wo. Antilochus joined his grief to their tears. He held the mighty hand of Achilles: For, deep, he groaned, from his inmoſt ſoul. He dreaded, that the chief, in deſpair,—would raiſe the ſteel againſt his life.

Dreadful roſe the deep voice of his grief: Not unheard, by his mother divine: As ſhe ſat, in the depth of ocean,—near her aged ſire. Straight ſhe joined her mournful cries to his wo. Her bright ſiſters of ocean convened. Around her ſtood the beauteous forms—of all the daughters of aged Nereus. There was Glaucè, Thalia was there: Cymodocè, bright Neſæa: Spio, ſwift-moving Thöa, Halia, with large blue eyes: Cymothoë, the graceful Actæa, Limnoria, with heavy locks: Melita, white-boſomed Iæra: Amphithoè, the beauteous Agavè: Doto, Proto, bright Pheruſa: Dynamenè, Dexamenè fair: Amphinomè, white-armed Callianira: Doris, Panopè, Galatea afar renowned: Nemertes, the fair-limbed Apſeudes: The ſtately charms of Callianaſſa. There was Clymenè, there Ianira, Ianaſſa, and Mæra divine. There was high-boſomed Orithya, Amathëa, with long, heavy hair. Other bright-moving nymphs were there: The ſoul-winning

daughters of aged Nereus! They lighted the wide cave, with their charms. They ſtruck their heaving boſoms, in grief.

Thetis, thus, unveiled her wo: "Hear me, ſiſters of Ocean! Bright daughters of Nereus attend! That all may know my bitter grief: The dreadful ſorrows, which lie deep on my ſoul. Ah me! Unhappy, loſt, forlorn! Wretched mother of the braveſt of men! I brought forth a ſon to the light: Brave, illuſtrious, the moſt valiant of heroes. He flouriſhed like a plant, in my ſight. Him I reared, with anxious care: Like a fair-ſpreading olive, in a fertile ſpot of land. I ſent him, in his ſhips, to Troy: Deſtined never to receive him again: Never to receive him, returned,—in the lofty halls of Peleus. Yet to add to my bitter woes: While yet he lives, while yet he beholds—the ſplendid light of the ſun,—he is ſad: Nor can I aid him, though grieved in my ſoul. But I will aſcend to his ſide. I will behold my ſon beloved. I will hear, from himſelf, his woes: I will learn what ſorrow invades—the hero, ſtill remote, from the fight."

She ſpoke: And left the caves of the main. Her bright ſiſters attended, in tears. Ocean, round them, divided his waves: But when they came to the beauteous Troy,—in long order, they moved, o'er the ſtrand. They came

came where the veſſels of Phthia,—were placed, aſhore, round the matchleſs Achilles. Near the chief, as he groaned amain,—ſtood, confeſſed, his mother divine. Shrill roſe the ſudden voice of her grief. She ſeized the drooping head of her ſon: And, mournful, with winged words began: "Why weeps, my ſon beloved? What ſorrow has invaded thy ſoul? Speak. Conceal not ought of thy grief. All has been accompliſhed by Jove. Thy prayer has been granted by HIM: Thy vows, with uplifted hands. The Argives have been driven to their ſhips. They have felt thy deep loſs o'er their lines: Much they have ſuffered, for the wrongs of my ſon."

DEEP-SIGHING from his inmoſt ſoul,—the great Achilles replied: "O mother divine! All THESE awful Jove has performed.—But what pleaſure derive I from THESE? Since fallen is my friend beloved! Since, in death, lies the hapleſs Patroclus? Whom I honoured the moſt of mankind! Whom I loved more than life! HIM I loſt. Hector, who ſlew, ſpoiled the ſlain. HE ſtript him of MY ſplendid arms: MY large, beauteous, and wondrous arms! The bright gift of the gods to Peleus: On that fatal day, when THEE they placed—in the bridal hall of a mortal man. Would! That ſtill thou had'ſt remained,—among the deathleſs nymphs of the foamy main: Would! That the ſteed-ruling Peleus—had wedded a mortal ſpouſe.

But THEE he wedded: And heavy grief lies dark, on thy breaſt divine. Thou foreſee'ſt the coming death of thy ſon: HIM thou never ſhalt receive: Returning back to his native land. Nor wiſhes my ſoul for life. I deſire not to be preſent with men: Unleſs Hector, ſubdued in the fight,—ſhall pour forth his ſoul round my ſpear: And give to ME the vengeance due, for the fall of the ſon of Menætius."

To the hero bright Thetis replied: Wide-pouring warm tears on her cheek: "Soon muſt thou fall, my ſon! If thou ſpeak'ſt the deſigns of thy ſoul. Straight, after Hector divine,—diſmal fate hovers, o'er thee, my ſon!"—"Straight let me die!" He ſaid: "Since the fates have denied to mine arm,—to ward off death from my friend moſt-beloved! Diſtant far, from his native land,—the warrior fell, in his blood. ME he wanted, when he fell! ME, who ought to turn evil away. But now, as never I muſt return,—never viſit my native land: As I ſaved not the life of Patroclus: As I turned not death from the reſt of my friends: Who, many and brave, lie ſubdued,—beneath the hands of Hector divine. But here I ſit, at my ſhips: Oppreſs, with uſeleſs weight, the earth. Here, ſuch as I am, I ſit: Though the firſt of the Argives in arms.—But others in council are more renowned."—

"BUT

"But periſh ſtrife among the gods! Let it periſh, among mankind! Blotted be wrath from the world: And rage, that leads aſtray the wiſe. More pleaſing than honey, dropping ſlow—revenge pours itſelf, on the hearts of men. But ſoon it darkly grows within: And ſpreads, like a cloud, o'er the ſoul. To ſuch wrath, to ſuch dreadful revenge,—the king of men had driven my ſoul. But let me THESE forget with the paſt: Though ſtill my wrongs, mix with grief in my ſoul. Dire neceſſity commands: and ſorrow aſcends o'er my wrath."

"But, now, I will ruſh to the field. I will find dreadful Hector in fight; the deſtroyer of the friend, whom I loved! THEN, with joy, will I meet my death: When ever it pleaſes Jove—and the other immortal gods. Nor the ſtrength, nor unequalled force—of mighty Hercules could ſhield him from fate: Though the deareſt of all his ſons,—to the ſoul of Saturnian Jove. HIM deſtructive fate ſubdued—and the dire wrath of the awful Juno. Thus, —if like HIS is my fate,—ſhall I lie extended, in death. But, while yet I live, my renown ſhall ariſe. I will force ſome Trojan fair,—ſome deep-boſomed Dardanian dame, —to tear both her lovely cheeks, with her hands: To pour her bright tears from her eyes,—to heave, with ſighs, her ſnow-white breaſt. The foe ſhall, in their ſorrow,

ſorrow, feel: That I have long abſtained, from the fight. I go. Prevent me not, in thy love. Me thou ſhalt never perſuade."

To him replied the bright-moving Thetis: "Truth, attends thy words, my ſon. Not unworthy of thee the deſign,—of aiding thy loved friends in diſtreſs: Of turning deſtruction away. But the Trojans retain thine arms: Thy brazen, thy far-beaming arms! These Hector illuſtrious in fight,—bears aloft, exulting in ſoul. But ſoon ſhall he ceaſe to exult. Near him hovers deſtructive death. But thou, avoid to enter the field: To mix thyſelf, with the tumults of Mars: Till me thou ſhalt ſee returned: Till, confeſſed, I appear to thine eyes. With morning I ſhall return: When the ſun exalts his beams on the world: Bearing, in my hands, bright arms, from Vulcan, for arts renowned."

She ſpoke: And turned her ſteps from her ſon. To her ſiſters of ocean, ſhe ſaid: "You, O ſiſters, deſcend,—beneath the rolling waves of the main. Re-viſit the aged Nereus. Return to the halls of your Sire. Tell him all the woes of Thetis. I, to lofty Olympus, aſcend. I aſcend, through the veering winds,—to Vulcan renowned in the arts: To obtain from his hands divine,—bright-beaming arms, for my gallant ſon."—She ſpoke. They obeyed

obeyed her voice. They dived, beneath the waves of the main. To Olympus aſcended, on winds,—the form divine of bright-footed Thetis: To bring ſplendid arms, for her ſon beloved.

To Olympus the goddeſs aſcends. But the Argives, with tumult, with noiſe,—are driven, by the force of the ſlaying King: By Hector divine, in his arms. They fled amain. He hung on their flight: Till to their hollow ſhips, they came: To the Helleſpont's ſounding ſhore. Nor yet had the Argives in arms,—borne Patroclus, beyond the darts: The fallen friend of the great ſon of Peleus. Again, the foe came up with the corſe. The foot, the cars, great Hector came: The ſon of godlike Priam came,—like the force of devouring flame. Thrice the illuſtrious Hector—ſeized, by the foot, the dead: With eager hopes to drag him to Troy: Loud ſwelled his awful voice to the Trojans. But thrice the two godlike Ajaces,—cloathed, each, in impetuous valour,—repelled the chief with force, from the ſlain: Unceaſing, truſting to his ſtrength, now, he bounds amain through the crowd: Now, ſtanding, he rears his dreadful voice: But never yields one ſtep to the foe.

As ſhepherds, that watch the night in the field,—fail to force, with all their ſtrength,—the fierce lion, from the carcaſe,

carcaſe, away: When hunger has invaded him whole. So failed the two warlike Ajaces,—though burning, in their burniſhed arms,—to frighten Hector, the ſon of Priam,—from the corſe of Patroclus ſlain. Even yet he had borne it away: And covered his arms, with mighty renown: Had not the wind-footed Iris—deſcended to the ſon of Peleus. Swift, ſhe deſcended, from ſnow-crowned Olympus,—to urge the hero forth to the fight. Unknown to Jove and all the gods,—ſhe was ſent by the white-armed Juno. Near the chief, confeſſed, ſhe ſtood. With winged words, ſhe thus began:

"Arise, ſon of Peleus! Moſt terrible of mankind, ariſe! Carry aid to thy loved Patroclus: In whoſe cauſe dreadful conteſt aſcends. Before the navy burns the fight. With mutual wounds, they fall amain. The foes contend, with all their force,—for the corſe of thy fallen friend. They wiſh to drag him, from the ſhips,—to lofty Ilium, expoſed to the winds. The Trojans ruſh, with eager ſpeed. Illuſtrious Hector burns the moſt,—to ſeize the ſlain. To cut the head, from the tender neck: To fix it, aloft, on a ſtake. Ariſe, O chief, and ſave thy friend. Linger no longer. Ariſe. Diſhonour, ſhame ſhall whelm thy ſoul: Should Patroclus, whom thou loved'ſt—become the ſport of the dogs of Troy. If the ſlain ſhall ſuffer diſgrace,—that diſgrace is wholly thine."

"Who, goddeſs Iris!" replied the chief: "Who ſent thee, from heaven to mine ear?"—"From Juno, I deſcend, through the winds:" Various Iris to Achilles began: "I come to thine ear from heaven, from the high-renowned conſort of Jove: Unknown to the ſon of Saturn, who ſits aloft: To all the other deathleſs gods: Who dwell on Olympus with ſummits of ſnow."—"How can I iſſue to war?" Replied the mighty ſon of Peleus. "How can I iſſue to the fight? The foes poſſeſs my ſplendid arms. My mother divine forbade me to arm. She forbade me to take the field: Till again ſhe returned to mine eyes. She promiſed, from Vulcan, to bring,—beauteous arms, the work of the god. Nor know I any warrior of Argos,—whoſe arms will fit my limbs in fight: Except the ſeven-fold, ſpacious ſhield—of the great Telamonian Ajax. But he himſelf, engaged I deem,—ſtrides large in the front of the line: Piling heaps on heaps the ſlain: In the cauſe of the fallen Patroclus."

To him the wind-footed Iris: "To us well known is thy ſtate. We know the foe retains thine arms. But, even naked, repair to the trench. The Trojans may behold thee and fear. They may abſtain, at the ſight, from the ſtrife. The ſons of Greece, oppreſſed in fight,—will breathe, at leaſt, from their toils: And ſmall the reſpite, that aids not in war."—Thus ſaying, ſhe mixed

with the winds. Achilles roſe, beloved of Jove! Pallas round his ſhoulders broad,—placed high her golden-taſſelled Ægis. She wrapt his awful head in a cloud. All gold it involved his brows. She lighted its top into far-ſeen flame.

As riſes a ſmoak to the ſky,—from a town ſeen afar in an iſle: When foes, with battle, ſurround its walls: When, all day, they urge the conteſt of Mars,—deſcending, from their city, in arms. But when the ſun ſinks down in the weſt: Thick ariſe the warning fires, on the hills. The ſplendour gleams along the deep: That neighbouring ſtates may the ſignal behold: That aids may come, in the veſſels of Mars,—to raiſe the ſiege, to ſave the town. So from the head of Achilles,—the awful ſplendour reached the ſkies. He ſtood by the trench, beyond the wall. Nor yet mixed the chief, with the Argives. He bore his mother's words, in his breaſt. He obeyed her commands divine. There ſtanding, he raiſed his voice. Pallas, with her ſhout, ſwelled the ſound. She threw tumult and fear, 'midſt the foe.

As ſhrilly-loud ſwells the ſound on the winds,—when the clear voice of the trumpet aſcends: When ruthleſs foes ſurround, with battle, a town: And roll amain their whole force, on its walls. So ſhrilly-loud aroſe

aroſe the voice—of the dauntleſs ſon of car-ruling Peleus. But when the foe heard, o'er their lines,—the brazen voice of all-ſubduing Achilles: The ſouls of all ſhrunk with fear, in their breaſts. The ſteeds ſtarted, with diſordered manes. Back they turned their ſounding cars: Preſaging diſmal woes, in their ſouls. The car-borne chiefs, with panic ſtruck,—beheld the all-devouring fire: As, unwearied, it exerted its flame: From the head of the great ſon of Peleus. Ceaſeleſs it roſe, on the winds: For blue-eyed Pallas had kindled the flame.

Thrice, above the trench, aroſe,—the loud, dreadful voice of Achilles divine: Thrice diſturbed, o'er the lines,—are the Trojans and their allies renowned. Twelve of their braveſt chiefs in arms,—or, overthrown were cruſhed by their cars,—or pierced by their own ſpears, lay in death. But the Argives drew, from the reach of darts,—the mangled corſe of the hapleſs Patroclus. They placed him aloft on a bier. His friends beloved ſtood, wailing around. They bore him away to their ſhips. Great Achilles followed their ſteps. Warm poured the dark tears, from his cheeks: When he ſaw his companion beloved,—lying pale, on the mournful bier: When he beheld him, mangled with ſteel: Him whom he ſent on his ſteeds,—on his car aloft, to the war: But never to receive him, again.

Juno, graceful with large-rolling eyes,—now, ſent the unwearied ſun,—unwilling, to the waves of the main. His ſplendid orb is ſunk in the weſt. The god-like Argives ceaſe, from their toils: From the perils of bloody fight: From the labours of all-equalling war. The Trojans, on the other hand,—removed themſelves from the diſmal fight: And looſed their rapid ſteeds, from their cars. To council they all convened: Ere yet the repaſt was prepared. Standing, the frequent council was held: None dared to ſit down, on the plain. Dreadful terror had ſeized the hoſt: As great Achilles had preſented his form, to their eyes: For long had the hero abſtained,—from the bloody conteſt of arms. To them the prudent Polydamas,—began to raiſe his warning voice: The ſon of the aged Panthous. He, only, of all the hoſt,—foreſaw the future, by weighing the paſt: Of Hector the faithful friend! On the ſame night, were the heroes born. This in council ſuperior roſe: That much excelled his friend, at the ſpear. With ſoul devoted to the hoſt,—the prudent Polydamas began:

"Weigh, with caution, our ſtate, O friends! To every ſide ſend the thoughts of your ſouls. As for me, I adviſe to retreat: This inſtant to march to the town: Nor, here, to wait the morning divine; on the field, near

near the ſhips of the Argives: For diſtant far, we remain, from our walls. Whilſt THIS MAN had retained his wrath: Whilſt he raged againſt Atrides divine; leſs heavy was the weight of their arms: The Argives were leſs dreadful in fight. I, then, rejoiced to paſs the night,—near the dark, hollow ſhips of the foe. My hopes, then, to conqueſt aroſe: In thought, I ſaw their navy deſtroyed."

"BUT, now, other terrors ariſe. Much I dread the great ſon of Peleus. Fierce, impatient is the ſoul of the chief. Nor HE his valour will confine: HE will not remain, in his arms,—in the field where the Trojans and Argives—have long urged the fight, with mutual force: Where both have long tried the equal fortune of Mars. For the city the hero will fight: For our wives, for our tender dames. Let us, therefore, return to Troy. Obey my voice. Believe my words. Night reſtrains the ſon of Peleus: HE, only, yields to the night divine. Should he find us remaining here,—when, to-morrow, he iſſues forth, in his arms: Some ONE will his preſence feel. Willing, HE, who can eſcape, from his hands,—ſhall, THEN, enter the ſacred Troy. Many Trojans will, THEN, lie ſubdued: The prey of vultures and beaſts of prey. May, what I dread never happen to Troy! Let the fatal tale remain unheard by theſe ears."

"BUT

"But if we ſhall obey my words: Though ſore diſmayed and mournful in ſoul: Through the night, we may, in council, provide—for the defence of ourſelves and Troy. Our lofty towers ſhall protect the town: Our high gates repel the force of the foe: Our gates fitted, with maſſy planks,—long, poliſhed and compacted, with art. With morning, our towers we will man: And ſtand in arms, on our lofty walls. With diſadvantage, if he comes, he ſhall fight: Fruitleſs battle he ſhall urge, round our town. Again the chief will return to his ſhips: After tiring his high-maned ſteeds,—in various circles, courſing round our high walls. Though great his valour, he will never attempt—to force our gates. He can never ſucceed. Firſt our dogs ſhall devour him, at Troy."

Sternly eying the prudent chief,—thus replied the illuſtrious Hector: "Polydamas!" The hero ſaid: "Diſpleaſing are thy words to my ſoul! Doſt thou adviſe us to return? To ſhut ourſelves again in our walls? Is it not enough, O friends! That ſo long we have been cooped, in our towers? Heretofore, the world ſuppoſed: Mankind, o'er their nations, deemed: That the lofty city of Priam,—was rich in gold and abounding in braſs. But, now, they are periſhed, from our halls: Our wealth, laid up with care, is fled. Our precious ſtores are borne from hence,—to Phrygia, to the pleaſing Mæonia. Our bar-

tered wealth is fled afar: Since the wrath of great Jove aroſe."

"But, now, that the ſon of prudent Saturn—gives glory to mine arms, at the ſhips: Now, that the foe is ſubdued: That the Argives are ſhut in to their main: Thou—But ceaſe, imprudent man! Diſperſe not thy fears, through the hoſt. None of the Trojans will hear—I will not ſuffer them to hear. But liſten all. Attend to my words. Let all obey the reſolves of my ſoul. Prepare the ſupper, through the hoſt. Let the army, by their tribes, take repaſt. Remember the nightly guard. Watch all, in your martial arms. Let whoever of the Trojans,—is anxious to preſerve his wealth: Let him bring it forth, from his hoards. Let the army ſhare it all. Better, that friends ſhould his riches enjoy: Than that foes ſhould divide them, as ſpoil."

"With morning, with the earlieſt light,—marſhalled thick in beaming arms: We ſhall wake the dreadful fight,—before the hollow ſhips of the foe. If in truth, the hero is rouzed: If Achilles divine deſcends to the fight: More grievous it will be for him. I ſhall not ſhun him in the field. I will oppoſe him, hand to hand. Or he ſhall mighty honour gain: Or renown ſhall cover my ſpear. Mars is an impartial god. He often the ſlayer ſlays."

Thus

Thus ſpoke the illuſtrious Hector. The Trojans ſhouted, o'er their hoſt. Imprudent men! But Pallas had diſtracted their ſouls. They aſſented to Hector divine: His pernicious counſels obeyed. To Polydamas liſtened none: Though wholeſome, though wiſe his advice. They, at length, took repaſt through the hoſt.—But the Argives, throughout the long night, raiſed the voice of grief for the fallen Patroclus. To them the ſon of godlike Peleus,—deep-groaning began the wo. He laid his ſlaughtering hands,—on the breaſt of his friend beloved: While frequent groans roſe, broken, from the depth of his ſoul. As a lion, with flowing mane—whoſe whelps the wandering hunter has ſeized: Bearing them away, from the thick-waving grove. He is ſaddened, when too late he returns. O'er many deep vallies he ſtrays: Tracing the ſteps of the man. Much he wiſhes the robber to find. Deſtructive rage ſeizes whole his fierce ſoul. So deeply-groaning, from his breaſt,—the hero, thus, began to his friends:

"Vain was the promiſe, ye gods! Which I made, on that fatal day: When I confirmed, in his lofty halls,—the ſoul of the hero Menætius. I told the chief that to Opuntia—his high renowned ſon ſhould return: Laden with his portion of ſpoil: After Ilium lay in ruins on earth. But Jove performs not, in all,—the vain hopes of deſigning man. We both were ordained, by the fates,—

to

to redden earth, with our waſting bones: Here, together, in ſacred Troy! Nor ME returning to his halls,—ſhall the car-ruling Peleus receive. The aged ſhall not receive his ſon: Nor Thetis, brightening into joy. HERE I am deſtined to fall. HERE earth ſhall riſe o'er my head."

"BUT ſince THEE I ſurvive, O Patroclus! Since later, I deſcend to the grave: I will not cover thy corſe with earth: Till, hither, I ſhall bring in THESE hands,—the head, the bright arms of Hector: Thy magnanimous ſlayer, in war. Twelve youths I will alſo ſlay,—a bloody offering at thy pyre: Twelve Trojans, from parents renowned! Such the wrath, which invades my ſoul! Meantime, thou, THUS, ſhalt lie in death,—in mournful ſtate before the ſhips. Around thy corſe the daughters of Troy: And deep-boſomed Dardanian dames,—ſhall, o'er thee, rear their mourning voice! Night and day, ſhall deſcend their tears. Our bright conqueſts in war ſhall mourn: The maids, whom in arms, we acquired: While wealthy ſtates fell ſubdued, by our deadly ſpears."

THUS ſpoke the ſon of Peleus divine. He commanded his friends beloved: To ſurround a huge caldron with flame: To waſh the blood, from the hapleſs Patroclus. His friends obeyed his great command. They placed a tripod on the high-flaming fire. They poured the water,

in its womb. Beneath it, blazed the gathered wood. The flame embraced the tripod round. Hot, within the ſounding braſs,—ſoon the bubbling water ſwelled. They bathed the corſe, with eager ſpeed. They anointed the ſlain, with oil. With precious ointment, next, they filled—the gaping wounds of the hapleſs chief. They placed him, on a bed of ſtate: With fine linen covered from head to foot: Spreading o'er him a ſnow-white robe. The Myrmidons, with great Achilles,—wept down the night, around their friend: And breathed their mournful ſighs o'er the dead.

Now, Jove in his reſplendent halls,—thus addreſſed his ſiſter and ſpouſe: "At length, thy ardent wiſh prevails! Juno, graceful with large rolling eyes! Thou haſt rouzed the all-ſubduing Achilles. Born of thee ſeem the Argive powers: Them, thou guard'ſt, with a parent's care."—"Unjuſt ſon of Saturn!" Replied the queen: "What words have eſcaped, from thy lips? All this might man to man perform: Man! here to-day! To-morrow gone! Death-devoted, unknowing and blind! Why, therefore, ſhould I fail in this? I, who juſtly boaſt myſelf,—to be the firſt of the daughters of heaven! In birth, in place, in power, in all! Thy ſpouſe I am alſo called: And thou reign'ſt o'er the deathleſs gods. Ought I not then to prevail?

vail? To be revenged, in my wrath, on Troy?"—Thus, they in the halls of Jove!

But the bright-moving Thetis,—came to Vulcan's lofty dome: Immortal, ſtarry, brazen, bright,—noble, even among the gods: The work of his own deathleſs hands. There ſhe found the labouring power. From bellows to bellows he ſtrode. The whole god is exerted in toil. Twenty tripods he was framing, with ſkill: To grace the walls of his high-built dome. Beneath each, golden wheels he had placed: Self-moving, they ſeemed to live. They could enter of their accord,—the bright aſſembly of the gods: Then, wonderous to ſee! Return—to the halls of the workman divine. Unfiniſhed they ſtill remained: Unfitted yet, with handles of gold. Theſe the god prepared with ſkill: Already the ſtuds he had forged.

Whilst theſe he was framing with care: Whilſt roſe the work to the thoughts of his ſoul. To his lofty dome approached,—the bright-footed daughter of aged Nereus. Her the beauteous grace beheld,—the bright ſpouſe of the artiſt divine. Forth, in all her charms, ſhe moved: In fillets, binding her waving locks. She ſeized the lovely hand of Thetis: And, thus, with winged words, began: "Why comes the long-robed Thetis? Why com'ſt thou

to our lofty halls? Revered and beloved, as thou art? Few were thy viſits, heretofore! But follow. Enter, goddeſs, the dome: And take the friendly feaſt, from my hands."—Thus ſhe ſpoke and led the way,—among the daughters of heaven divine! Her ſhe placed, on a throne of ſtate,—diſtinguiſhed, with ſtuds of gold: Beauteous, high-laboured with art. Beneath her feet a footſtool aroſe. His ſpouſe called the artiſt divine. "Advance, Vulcan, with ſpeed;" ſhe ſaid: "Bright Thetis thine aid demands."

To her the artiſt renowned replied: "Truly, awful, in mine eyes, is the queen! Much revered the bright power, in my halls! She preſerved me, when whelmed in diſtreſs: When I fell from the lofty ſky,—from the proud hands of my mother divine: Who ſaw me lame: And wiſhed to conceal her child. Then had I borne many woes, in my ſoul: If Eurynomè, if the bright-moving Thetis,—had not me on their boſom received: Eurynomè, gentle, divine,—the daughter of refluent Ocean. With them, nine years, I dwelt, concealed. I framed, for both, many beauteous toys: Claſps, bracelets, and chains of gold. In a cavern I lay concealed: O'er me rolled the ruſhing force of the main: Loud murmuring and burſting in foam. Nor any other of the gods,—nor of men devoted to death: None, but Thetis and Eurynomè,—who ſaved me, knew my

my retreat. But, now, the queen is come to my halls: And me it much becomes to repay,—the price of ſafety to the long-haired Thetis. But THOU, place before the bright queen,—the feaſt divine high-garniſhed with care: Whilſt I my bellows diſpoſe: And lay aſide my ſhining tools."

He ſaid: And, from his anvil divine,—large, aroſe the ardent power. Limping, he ſlowly moved. His feeble feet fail the ſteps of the god. His roaring bellows, he removed. He laid aſide his ſhining tools. He laid them collected with care,—within a cheſt, of ſilver formed. He wiped, with a ſponge, his face, his hands—his ſtrong ſinewy neck,—his broad hairy breaſt. O'er his ſhoulders, he threw his robe. The huge ſcepter he took in his graſp: And, limping, held forward his courſe.

Two damſels, formed of gold, with firm ſteps—ſuſtained the king, as he moved along. Like living maids, in youth they ſeemed: Nor wanting, in their breaſt, was a ſoul. Force and voice they alſo poſſeſſed. The deathleſs gods had taught them their arts. Theſe went careful by the ſide of their king. With difficult ſteps he moved. To Thetis the god, at length, approached: Where ſhe ſat, on her far-ſhining throne. He ſeized her bright hand, as he came: And thus began, with winged words:

" Why comes the long-robed Thetis? Why com'ſt thou to our lofty halls? Revered and beloved as thou art: Few were thy viſits, heretofore! Speak all the deſires of thy ſoul. My mind bids me to obey thee, in all: If I can perform thy commands: If thy commands can, in aught, be performed."

To him replied the penſive Thetis. Diſſolved, in tears, the queen began: " O Vulcan! Is there any power,—any goddeſs in heaven's high halls? Who is equally wretched with ME? Who has borne half the griefs in my ſoul? Is there any, whom Saturnian Jove—has covered with woes like mine? ME only of the daughters of Ocean,—he ſubmitted to the arms of a man. He gave me, much unwilling, to Peleus. I ſuſtained a mortal's hated embrace. HE, beneath the weight of years,—lies ſubdued in his own high halls."

" BUT Jove has raiſed other woes to my ſoul. He gave me, in his wrath, a ſon. I bore him, I reared him, with care. The firſt of heroes, he roſe from my hands. He flouriſhed, like a plant, in my ſight. Him I raiſed, with anxious mind: Like a fair-ſpreading olive, in a fertile ſpot of land. I ſent him, in his ſhips to Ilium: To urge, with the Trojans the war. Him I ſent—deſtined never to receive him again: Never to receive him returned,—in the

the lofty halls of his father Peleus. But, to add to my bitter woes: While yet he lives, while yet he beholds—the ſplendid light of the ſun,—he is ſad! Nor can I aid him, though grieved in my ſoul."

"The beauteous fair, whom his valour had won: Whom the Argives had aſſigned, for his prize: Her the far-commanding Atrides—took, by force, from the hero's arms. Sorrowing for this dire diſgrace: He waſted down his ſoul, with wo. The Trojans drove the Greeks to their ſhips: They confined them, in their camp, with their ſpears. The chiefs of Greece, imploring came: They offered many gifts to appeaſe his ſoul. Unmoved he heard all their requeſts: And refuſed to turn deſtruction away. But he cloathed his friend in his arms. He ſent Patroclus to fight for the Argives: And poured around a mighty force of his friends. All day, they fought before the town. They urged their ſpears at the Scæan gate: And then the proud city had fallen: If Apollo, ſpreading ſlaughter amain,—had not ſlain the great ſon of Menætius: And given glory to Hector divine."

"For this I come to thy ſacred knees: For my ſon, I prefer my requeſt: My ſhort-lived, death-devoted ſon! I claim from thine art a ſhield—a ſhining helm, a breaſt-plate and greaves—joined, beauteouſly, before, with bright

bright claſps. Theſe I beg, from thy hands divine. Subdued by the Trojans, his friend—loſt his arms, in the dreadful fight. For this, ſorrow has invaded his ſoul. He lies, in bitter grief, on the ground!"

To her replied the artiſt divine: "Confide in thy ſoul, O Thetis! Diſpel the gloom, which ſits deep, on thy breaſt. Would! that with equal eaſe,—I could hide him, from hoarſe-ſounding death,—from the fate which impends o'er his life: As I ſhall on the chief, beſtow ſuch beauteous, ſuch bright-beaming arms,—as ſhall raiſe the envy and wonder of all."

Thus ſaying, he left the bright queen. To his roaring bellows, the god retired. He turned them, right on the glowing forge. He bade them to blow amain. On twenty furnaces they blew: Urging forth their enlivening winds. Now high, now low, as ſuits the god: They pour a tempeſt or gently they breathe. He placed in the fire, invincible braſs. There he placed tin and high-valued gold. He threw bright ſilver in the flame. On its block, the huge anvil he placed. The heavy hammer he graſpt, in one hand: In the other, he ſeized the tongs.

First he formed the ſpacious ſhield: Large, ſolid and bright to the eye. With various, curious works, he adorned

adorned the orb. He rolled a triple circle around the verge. Dazzling ſhone the whole to the ſight: As high it hung, on its ſilver chain. Five plates form the ample orb. On the ſurface, many wonders aroſe: Reſponſive to the thoughts of his ſoul.

There he placed the earth and heavens: There he rolled the huge waves of the main. He kindled there, the unwearied ſun: The moon he lighted, o'er all her orb. He reared the beams of all the ſtars: That crown the broad concave of heaven, with fire. There the pleiads and the hyads he framed: There the ſtrength of the bright orion. He placed aloft the ſplendid bear,—called the wain, by mortal men: Bright he revolves in the north,—pointing his ſlant beam to orion. He alone of all heaven's hoſt—bathes not his fires in the main.

Two cities he framed, in the ſhield: Well-peopled and fair to the eye. In one, the nuptial feaſts are ſpread: The ſolemn pomp of connubial rites. From their chambers iſſue forth the bright brides. With flaming torches they are led through the ſtreets: And joyful Hymen is rouzed, with repeated noiſe. The youthful dancers, form the glad ring. In the center,—the pipe and the lyre—emit their lovely ſounds, on the wind. Women, each in her own high porch,—admiring ſtand, in all their charms.

To the forum ruſhed the people, in crowds. There a ſubject of ſtrife aroſe. Two men contend for a fine: The price of blood, for a townſman ſlain. The one declares to the people aloud,—that, in all, he the debt had diſcharged: The other eagerly denies—that ought he had ever received. Each hopes to prove, with witneſs, his charge. Both wiſh to bring the ſuit to its end. The people ſhout, on either ſide: Divided in opinion between. The heralds command them to ſit down. Within the ſacred circle, the aged—ſat, awful, on poliſhed ſtones. Each elder graſps, within his hand,—a loud-voiced herald's ſcepter divine. With theſe, they riſe in their place: And, alternate, their judgment give. In the middle of the circle lay—two talents of high-valued gold: The reward to be given to him,—who the beſt ſhould adjudge the cauſe.

Around the other city are formed—two armies clad in burniſhed ſteel. With joint force, they beſiege the place. Their councils are divided in twain. This wiſhes to deſtroy the town: That, to divide with the foe—all the wealth, which its walls contain. Nor yet the townſmen yield in ought. For the ambuſh, in ſecret they arm. Their wives beloved defend the walls: Their infants of tender years,—their elders, waſted down with age. The young warriors iſſue forth to the field. Mars and Pallas lead

lead them forward in arms. Both of gold are the powers divine: In golden robes they both are clad. Beauteous and tall, in their arms,—conſpicuous, as is meet for the gods: Leſs in ſize are the people behind.

But when the warriors came to the place: Where beſt it ſeemed the ambuſh to lay: Near the river,—the wonted watering-place of the flocks;—There they ſat, covered over, with burniſhed ſteel. Apart, from the troops in arms,—two ſcouts ſat, diſtinct on a hill. They watched the coming forth of the ſheep: The motions of the horned beeves. Straight they moved on to the ſtream. Two ſhepherds followed, behind: Pleaſing their careleſs ſouls, with the tuneful reed: Nor open foe they dread in ought—nor latent ambuſh they fear. Forth ruſh the foes, at the ſight. They drive away the herd of beeves: The beauteous flock of ſnow-white ſheep: The ſhepherds they lay ſlain, in their blood.

Soon to the ears of the foe—come the tumult and noiſe from the herd. Sitting in council they hear—and mount, at once, their bounding ſteeds. Forward they ruſh, on full ſpeed. Straight they come up with the foe. Deep-formed on each ſide, they fight. The river's banks are floating with blood. They pierce each other, with brazen ſpears. There, all-bloody diſcord ſtalks: There

is Tumult, there ruthleſs Fate. One holds alive a bleeding foe: One a warrior untouched enſlaves: The third drags, through the fight, by the foot—a fallen youth—recently ſlain. From the ſhoulders of the grim form,—flows a robe deep-ſtained with blood. Like living men, they ſtrode, through war: And dragged, alternately, the ſlain to each line.

The god placed, on the beauteous ſhield,—a fertile field of fallowed land: Spacious, thrice plowed with the ſhining ſhare. Many hinds were employed, o'er its face: Bending, to and fro, the plough. When, returning, in the furrow they came—to the end of the beauteous field: In their hands, a man, advancing, placed—the flowing cup of generous wine. They drank and renewed their toil. Each to his own deep furrow retired: Eager to finiſh his taſk,—to reach the utmoſt bounds of the fallowed field. The ſoil darkned behind their ſteps: And, though in gold, ſeemed turned by the plough: Such the wonders of the artiſt divine!

Another field aroſe, near, on the orb. Incloſed it ſeemed and laden with ſtanding corn. The reapers ſtood, in rows, at its end. The ſharp ſickles gleamed bright in their hands. Thick and in order fell,—the golden ears, on the face of the ground. Some youths, behind the

reapers

reapers moved,—and bound the yellow ſheaves, with care. Three men rouze the gatherers to toil. Behind, boys claſp the ſheaves in their arms,—too ſhort to gripe them quite around. Silent, in the midſt ſtood the king. He ſtretched his ſcepter—o'er the long order of ſheaves: Secret gladneſs lights its flame in his ſoul. The heralds, apart, beneath the oak,—prepare the rural feaſt, with ſpeed. A fatted ox lies ſlain, on the earth. They dreſs the banquet, with eager care. The maids, for the reapers, prepare the repaſt: Kneading the dough of various flour.

Next, he formed of high-valued gold,—a vineyard laden with beauteous grapes. Dark, in fruit, ſpread the heavy boughs. They lean in order, on ſilver poles. Around he ſunk an azure foſs: A wall of tin aroſe around. One ſole path to the vineyard led: Through which the loaded labourers moved,—when the ſeaſon of vintage came. There little girls and infant boys,—held baſkets in their tender hands: And, eager, bore the pleaſing fruit. In the midſt of theſe ſtood a beauteous youth. He waked the pleaſing voice of the lyre: And joined the ſtring, with his tuneful voice. They, ſtriking the earth, with alternate feet,—followed his ſteps, in the dance,—and joined, with warbling voice, his ſong.

The god raiſed, on the ſplendid ſhield,—the lofty heads of a herd of beeves. The oxen were framed of gold,—of tin, that ſhone bright to the eye. With hollow lowings, they iſſue forth, from the field,—to paſtures green, that lie afar: Beyond the courſe of a ſounding ſtream,—whoſe banks are thick-covered with reeds. Behind the oxen, as they went,—four herdſmen moved, in burniſhed gold. Nine dogs trod behind, in their ſteps. Two dreadful lions, in the front of the herd,—ſeized a bellowing bull, in their rage: Deep-roaring he is dragged, by their jaws. The youths and hounds, with loud clamour, purſue. But the ſavages tear his tough hide. They drink his blood and his entrails devour. The herdſmen in vain lend their aid: They urge forward, in vain, their hounds. To bite the lions they all avoid. They turn, they ſhun, then near they ſtand: And, with their barking, they rend the winds.

Next the artiſt divine, on the orb,—placed green paſtures and beauteous groves. A numerous flock of white ſheep ſpread amain, ſtalls, cottages, folds ariſe. Near theſe he formed the graceful dance: Such as Dædalus framed of old,—in the wide fields of the Cretan Cnoſſus,—for Ariadnè with long heavy locks. There active youths and bright blooming maids,—tript, hand in hand, with

with meaſured ſteps. The ſlight robes of THESE of linen were framed: The tight veſts of THOSE ſhone, gloſſy,—well fitting their ſhapes. THESE wore, on their flowing locks,—bright coronets of flaming gold. On the ſides of THOSE hung golden ſwords,—from belts, diſtinguiſhed with ſilver ſtuds. In a circle they moved amain: Light-tript their well-taught feet, in the ring: As when the potter, having formed his broad wheel,—tries whether, it rolls with eaſe: Scarce ſeen are the ſpokes, as they fly. Sometimes they break from the ring,—and wind, alternate, as they trip, through their lines. The people crowd, round the beauteous dance: And enjoy the graceful ſteps, as they riſe. Two tumblers throw themſelves in the midſt: Beginning their feats with ſong.

ROUND the utmoſt verge of the high-wrought orb,—the artiſt divine poured amain—the mighty ſtrength of the ocean's ſtream. But when he had finiſhed the wonderous ſhield: Large, ſolid and bright to the eye: He framed the breaſt-plate—more dazzling than the ſplendour of pureſt flame. He formed the ſtrong helmet, with ſpeed: Fitting the awful brows of the chief: Bright, beauteous, adorned with art. Above, ſhone the high creſt of gold. Of ductile tin he framed the greaves,—for the manly legs of the ſlaying king.—When the arms were finiſhed

finiſhed all—by the hands of Vulcan renowned: He laid them ſounding at the feet of the queen. Like a hawk ſhe flew down, on the winds,—from high Olympus, with ſummits of ſnow: Bearing, from the artiſt divine,—the far-beaming arms of her ſon.

THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

BOOK XIX.

AURORA, clad in ſaffron-robe—roſe bright from the ocean's ſtream: To bring light to the powers divine, to mortals devoted to death. To the ſhips came the bright-moving Thetis,—bearing the radiant gifts of the god. She found her ſon beloved—ſpread, large, on the corſe of Patroclus. Mournful roſe the hero's groans! Many, around, were his friends, in their tears. Bright, in the midſt, ſtood confeſſed,—the deathleſs daughter of aged Nereus. She ſeized the hand of her ſon,—and, thus, with winged words, began:

"O MY ſon beloved! Let us, though grieved in our ſouls—leave Patroclus to reſt in death: Since ſlain he

lies, by the will of the gods. But THOU, receive from my hands,—the ſplendid gifts of the artiſt divine: The bright-beaming arms of Vulcan,—ſuch as mortal never wore, in the fight."

THUS ſpoke the bright-moving Thetis. She placed the arms, at the feet of Achilles. The high-wrought preſents of the god,—reſounded, as they fell, on the ground. Sudden terror ſeized the Myrmidons all. None ſuſtained to behold the bright arms. All, frightened, they fled amain. But, when Achilles beheld them, on earth. Deſtructive rage pervaded his ſoul. Deep, below his ſcouling lids—dreadful burnt his fierce eyes, like a flame. With horrible joy, he turned in his hands,—the deadly gifts of the artiſt divine. But when he had fed his great ſoul,—with ſurveying the high-wrought arms: Straight he his mother addreſſed,—with winged words, like theſe:

"O MOTHER revered! The power has given—arms worthy of his deathleſs hands. In all, they ſeem the work of the gods: Not of man, devoted to death! Now, I aſſume theſe arms divine. But much I fear, for my fallen friend: For the corſe of the ſon of Menætius: Leſt the flies, through the ſteel-opened wound,—ſhould enter and, begetting worms,—defile the form, that ſeemed, once, divine. The light ſpirit is mixed, with the winds: And the body muſt yield to decay."

"MY

"My ſon!" Replied the bright-moving Thetis: "Drive theſe cares, from thy mighty ſoul. I will try to turn, from their prey,—the buzzing nations, that feed, on the ſlain. Though, here, in death, he ſhould lie a whole year, ſo long ſhall his body remain—incorrupted, and freſh, as in life. But THOU, ariſe, my ſon beloved. Convene to council the heroes of Argos. Renounce thy wrath to Agamemnon; the ſhepherd of his people in war. Then arm, with ſpeed, for the dreadful fight. Cloath thyſelf in thy valour and ſlay."

THUS ſaying, ſhe breathed in his breaſt,—the matchleſs force of a daring ſoul. Through the noſtrils of the fallen Patroclus,—ſhe inſtilled ambroſia and nectar divine: To ſave, incorrupted, the corſe of the chief. Along the ſhore of the roaring main,—ſtrode forward Achilles divine. Dreadful roſe the loud voice of the king. He rouzed to council the heroes of Argos. From wing to wing the army heard. Even thoſe, who before had remained, remote from battle, at the ſhips of the Argives: The pilots, who led them o'er ocean: Thoſe, who held the helms on the main: Thoſe, to whom the ſtores were in charge: The diſpenſors of proviſions and wine: Even THESE to the aſſembly moved: As great Achilles again appeared: For long the hero had abſtained, from the fight.

Halting, moving onward with pain,—came two fierce followers of Mars: The ſon of Tydeus, in battle renowned,—and Ulyſſes of prudence divine. Leaning on their ſpears they came: Still their wounds ſhot pains, through their limbs. In the front of the council, they ſat. Laſt of all came the king of men: Oppreſſed, with the wound, which in fight,—was inflicted by the ſon of Antenor: By the ſpear of the warlike Cöon. But, when, to one place, were convened,—the ſons of Argos, from all their tribes: In the midſt aroſe the great Achilles: And, thus, the hero began:

"Son of Atreus! Better far it had been,—for thee, for me, for the warriors of Argos: That, ere with heart-wounding ſtrife,—we contended, in wrath, for the maid,—the viewleſs ſhaft of Diana had laid her, in death, in the ſhips: On the fatal day, that my ſpear,—levelled high Lyrneſſus, with earth. Then ſo many warriors of Argos,—had not graſpt the duſt in their fall: Laid in death by the hands of the foe,—when I indulged, at my ſhips, my wrath. This had been better for Hector: Better far for the ſons of Troy. But the ſtates of Argos, I deem,—will long remember our contention and rage."

"But let theſe be forgot, with the paſt. Though grieving, let us yield to the times: Let their preſſure ſubdue

ſubdue our ſouls. Henceforth I diſmiſs MY wrath. It ill would become Achilles,—forever his rage to indulge. But ariſe, O warriors and chiefs! Urge the long-haired Argives to war: That ruſhing, right forward in fight,—I yet a trial may make with the Trojans,—whether THEY will paſs the night,—encamped, at the navy of Argos. But HE, I deem, that ſhall eſcape,—will joyfully ceaſe, from the toils of the field: From the battle that burns amain: From the deadly purſuit of MY ſpear."

HE ſpoke: And, o'er their hoſt,—loud ſhouted the warlike Argives: When they heard the great ſon of Peleus,—renouncing his dreadful wrath. The king of men then raiſed his voice: From his lofty ſeat he began,—nor advanced he to the center to ſpeak.—"O friends! O heroes of Argos! Fierce followers of Mars, in arms! It becomes YOU, with ſilence, to hear: And not to interrupt MY diſcourſe. Hard for him who ſpeaks the beſt,—to ſpeak, amid tumult and noiſe! How, in the ſhout of armies,—can any hear or raiſe his voice? The firſt orator ſtands abaſhed. The loudeſt voice is drowned in clamour and loſt. But I my words will addreſs,—to the ear of the ſon of Peleus. Yet YE, O other Argive powers! Attend and weigh well my diſcourſe."

"OFTEN have the ſons of the Argives—thus poured, upon me reproach: Often, thus, have they blamed me aloud.

aloud. Yet was not I to blame, but Jove: But fate, that never yields in ought,—but the furies, that wander in ſhades. They, in this aſſembly, threw—fierce wrath, on my flaming ſoul: On that fatal day when I tore,—from the arms of Achilles his prize. But what could I do? A power,—an awful power was the author of all: Atè, dread daughter of Jove! The ſource of diſcord to gods and to men! Soft is her tread, as ſhe ſtrides. She touches not the ground with her feet. Along the heads of mankind ſhe moves: ſtrewing diſcord amain o'er the world: Dealing miſchief to thoſe, ſhe inflames."

"But Jove himſelf eſcaped not her rage: The moſt powerful, they ſay, of the gods! The king of heaven and the lord of mankind! Even Juno, though a female power,—deceived his prudence divine. On that day, ſhe deceived the god: When within the high-walled Thebes,—Alcmena was to give to the light—the ſtrength of Hercules, equal to gods. Jove, boaſting, in his own high halls,—thus ſpoke to all the deathleſs gods:—"Attend to my voice all ye gods! Daughters of heaven all attend! Liſten to the words of your king! To what his ſoul has ſuggeſted to Jove. To day, ſhall the pain-raiſing Ilithya—produce a hero to the light,—who, o'er his neighbours, ſhall extend his command: Deſcended

of

of that race of men,—who from me have derived their blood."

" To him, hiding deceit in her ſoul—replied Juno, his ſpouſe divine. " Thou deceiv'ſt the deathleſs powers: Thou mean'ſt not to accompliſh thy words. But THOU, king of Olympus, ſwear. Bind thy promiſe, with the oath of the gods: That HE, indeed, o'er his neighbours ſhall reign: The child, whom, to-day, a woman ſhall bear: Deſcended of that race of men, who from THEE have derived their blood."

" SHE ſpoke: Jove perceived not the fraud. He ſwore the ſtrong oath of the gods: And great the evil he derived, from his oath! Juno threw herſelf, on the winds, from the ſnow-clad brows of Olympus. She came to Achaian Argos: Where lay, in her lofty halls,—the ſtately ſpouſe of godlike Sthenelus: The ſon of Perſeus, afar-renowned. SHE bore in her womb a ſon: Scarce gone ſeven months with her child. The goddeſs then produced him to the light. But ſhe ſtopt the pains of Alcmena,—and drove away the Ilithyæ from the ſide of the Theban queen."

" To high Olympus awful Juno returned: And, thus, ſhe ſpoke to Saturnian Jove:—" O father Jove! Thou that launcheſt the flaming bolt! Recal thy promiſe and thine

thine oath to thy ſoul. To-day a noble child is born,—to extend over the Argives, his ſway: Euryſtheus the ſon of Sthenelus,—the grandſon of Perſeus divine. From THEE he derives his blood: Nor unworthy to reign is the child!"

"SHE ſpoke: And bitter grief darkened o'er the deep ſoul of the god. Straight he ſeized deſtructive Atè,—by the ringlets of her bright-ſhining hair. Enraged was the power, in his mind: He ſwore the ſtrongeſt oath of the gods: That never to broad Olympus,—to the ſtarry concave of heaven—ſhould return the deſtructive Atè: Who ſtrewed diſcord among the gods. He ſpoke: And, whirling her aloft in his hand,—threw her from the ſtar-ſtudded ſky. Straight ſhe fell to the earth,—and mixed herſelf, with the works of men. Through HER means, ever roſe his deep ſighs,—when he beheld his ſon beloved: Suſtaining his unworthy fate—beneath the toils of the cruel Euryſtheus."

"THUS I felt, o'er my grieving ſoul: When great Hector, reſiſtleſs in fight,—laid the Argives low in their blood,—at the high ſterns of their hollow ſhips. Yet could I not forget, in my heart,—the fell rage, which had ſeized me whole. But ſince I have erred, in my wrath: Since Jove himſelf diſtracted my ſoul: Again I wiſh to appeaſe thy rage,—with unnumbered gifts to repair

repair thy wrongs. But riſe THOU to battle, O chief! Rouze the troops and lead them to war. The gifts, I myſelf will ſend to thy ſhips: All that, yeſterday, Ulyſſes divine,—promiſed, in my name, in thy tents. Or, if thou WILT, receive them now: Though impatient, for the fight, is thy ſoul. My followers ſhall bring them, with ſpeed: That thine eyes may behold and approve,—what I give to appeaſe thy rage."

To the king great Achilles replied: "Son of Atreus, firſt in renown! Agamemnon, leader of armies! To beſtow, as is meet, the gifts,—or to retain them, depends on THEE. But ſtraight let us think of battle: This inſtant, let us ruſh to the field. It becomes us not, thus, to delay: To waſte the time, in idle words: For great the taſk, which remains undone! Let every warrior, who ſees Achilles,—deſtroying the Trojan ranks, with his ſpear: Let each follow my example in fight—and do what is done by this arm."

BUT to HIM, the prudent Ulyſſes began: "Impel not, the Argives, Achilles! Though great thou art and like a god: Impel them not faſting to war,—to roll battle to Ilium's walls. Not ſmall is the portion of time,—to be, in dreadful fight, employed: When once the foes ſhock together in arms: When a god awakes their ſouls,

on each ſide. Command the Argives to take the repaſt. O'er their ſhips, let the warriors ſpread. Let them partake the food and wine. For this is ſtrength and valour in war! Nor can a man, throughout the day: From early morn to the ſetting ſun,—without food, urge the battle, on foes. Though eager his ſoul, for the fight: His body keeps not pace, with his mind. Thirſt and hunger load his limbs, with fatigue. O'er his joints cold languor creeps: And toil unbraces his knees, as he moves. But HE, that is filled with wine: Whoſe ſinews are ſtrengthened with food,—will, unceaſing, through the day urge the fight: And roll, with vigour, deſtruction on foes. Undaunted is his ſoul, in his breaſt: Unfatigued remain his ſtout limbs,—till all retreat from the field of renown."

"BUT, now, diſmiſs from council, the army. Command them to prepare the repaſt: Whilſt the king of men, Agamemnon,—preſents his gifts, before the whole hoſt: That all the Argives may behold,—that THY ſoul may rejoice, in thy breaſt. But let him, riſing amid the Argives,—ſwear a ſolemn oath to the gods: That he never aſcended HER bed: never mixed in love with her charms. Then let thy ſoul be appeaſed: Let it ſettle, within thy breaſt. The feaſt let Agamemnon ſpread: And conciliate, with the banquet, thy mind: That

juſtice

juſtice may, in all, be performed. But, ſon of Atreus, for the future, be juſt. A monarch muſt not bear it ill,—to right a ſubject, whom firſt he has wronged."

To HIM replied the king of men: "I rejoice in thy words, Ulyſſes: Fraught with wiſdom they come to mine ear. All, with prudence, thou haſt touched, in thy ſpeech. My ſoul bids me to take that oath: Nor perjured ſhall I be to the gods. But let Achilles, for a moment remain,—though impatient is the hero, for war. Remain, all convened, in this place: Till the preſents are brought from my tents: Till the compact is confirmed by the gods. THEE, alſo, I command, O Ulyſſes! I intreat, that with choſen chiefs,—THOU repair to our hollow ſhips,—and bring hither the ſplendid gifts. Bring the wealth, which we promiſed to give: Bring the damſels, in all their charms. But let Talthybius repair, with ſpeed: Let him ſearch, o'er the camp, for a boar: A victim to high-thundering Jove,—to the ſun, that rolls his fire round the world."

To him great Achilles replied: "Son of Atreus, firſt in renown! Agamemnon, leader of armies! For this, ſome other time may be found: Some hour of reſpite and ceſſation, from war: When leſs powerful burns the ardor of Mars,—within this flaming breaſt of mine. But,

now, lie transfixed in their blood,—thoſe whom Hector ſubdued, with his ſpear: When Jove conferred, on the warrior, renown. But haſten YE to partake the repaſt. Yet I would exhort the Argives,—without the banquet to enter the fight: And, when the flaming ſun deſcends,—When our ſpears have revenged our diſgrace: Then to dreſs the mighty feaſt: With the banquet to cheer our ſouls. But as for ME, no ſtrengthening food,—no cheering draught, ſhall be poured through my lips. Cold lies, in death, my friend beloved. Transfixed with ſteel, in my tent, he lies: In the porch, with his feet to the door. Deep-ſighing his friends mourn around. Other things command not aught of my care. In nothing my ſoul delights—but in ſlaughter, in blood, in death,—in the deep groans of departing heroes."

To the chief began the prudent Ulyſſes: "O Achilles! Son of Peleus! By far the braveſt of the warriors of Argos! Greater than ME thou art at the ſpear: Not a little thou excell'ſt me, in fight. But THEE, in wiſdom, I excel: And in counſel, o'er thee, I aſcend. Long before thee I ſaw the light. I boaſt the experience of years. Let, therefore, thy mighty ſoul—ſubmit itſelf to the words of thy friend. Soon ſated with combat are men: Even where thickeſt fall the ſlain, on the field:

When, like ſtraw, they are ſhorn, with the ſteel. But ſmall is the harveſt, when awful Jove has his balance inclined: The great diſpoſer of battle to men!"

"But the Argives, O deſcendant of Jove! Muſt not mourn, with faſting, their dead. Many and valiant the chiefs,—who daily fall, in the combat of ſpears! Where, therefore, could an end be to grief? When a reſpite, or ceſſation from wo? The rites of funeral belong to the dead. Theſe, with patience of ſoul, we muſt pay: And give one day to our tears, for our friends. But thoſe who the battle eſcape: Who ſurvive the horrid tumult of arms,—muſt remember their food and their wine. Thus, with more fury and force,—we ſhall roll the ceaſeleſs fight, on the foe: Clad in all the blazing ſtrength of our arms. Nor let a warrior remain in his tent,—expecting ſecond orders to march. Such ſummons will bear ruin along,—to him, who lingers, at the navy of Argos. But let us all iſſue forth, from the camp. Let us rouze dreadful battle amain: And roll it large, on the car-ruling Trojans."

He ſpoke: His aſſociates he choſe: The two ſons of Neſtor divine. Meges, the great ſon of Phyleus: Thöas, Meriones brave. Lycomedes, the offspring of Creon: Melanippus, in battle renowned. They moved forward

to

to the tent of Atrides: Nor quicker the command than the deed! Seven tripods they brought from the tent: Twenty caldrons of burniſhed braſs: and twelve courſers, unmatched, in the race. Straight they brought bright-bluſhing maids: In form graceful, and expert at their works: Seven in number, they came: The eighth was the blooming Briſëis. Ulyſſes preceding the chiefs,—bore himſelf ten talents of gold. Behind, in long order came—bearing gifts the young chiefs of the Argives. In the midſt, the whole treaſure is placed.

Then roſe the great Agamemnon. Talthybius, endued with voice divine—held the victim-boar, in his hands. Near the ſhepherd of his people he ſtood. Atrides drew forth, with his hands, the knife: Which always hung, by the large ſheath of his deadly ſword. He cut the briſtles from the head of the boar. With hands uplifted to Jove, he prayed. All the Argives ſit, in ſilence, around: As is meet, they attend to the king. Beginning his prayer, he ſpoke: Eying the ſpacious face of the ſky:

"Bear witneſs, O father Jove! O beſt and greateſt of gods! Hear, earth! O ſun attend! Ye furies, that dwell under the ground,—and puniſh perjured mortals in death! That I laid not my hand in force,—on the charms of the ſtately Briſëis: That I aſcended not, by perſuaſion,

her bed. Untouched ſhe remained in my tents: Unſullied o'er her beauties divine. If Atrides ſwears falſly in ought,—may the gods heap on him, the woes: Which, many and heavy, o'erwhelm the perjured in ſoul."—He ſpoke: And ſlew the boar, with the ſteel. Talthybius threw the victim, with ſpeed,—in the vaſt ſtream of the hoary main. But Achilles, aroſe amid the Argives: And thus the hero began aloud:

" O father Jove! From THEE are derived—the mighty woes of mortal men! Nor had the ſon of warlike Atreus,—ever moved my wrathful heart, with his words: Nor had he torn, from my ſide, the maid: Forming miſchief for Achilles in ſoul: But that Jove ordained it all. He decreed, by his councils divine: To urge ſo many ſons of Argos,—to the goal of deſtructive death. But haſte. Partake the ſtrengthening repaſt: That, ſudden, we may iſſue to war."

He ſpoke: And the council diſmiſſed. They diſperſed: Each to his own hollow ſhip. But the magnanimous troops of Achilles,—took in charge the rich treaſure beſtowed. The wealth they placed, in the hero's tents. They conducted the maids to their place: The courſers to the ſtud of his ſteeds. Then the long haired Briſëis, in glowing charms like golden Venus: When ſhe

ſhe ſaw the hapleſs Patroclus,—lying mangled, transfixed with ſteel: She threw herſelf on the clay-cold chief. Shrill roſe the loud voice of her wo. She tore her ſnow-white, heaving breaſt: Her tender neck and her features divine. In her form, like the daughters of heaven,—thus, aloud, ſhe ſpoke in her tears:

"O Patroclus!" She ſaid: "Friend moſt beloved, by my hapleſs ſoul! Thee alive I left, in theſe tents: When, by force, I was torn away. But, returning, I find thee dead, ill-fated leader of armies! Ah me! From ill to ill I paſs: Driven, onward, through ſucceſſions of wo. The huſband, whom my parents gave: Whom my father and my mother revered—appointed the ſpouſe of Briſëis: Him I ſaw ſlain, in his blood,—before the walls of our lofty town: Three loved brothers were alſo mine: Whom the ſame mother produced to the light. In one fatal day, they ſunk to death, from the ſpear. But thou would'ſt nor permit me to weep: When mighty Achilles ſlew my ſpouſe: When he levelled with earth,—the ſacred city of great Mynëtes. Thou promiſed'ſt to make me the ſpouſe: The youthful conſort of Achilles divine. Thou promiſed'ſt to bear me to Phthia: To ſpread the nuptial feaſt, in his native land. Thee, therefore, I mourn, in my tears: O ever gentle and kind in ſoul!"

Thus

Thus weeping, ſpoke the graceful Briſeïs. The hapleſs maids joined their ſighs to her wo. In appearance Patroclus they mourned: Their own misfortunes only clouded their ſouls. But around the mighty Achilles,—the chiefs of Argos were all convened. They prayed him to take the repaſt. He refuſed their requeſt, with groans. "I beſeech you, your intreaties forbear: If, in ought, my loved friends, will obey. Bid me not to partake the repaſt: To regale my mournful ſoul with wine: For heavy grief lies, deep, at my heart. I will wait to the ſetting ſun: Thus faſting, indulge my woes."

He ſpoke: And diſmiſſed the reſt of the kings. But the two ſons of Atreus remained: With Ulyſſes divine, the aged Neſtor,—Idomeneus and ſteed-ruling Phænix. They ſoothed, with words, the mournful chief: But no comfort his ſoul could receive,—before he entered the bloody conteſt of ſounding arms. Acroſs his memory ruſhed darkly his friend. Unceaſing, he groaned, from his inmoſt ſoul:

"Thou alſo!" He ſighing ſaid: "O moſt hapleſs, moſt beloved of my friends! Thou, heretofore, in my tents—wert wont to ſpread the pleaſing repaſt: When haſtened the ſons of the Argives—to roll mournful battle, to the car-ruling foe. But now thou lieſt transfixed and pale!

And for the loſs of thee I faſt: Though plenteous, within, are my ſtores. Nor other evil worſe than this could befal: Not the death of my father beloved,—had it come, o'er the main, to mine ears. Yet he, perhaps, in diſtant Phthia,—pours the tender tear, o'er his aged cheeks: In mournful regret for SUCH a ſon! But I—remote in a foreign land,—for hated Helen fight with Troy! Nor yet the death of my ſon beloved: Who grows into manhood at Scyros: If ſtill my ſon beholds the light: Neoptolemus in form like the gods."

"MUCH I hoped, heretofore, in my ſoul,—that I, alone, was deſtined to fall: Far from Argos, the mother of ſteeds! Here, before the walls of Troy! But that THOU ſhould'ſt to Phthia return: And bear, in thy ſwift-ſailing ſhip, o'er the main,—my ſon,—my only ſon from Scyros: That THOU ſhould'ſt ſhew him all his wealth: MY wide poſſeſſions, my ſervants all,—my high-roofed dome, my ſpacious halls. For, now, I deem—my ſoul forebodes,—that godlike Peleus is no more: Or that, now, ſcarce living, he is ſaddened in mournful age: Expecting, darkly from day to day,—the fatal news of the death of his ſon: Of my fall, by the hands of the foe!"

THUS, weeping, the hero ſpoke. The leaders of the Argives ſighed. They all remembered their native homes:

And

And all that was left, in their lofty halls. The ſon of Saturn beheld the chiefs. He pitied their mournful groans. Straight he addreſſed his words to Pallas: "Daughter beloved!" The god began: "Thou quite forſak'ſt this gallant chief. Haſt THOU deſerted him in all? Commands not Achilles a thought of thy ſoul? Lo! Before the high-ſterned ſhips,—he ſits, deploring his friend beloved. The reſt partake the grateful repaſt: Unfed and faſting the hero remains. Deſcend. Inſtil into his breaſt—ambroſia and nectar divine: Leſt want of food ſhould unbrace his ſtrength."

He ſpoke: And urged her already prompt. Like a ſhrill-voiced, broad-winged harpy, ſhe flew: Through the winds, from the ſtarry ſky. She poured in the breaſt of Achilles,—ambroſia and nectar divine: Leſt want of food ſhould unbrace his limbs. Again ſhe returned to the heavenly halls—of her all-powerful ſire. The Argives poured, from their ſhips, on the plain: As when the flaky ſnow deſcends,—from the manſions of ſtorm-ruling Jove. Thick it flies before the force—of the ſky-clearing blaſt of the northern wind. So thick deſcend, from the ſhips,—the brightly-beaming helms of men: The boſſy orbs of rattling ſhields: The firm breaſt-plates, the aſhen ſpears. The dazzling gleam aſcends to heaven: The whole earth is lightened,—with the bright-flaſhing beams

of the braſs. The craſh of touching arms is heard. The ground hoarſly groans, as the warriors move.

In the midſt of the martial hoſt,—divine Achilles arms his limbs. He grinds his teeth, in his dreadful rage. His eyes flaſh, like two flames of fire. Relentleſs wrath is mixed with his ſoul: And grief, reſiſtleſs, pervades his heart. In his fury, againſt the Trojans,—he puts on the gift of the god: The ſplendid works of the artiſt divine! Firſt, the beauteous greaves, on his legs he drew: Faſtened, before, with ſilver claſps. The breaſt-plate, on his breaſt he placed. Round his ſhoulders, he threw his ſword: Beaming forth, with its ſtuds of gold. Before him he reared his all-covering ſhield: Large, ſolid and ſtrong, o'er its round. It ſent its bright beams, afar: Like the broad orb of the nightly moon.

As when o'er the wave-covered deep,—to mariners, by night, appears—the awful flame of a diſtant fire. Wide-riſing, in a lonely place,—it wraps, aloft, the mountain's brow. But them unwilling, the duſky blaſt—bears, o'er the broad back of the main: Far, from their friends and native home! Thus, from the beauteous, high-wrought ſhield of Achilles,—beams forth a dazzling light to the ſkies. He placed, then, his ſtrong helm, on his head. Like a comet it ſhone amain. Dreadful nodded the plumes of

of gold: Which the god had poured thick, on the creſt. Divine Achilles tried himſelf, in his arms: Whether they fitted his body aloft: Or lay, with eaſe, on his manly limbs. Like wings they bore along the chief: They ſeemed to raiſe the ſhepherd of his people, from earth.

He took, from its place, his father's ſpear: The long, heavy, ſtrong javelin of Peleus: Which none of all the Argives could wield. None but Achilles could wield in fight,—the Pelion aſh: Which Chiron gave to his ſire: Cut from the brows of Pelion: A deſtruction to heroes in war! Automedon and Alcimus brave—joined the deathleſs ſteeds to the car. Beauteouſly flow the traces amain. The ſtudded bridles are placed, in their mouths. The reins extend, behind, to the well compacted ſeat of the car. Seizing the bright whip, in his hand,—Automedon leapt, at once, on the car. Behind bounded aloft great Achilles, ready for war. Bright in his arms he ſtood,—like the beams of the high-rolling ſun. Dreadful roſe his voice, from the car,—to the ſteeds of his god-like ſire.

"O Xanthus! O Balius! Race renowned of the ſwift Podargè! Now, in ſome other manner, reſolve,—to bring back your driver from war: To bring him ſafe

ſafe to the line of the Argives: When we are glutted, with ſlaughter and blood. Nor leave him, like the hapleſs Patroclus: Stretched in blood, in yonder field."—To HIM, from his yoke, replied—the ſwiftly bounding ſtrength of Xanthus. Straight he inclined, back, his head. His whole mane forms a bright circle—as it flows on the yoke: And touches the ground below. The white-armed Juno, by her power divine,—gave ſpeech to the bounding ſteed:

"AND WE ſhall bring thee ſafely back,—this once, at leaſt, O reſiſtleſs Achilles! Yet thy fatal day is near: Nor WE are, in ought, to blame. A mighty god is only to blame: The dire decree of relentleſs fate. Nor through our ſloth or want of ſpeed,—the Trojans ſtript the fallen Patroclus. The moſt powerful of the gods was the cauſe: HE whom the long-haired Latona bore. He ſlew Patroclus in the front of the line: And gave the glory to Hector divine. But WE can contend, in the race,—with the blaſts of the weſtern wind: Which fly, they ſay, the ſwifteſt, o'er heaven: Yet we cannot bear thee, from fate away. Thou art doomed to fall, in thy blood: Beneath a god and a valiant man."

WHILST, thus, he ſpoke, the furies ended his voice. Much enraged the great Achilles replied: "Why, Xan-

thus, foretell'ſt thou my death? Why the fates, that impend o'er thy lord? Well I know, within my ſoul: That I am deſtined to periſh here: Far from my father beloved,—from my mother, my native home. But I will not forego the fight: Before the Trojans are ſated with war." He ſaid, and ſhouting aloud,—he drove his ſteeds to the front of the line.

THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

BOOK XX.

THUS THEY, at the hollow ſhips,—aſſume, with ſpeed, their burniſhed arms: Thus, around THEE, O ſon of Peleus, pour the Argives, never ſated with war. The ſons of Troy, on the other ſide,—form, darkly, on the riſing ground. Jove commands the ſplendid Themis, —to call to council the deathleſs gods: To call them, o'er the tops of Olympus,—divided, with a thouſand deep vales. To every ſide, the goddeſs moved,—commanding all to the halls of Jove.

NOR any power, who preſides in the floods,—remained abſent, but father Ocean. The river-gods came, from all their ſtreams: The bright Nymphs, that ſojourn in the groves:

groves: Thoſe, who dwell in the ſources of rivers: Or gently glide along the meads. When, in long order, they had come,—to the halls of the ſtorm-ruling Jove,—THEY ſat, on the columned thrones: Which Vulcan made for the father of gods: The work riſing to the thoughts of his ſoul. Thus, they came to the halls of Jove: Nor Neptune himſelf diſobeyed. He roſe, with force, from his troubled main. In the midſt he ſat, in his ſtrength: And queſtioned, thus, the deſigns of Jove:

"WHY, thou that launcheſt the flaming bolt! Why call'ſt thou to council, the gods? Deliberat'ſt thou concerning the Trojans? Concerning the Argives in arms? On either ſide they form amain. Soon battle ſhall burn, o'er their lines." To HIM the high ruler of ſtorms: "To THEE, O earth's-ſurrounding king! already are known the deſigns of Jove: The cauſe of convening the gods. Though they periſh, my cares they employ. But I will, ſitting here, remain,—on the brows of the cloud-wrapt Olympus: Indulging my ſoul, with the fight. But YOU, the reſt, deſcend to earth: To the Trojans and Argives, deſcend. Bear aid to both armies in fight: Each following the bent of his ſoul. Should great Achilles urge, alone,—the diſmal battle, on gathered Troy: Not,

even for a little, could THEY ſuſtain—the dreadful charge of the ſwift ſon of Peleus. Heretofore they fled amain, from his ſight: But, now, that rages his flaming ſoul,—for his friend beloved laid low in his blood: I fear that Ilium ſhall fall, by his hand,—againſt the firm decrees of fate."

THUS ſpoke the great ſon of Saturn. He waked inevitable war. They deſcended, at once, to the fight: Swelling ſtrife, in their jarring ſouls. Juno to the fleet repairs: Blue-eyed Pallas bends thither her flight: And Neptune, who ſurrounds the world: Hermes, author of uſeful arts: Adorned with each perfection of ſoul. Vulcan thither turned his courſe: Sternly rolling his flaming eyes. Halting, though he eagerly moves: His feeble feet ſcarce ſupporting his weight, along. To the Trojans deſcended Mars, ſhaking, aloft, his flaming helm: The next was Phœbus, with locks unſhorn: Diana, who delights in the bow: Latona, deep-reſounding Xanthus; Venus, queen of charming ſmiles!

WHILST the gods remained apart, from the fight: Whilſt yet they mixed not, with mortal men: The Argives moved, exulting, along—as great Achilles appeared in their front: For long from battle had the hero abſtained. But panic ſeized the ſons of Troy: Cold fear

crept

crept through all their joints. Shuddering they beheld afar,—the mighty ſon of the ſteed-ruling Peleus: They ſaw him, flaming in all his arms, like Mars, the deſtroyer of armies. But when the deathleſs dwellers of high Olympus—had mixed with the armies of men: Dreadful tumult was rouzed, on each ſide. Diſcord roſe, the ſtirrer of nations. The awful voice of Minerva is heard. Now at the trench profound ſhe ſtood: Now, on the ſhore of the ecchoing main. Loud-ſwelled the ſhout of deſtructive Mars. Like a whirlwind obſcure he moved. Now from their citadel the Trojans he urged: Now, darkly-ruſhing o'er Callicolönè,—he reared his voice by reſounding Simois.

Thus the gods who forever live—poured, forward, on each other, the hoſts: And kindled deſtructive diſcord, o'er all their lines. Dreadful thundered, from above,—the father of men and of gods. Beneath, Neptune ſtruck the mighty earth, with his waves: The mountains all ſhook their lofty heads. Streamy Ida trembled, down to its baſe: Its cloudy ſummits nodded, on high. Troy tottered o'er all her walls: The navy ſhook, on the rocking ſhore. Struck with fear was the king of the dead! He roared, with terror, as he leapt from his throne: Leſt Neptune, as he ſhook the huge world, —ſhould burſt the earth, o'er his regions profound: And

lay open to gods and to men,—the ſecrets of his dreadful halls: Baleful, horrid to the ſight: Which the gods themſelves are afraid to behold. So terrible was the ſound, o'er the world: When the gods contended, in fight.

Against Neptune, awful king of the main—ſtood Phœbus Apollo in arms: Bearing, forward, his feathered ſhafts. Oppoſed to deſtructive Mars,—blue-eyed Pallas appeared, in the ſtrife. Againſt Juno aroſe, with her bow,—bright Diana, who delights in the chaſe: The queen, that glories, in her ſhafts,—the ſiſter of far-ſhooting Phœbus. On Vulcan ruſhed, in all his ſtrength,—the deep-reſounding, gulphy ſtream: Called Xanthus, by the deathleſs gods: By mortal men, the roaring Scamander. Thus, god was engaged with god. But Achilles wiſhed, to burſt the firm ranks—to engage Hector, the ſon of Priam. Much deſired his mighty ſoul,—to glut, with his flowing blood,—fierce Mars, unconquered in arms.

But the ſtirrer of armies, Apollo—rouzed Æneas, on the great ſon of Peleus: Pouring daring force, in his breaſt. The god aſſumed the voice of a youth; of Lycäon, the ſon of Priam. In his form, he advanced to the chief: And, thus, began the bright offspring of Jove: "Æneas! valiant leader of Troy! Whither vaniſhed

niſhed are all thy threats? Whither is the promiſe fled,—made, by THEE, at the feaſt, to the chiefs? That THOU would'ſt meet, in dreadful fight,—the mighty ſon of the ſteed-ruling Peleus?"

To him the godlike Æneas: "Why, ſon of Priam renowned!—Why would'ſt thou urge my unwilling arm,—to lift the ſpear on the great ſon of Peleus: Who, above meaſure, is brave? Nor I the firſt will preſume to ſtand: Oppoſed, in battle, to mighty Achilles. Not unfelt is the force of his arm. Heretofore, I fled, from his lance. He drove me from Ida of Streams: When deſcended the chief, on our herds: When he levelled the high-built Lyrneſſus: And Pedaſus ſmoaked, on the ground. But Jove preſerved me from death: He poured ſtrength, o'er my ſinewy limbs. Elſe I had fallen, ſubdued, beneath the hands of Achilles and Pallas. Before him moving, SHE victory gave. SHE bade him to ſlay, amain, the Leleges and the Trojans renowned. No mortal, therefore, can engage with Achilles: For, always, one, at leaſt, of the deathleſs gods,—wards deſtruction away from his life. Nor ever flies, in vain, from HIS hand, the ſpear. It ever ruſhes, through the bodies of men. But ſhould ſome god, with his power divine,—weigh between us, the advantage of fight: Not with eaſe

he

he would vanquiſh Æneas;—though of braſs were his body whole."

To HIM replied the awful king,—Apollo the offspring of Jove. "O hero! Pray THOU to the gods. Raiſe thy voice to the deathleſs powers. Men report thee, O chief, o'er the world,—as born of Venus the daughter of Jove. But HE derives his birth from a goddeſs—far inferior to THY mother divine. THIS the daughter of thundering Jove: THAT of Nereus, aged dweller of waves. Bear forward thy invincible ſteel. Let him not turn THEE, away with words. Yield not to his vauntings the field."

HE ſpoke: And poured ſpirit divine,—in the breaſt of the leader of armies. Along the front of the battle, he moved: Covered whole with his burniſhed ſteel. Nor unobſerved, by the white-armed Juno,—moved the ſon of the great Anchiſes: When he urged through the battle his way,—to meet the daring ſon of Peleus. She called, together, the deathleſs gods: And thus began the queen of heaven:

"CONSIDER well, O Neptune and Pallas! Revolve, with care, the ſtate of things, in your ſouls. Æneas advances, in fight,—covered whole in his burniſhed ſteel. To meet the daring ſon of Peleus,—Phœbus Apollo urges the chief.

Or, let us turn his ſteps away: Or let ſome power deſcend to Achilles: And pour mighty force, in the hero's breaſt. That his ſoul may not fail him, in ought: That the hero may learn and confide: That the moſt powerful of the immortals—love his valour and defend him, in war: That feeble and vain is the force—of the gods, who turn battle from Troy. To be preſent, to aid him in fight,—WE deſcended, from our ſtarry abodes: For THIS day to defend him, from Troy. Hereafter, let him ſuffer thoſe ills,—which the fates, at his birth, have decreed: When he ſprung, from a mother divine. But ſhould Achilles not learn this of the powers: He will ſhudder, though mighty in arms; when, through battle advances a god: For terrible are the forms of the gods: When conſeſſed they appear to mankind."

To her the god, who ſurrounds the world: "Juno, rage not thus, in thy ſoul: It becomes not awful Juno to rage. Nor I wiſh, that the deathleſs gods—ſhould, now, in fierce battle engage: As much greater WE are in power. But let us hence to the riſing ground. Let us ſit and view the tumult afar: Leave battle to the care of mankind. But ſhould Mars contend in the field: Should Phœbus Apollo engage. Should both ſtop the courſe of Achilles: And turn, his firm valour from war. Then to us ſhall fierce battle ariſe. The dreadful conflict ſhall rage amain.

Soon,

Soon, I deem, from decided fight—THEY ſhall riſe to Olympus, on winds: To the bright aſſembly of gods: From the force of our deathleſs hands: Through neceſſity broken, ſubdued."

He ſpoke: And preceded the powers. His blue hair floating, as he moved, on the winds. To the lofty wall they retired,—which for Hercules equal to gods,—the Trojans and Pallas had raiſed: That, behind it, the hero might ſhun—the ſea-monſter, that, ruſhing amain, purſued his flight from the ecchoing ſhore. There Neptune ſat in his might: There reclined the reſt of the gods. Around their ſhoulders, they poured a cloud,—deep, gloomy, impervious to light.

The guardian gods of high-built Troy,—ſat, on lofty Callicolönè: Around THEE, O bow-bearing Phœbus! Around Mars, the deſtroyer of towns. Thus, the gods ſat on either ſide: In council divine employed. Loth to engage in dreadful battle, all ſat. Great Jove aloft on Olympus reclined, iſſued forth to the powers his commands. The whole field is filled, with the foes: And ſhines wide, with the ſplendor of ſteel: From warriors, and from harneſſed ſteeds. The trembling earth reſounds beneath: As meet in horrid ſhock, the lines. But two heroes before the reſt,—the firſt in valour as in renown,—

nown,—ruſh, on each other, in all their rage: Burning, o'er their mighty ſouls, for the fight: Æneas the ſon of Anchiſes—and Achilles, in form like the gods.

Æneas ſtrides forward, the firſt. Threatening is the gait of the godlike chief. High nods, his plumy helm in the winds: He ſhakes, before his ample breaſt, his broad ſhield. Dreadful ſhines the boſſy orb. The quivering ſpear gleams bright, in his hand. The great ſon of Peleus, comes forward, in all his rage. Like a deſtructive lion,—whom men wiſh, with ardor, to ſlay. The whole people pour around him, in arms. He, deſpiſing their rage, moves ſlow: But, when ſome martial youth, with his ſpear,—inflicts a wound: Wide-opening his jaws, he turns. White ſwells the foam, around his teeth. His ſtout heart growls inly, with rage. He beats his heaving ſides, with his tail. He rouzes himſelf to the fight. Sternly-looking, he furiouſly bounds: Reſolving to ſlay or be ſlain.

Thus his force drove forward Achilles: Thus his mighty ſoul urged him on,—to meet, in combat, the illuſtrious Æneas. When near to each other, the chiefs approached: Bending forward to mutual wounds: To the chief of the car-borne Trojans,—thus ſpoke Achilles divine: "Æneas, why meaſur'ſt thou thus,—ſuch a

length of ground to my ſpear? Commands his courage the warrior to fight? Or riſes, from ambition, his rage? Hop'ſt thou, for engaging Achilles,—to ſhare, with Priam, the throne of Troy? O'er the car-ruling Trojans to reign? But ſhould'ſt thou vanquiſh ME in fight,—Priam would not reward THEE ſo high. The king is bleſt with gallant ſons: Nor is he feeble and inconſtant in ſoul. Or have the Trojans gained thy valour, with gifts? With ample foreſts? With vine-covered plains? Have they promiſed thee fields for the plough: Should'ſt thou ſlay Achilles, in fight? A taſk, I deem, too hard for thy lance!"

"NOR to THEE is Achilles unknown. Heretofore thou fled'ſt from THIS ſpear. Recall'ſt thou not ought of the paſt. When I met thee, alone, with the herds: And drove thee, from wood-covered Ida? Not once, thou preſumed'ſt to look back: To lofty Lyrneſſus, thou fled'ſt amain. Lyrneſſus I levelled with earth: By the aid of Pallas and father Jove. Many captive maids I took. I brought them, hither, in all their charms. But THEE Jove preſerved, with his power. The gods were kind and aided thy ſpeed. But again they ſhall not preſerve: Though this the hope which has kindled thy ſoul. But THEE I adviſe to retreat: To mix again, with the lines of thy friends. Oppoſe not thy ſpear to Achilles.

Leſt

Leſt evil ſhould come,—retire: Even fools are by facts rendered wiſe."

To him great Æneas replied: "Son of Peleus! Hope not with words,—to frighten ME like a timid boy. I alſo might utter reproach. I might pour empty vaunts, in thine ear. But WE know each other's deſcent: Our parents beloved we know. The voice of others brought the tale to our ears. We received the report of mankind. Nor thou, MY parents haſt ſeen: Nor have THINE been beheld, by theſe eyes. Godlike Peleus, they ſay, is thy ſire: Thy mother the bright-moving Thetis: The long-haired daughter of aged Nereus. But I glory in the blood of Anchiſes: In Venus a mother divine. To-day, one or other ſhall mourn her ſon: One ſhall roll her bright eyes, in her tears: For, I deem not that childiſh words,—ſhall end a conteſt, which death muſt decide.

"But if this thou would'ſt alſo learn. If THOU my high lineage would'ſt hear: Which to many of mankind is known. The ſtorm-compelling Jove begot—great Dardanus, the firſt of our race. HE built the beauteous Dardania: Nor ſacred Ilium yet roſe, on the plain: Ilium with heaven-reared walls,—the high dwelling of warlike men! As yet the infant ſtate was ſpread,—along the ſides of the ſtreamy Ida. Great Dardanus begat a ſon—Erich-

thonius, the ſovereign of men. He was the wealthieſt, by far,—of mortal men, who then trod the earth. Three thouſand high-maned mares of his,—o'er the fenny paſtures fed: Each exulting, with a colt by her ſide. Of theſe, even Boreas himſelf—became enamoured, as they paſtured at large. Aſſuming the form of an azure-maned ſteed—he mixed in love, with the beauteous train. Pregnant they became, by the god. Twelve female colts they bore, on the plain. These, when they bounded, in youthful play,—along the ſmooth face of the bounteous earth: O'er the yellow ears of the ſtanding corn,—they ran, nor bent them, as they glided amain. But when they bounded, in youthful play, on the broad back of the hoary ſea: O'er the ſurface, they flew with ſuch ſpeed,—that ſcarcely marked, with their feet, was the wave."

"But Erichthonius begot a ſon,—Tros, o'er the Trojans to reign. Of Tros three gallant ſons were born: Ilus, Aſſaracus brave—and Ganymedes in form like the god. He, in matchleſs beauty roſe—o'er all the race of mortal men. The powers divine bore the youth to their ſky,—to pour the nectar to thundering Jove. For his beauty they ſeized the youth: Fit only, to dwell, with the gods. To Ilus was born a ſon: Laomedon, faultleſs in form. Laomedon begot Tithonus and Priam, the ſovereign of Troy. Lampus and Clytius he alſo begot: And Hicetäon,

täon, a branch of Mars. From Aſſaracus, Capys ſprung: From Capys, the great Anchiſes. Anchiſes is my godlike ſire. Priam begot Hector divine."

"SUCH is my race, ſon of Peleus! Such the blood, which Æneas boaſts: But Jove leſſens or, increaſes, at will,—the worth, the valour, of mortal men. For HE, by far, is the greateſt in power! But advance. Let us end our diſcourſe: No longer, like boys, let us ſtand,—pouring forth reproaches, in the center of war. THESE we both might urge, with eaſe: We might encreaſe them to ſuch a ſize: That even a ſhip, with her hundred oars,—could ſcarce waſt them, acroſs the main. Voluble are the tongues of mankind: Replete with ſpeeches and full of noiſe. Wide is the field of diſcourſe: Words arrayed preſent themſelves, on each ſide. From ſide to ſide, they wildly fly. Such as thou utter'ſt, may be turned on thine ear."

"BUT what avails this broil of words? What need have WE of reproaches and noiſe? Why contend we with language vile,—like women, who iſſuing forth, in their rage,—bandy reproaches, with eager ſouls? When, in the public way, they ſtand,—and utter many truths, mixed with lies? But rage inflames THEIR feeble ſouls. But THOU ſhalt not avert my ſoul,—from her valour, by vile reproach: For ſteel and NOT words muſt decide. Advance, with ſpeed, ſon of Peleus! The conteſt now, is devolved, on our ſpears."

He ſpoke: And launched, with mighty force,—his brazen lance againſt the ſhield. The dreadful, the far-beaming ſhield—deep reſounds to the eager point. The ſon of Peleus held diſtant the orb: He held it—ſtruck, with anxious fears. He thought that the long, heavy ſpear,—launched from the ſinewy arm of the daring Æneas—would pierce, with eaſe, the ſolid ſhield. Vain were the hero's fears! He conſidered not, in his mighty ſoul: That, not with eaſe, the ſplendid gifts of the gods,—yield, in ought, to the force of mankind. Nor, now, did the rapid lance,—launched amain by the illuſtrious Æneas,—pierce, through and through, the ſhield divine. The golden plate warded off the keen point. Through two plates paſſed the eager ſteel: But three ſtill remained, unpierced. The god had formed of five plates the orb: Two of braſs, two of ductile tin. The center plate was framed of gold: And obſtructed the bright-pointed lance.

Achilles, next, with all his force—launched amain his heavy ſpear. He ſtruck the ſolid ſhield of Æneas: On the utmoſt verge—where thinneſt ran the brazen plates: Where the bull-hide more ſlightly was ſpread. Through and through, ruſhed the Pelian aſh. The ſhield reſounds, beneath the blow. Æneas contracts his body behind: And, frightened, holds diſtant the ſhield.

Above

Above his ſhoulder paſſed the lance. It ſunk in earth,—eager farther to urge its point. Both the circles round the buckler are broke. He, having ſhunned the long ſpear, as it flew,—ſtood aſtoniſhed and ſtruck with fear. A ſudden tremor invaded his limbs: And darkneſs involved his eyes. But Achilles, poſſeſſing his ſoul, advanced. He drew the mighty blade, from his ſide—and dreadful-ſhouting, ruſhed, with force, on the foe. But Æneas ſeized a huge ſtone, in his hand: A rocky fragment, enormous in weight: Which two warriors could not raiſe, from the ground;—ſuch, as earth, now, produces mankind. But he lifted the weight with eaſe: With eaſe poiſed it aloft, in the air.

Then had the daring Æneas—ſtruck with the ſtone, as he ruſhed amain—the helm or the ſhield of great Achilles,—which would turn death, from the godlike man: But the ſon of car-ruling Peleus—would, hand to hand, have ſlain the chief: Had not Neptune perceived the ſtrife,—as he ſat, with the deathleſs gods. To them the earth-ſhaking power,—with winged words began: "O gods! now ſorrow invades my ſoul,—for the fate of the daring Æneas. Subdued by the ſon of Peleus,—he quickly muſt deſcend to the dead: In his folly perſuaded to fight, by Apollo, who ſhoots, from afar! Nor turns the god, from the chief, whom he urged

urged—the diſmal fate, which impends o'er his head. But why ſhould a blameleſs man—ſuffer evil, for the crimes of the ſtate? Why ſhould he ſuffer the woes,—which ought, on the guilty to fall? Grateful, ever, his offerings have been—to all the powers, who broad heaven poſſeſs."

"But ariſe, O immortals, and ſave. Let us, now, remove Æneas from death: Leſt the dreadful wrath of Jove ſhould aſcend: If, by Achilles, the hero ſhould fall. The fates fore-ordained his eſcape. They forbid to extinguiſh, at once,—the race of Dardanus divine: Whom, above all his ſons,—the offſpring of Saturn loved from his ſoul. He loved him the moſt of all his race,—born of the bright daughters of men. Long, the family of Priam —have been odious to high-thundering Jove! But, now, the ſtrength of the daring Æneas—ſhall o'er the nations of Ilium reign: The ſons of his ſons ſhall reign—a long ſucceſſion deſcending, through time."

To him the awful Juno replied: "O thou that ſhak'ſt the ſolid earth! Weigh the whole in thy own mighty ſoul: Whether to remove Æneas, from death: Or to lay him ſubdued in his blood—beneath the ſword of the great ſon of Peleus. Often have we, amid the gods—I myſelf and blue-eyed Pallas,—often have we ſworn to

to the powers—that never, by our aid divine—the evil day ſhould be turned, from the Trojans: Not even, when Troy, o'er her bounds,—ſhall be wrapt in deſtructive flame: When proud Ilium ſhall ſmoak amain—beneath the hands of the warlike Argives."

When Neptune heard her words, he moved. Right forward ruſhed the earth-ſhaking power: Through the battle, the tumult of arms,—the clamours of men and the craſhing of ſpears. He came to the daring Æneas,—to Achilles above mortals in fame. Straight he poured thick darkneſs amain—before the eyes of the ſon of Peleus. He drew the ſteel-pointed ſpear—from the ſhield of the daring foe: And laid it bright before the feet of Achilles. He puſhed from him, with force, Æneas: Raiſed aloft from the ground, by his power. O'er many ranks of bright-mailed men: O'er ſteeds arranged in deep array; flew, at one bound, the valiant chief: Receiving motion, from the hand of the god. He came to the fartheſt verge—to the rear of the furious fight: Where the Caucons formed their lines—and armed themſelves, for battle and blood.

Near him ſtood the earth-ſhaking power: "Æneas! Who of all the gods—incited thee, in thy madneſs of ſoul,—to meet, in battle, the great Achilles? To contend,

in arms, with the ſon of Peleus? At once, more powerful in fight? And more beloved of the gods? But retire. Whenever thou meet'ſt him—retire: Leſt, againſt the will of fate,—thou ſhould'ſt deſcend to the halls of death. But when death ſhall cover Achilles. When fate ſhall darken that flame, in war: With boldneſs, fight, in the foremoſt ranks: Urge the battle, hand to hand, on the foe. Thee none of the Argives ſhall ſlay. Thy fate protects thee againſt them all."

Thus ſpeaking, departed the power. Straight, from the eyes of Achilles,—the god the thick darkneſs removed. The whole field roſe, in light, to his view. Deep-ſighing, from his manly breaſt—he ſpoke, thus, to his own mighty ſoul: "O gods! What prodigy is here? What ſight? What new wonder aſcends to my view? Here lies my pointed ſpear on the earth: But the chief, on whom I launched it, is gone. Eſcaped from his death is the man: Whom I wiſhed to transfix, in his blood. Sure, beloved by the gods is Æneas: Though I deemed, that he vaunted in vain. But let him live! Scarce, hereafter, his daring ſoul,—will prompt the chief to engage me, in fight. Even, now, not unwilling, he flies, from his death. But, exhorting to battle the Argives,—to other Trojans my javelin I turn."

THUS ſaying, he bounds through the line: And, thus, exhorts each warrior, with words: "No longer, O Argives divine! Stand diſtant, from the Trojans in fight. Advance. Let man engage his man. Let all urge, with fury, the war. Hard the taſk for Achilles: Though brave, he is, and unyielding in force! Hard it is for ME alone: To follow many,—with ALL to engage. Nor Mars himſelf, a deathleſs god! Nor the ſtirrer of armies Minerva,—could break the lines of ſo mighty a field: Could contend, with ſucceſs, alone. But in proportion to the force of mine arm,—my ſpeed of feet and mine ardor of ſoul,—I will pierce the deep ranks of the foe: Nor, deem I, any warrior of Troy—will rejoice, that approaches my ſpear."

THUS Achilles, inciting, ſpoke: But illuſtrious Hector, aloud,—chides the Trojans and rouzes the war: Affirming that HE, in arms,—will iſſue forth, on the mighty Achilles: "O Trojans, daring in ſoul! Fear not the ſtout ſon of Peleus. Even I myſelf, with vaunting words —could contend with the deathleſs gods: But hard it were to contend with their force,—for THEY are far greater in power! Nor Achilles ſhall ever perform,—the lofty boaſts, which he pours, on the winds. In one thing, the chief may ſucceed: In another, his efforts muſt fail. But on his courſe, I will iſſue in arms: Were his hands,

like the force of deſtructive flame: Like flame deſtructive were his hands: And his heart unyielding as ſteel."

Thus, inciting, the hero ſpoke. The Trojans raiſe, at once, their ſpears. They pour their mighty force, in one place. Wild clamour aſcends to the ſkies. But, ſtanding near Hector divine, thus Phœbus Apollo ſpoke: "O Hector!" began the god: "Now, meet not ſingly the ſtrength of Achilles. Deep-immerſed in the line remain. Receive him mid'ſt the clamour of armies: Leſt he pierce thee, with the javelin, afar: Or wound thee, hand to hand, with the ſword." He ſpoke, and the hero obeyed. At the voice of the god he retired: Deep-immerſed in the ſquadrons of men.

But Achilles bounded on Troy: His ſoul cloathed, in reſiſtleſs force. Terrible roſe the ſhout of the king. He firſt ſlew Iphition, in fight: The gallant ſon of the godlike Otrynteus,—who led many ſquadrons to war. Him the white-boſomed Näis bore,—to Otrynteus, the deſtroyer of towns: The Nymph yielding to a hero her charms,—beneath the ſnow-clad ſummits of Tmolus. Fair from their loves aroſe the youth: In the wealthy ſtate of beauteous Hyda. Him ruſhing forward in fight, —the great Achilles ſtruck, with his ſpear. On his forehead deſcended the lance. The whole head is divided in twain.

twain. Reſounding, he fell to the earth: And, thus, Achilles inſulted the ſlain. "Thou lieſt in death, O ſon of Otrynteus! Thou moſt dreadful of mortal men! Here is thy fate to fall. Thy blood thou deriv'ſt, from afar: From the beauteous lake of Gyges: Where ſpread thy paternal domains: Near the banks of the fiſhy Hyllus, —and the gulphy ſtreams of reſounding Hermus."

Thus gloried the chief, o'er the ſlain. Endleſs darkneſs o'er-ſhadowed his eyes. Him the wheels of the car-born Argives—mangled, as they rolled o'er the field. The hero ſlew then, in his ſtrength,—Demoleon the ſon of Antenor: The ſtout repeller of bloody war! On the helmed temple deſcended the lance. Nor ſtopt the brazen head-piece its courſe. Through the helm paſſed the eager point,—and broke the craſhing ſkull behind. The whole brain is diſcompoſed, within. He falls, ſubdued, though furious in fight. The hero ſlew the ſtout Hippodamus: As, deſcending from his chariot he fled. Through his back paſſed the deadly ſpear,—as, amain, he urged his flight. Deep-groaning he breathes forth his ſoul: As roars a bull, when dragged by force,—to the fane of the Heliconian king: When the youths drag the victim along: Their toil gladdens the earth-ſhaking power. Thus groaning deep, as it went,—his mighty ſoul left his limbs, on the plain.

But,

But, now, the hero ruſhed, with his ſpear,—on Polydorus in form like the gods: The youthful ſon of aged Priam. Him his father detained, from the fight: Becauſe, of all his gallant ſons,—he was the youngeſt and moſt beloved. Graceful roſe his ſtature to view: In the ſwiftneſs of his feet, he excelled. He, in the folly of youthful play,—in his vanity, diſplaying his ſpeed,—ruſhed along the front of battle: And left his hapleſs ſoul, in the race. Him the lance of Achilles divine—ſtruck behind, as, ruſhing, he paſſed. On the golden claſp of the belt fell the ſpear: Where, doubled, the cuiraſs oppoſed. Near his navel appeared, before,—the bloody point of the eager ſteel. On his knees, ſhrill-ſhrieking, he fell. A dark cloud aroſe on his eyes: Yet he gathered, with his hand, as he lay,—his bloody entrails, that iſſued amain.

But when the mighty Hector beheld,—his brother Polydorus in blood: Holding his entrails in his hands: And writhing himſelf, on the ground: A ſudden darkneſs aroſe, on his eyes. No longer could he, diſtant, remain. Straight forward he came, on Achilles. He ſhook, aloft, his ſharp-pointed ſpear: Himſelf like a flame of fire! Achilles bounds, with diſmal joy, at the ſight. He, glorying, theſe words began: "Near is the hated man, who pierced my inmoſt ſoul with wo:

Who

Who ſlew my friend moſt beloved. Nor longer ſhun we one another in fight,—through the paths of devouring war."—Then ſternly, thus, to Hector divine: "Advance, quickly, advance: And reach the goal of deſtructive death."

To him, undaunted in ſoul,—thus, illuſtrious Hector replied: "Son of Peleus! Hope not with words,—to frighten ME, like a timid boy. I alſo might utter reproach. I might pour empty vaunts, in thine ear. Well I know, that valiant thou art: That far ſuperior thou art to Hector, in fight. But ſucceſs depends on the gods: It reſts in THEIR boſoms divine;—whether, though inferior in force, I may not reach, thy life, with this ſpear. Often, bearing death it has ruſhed. MY javelin alſo, is eager for blood."

HE ſpoke: And lanched his long-quivering lance: But Pallas, with her breath divine,—ſtopt the point, from illuſtrious Achilles. Back it flew, from the hero. It fell, again, at the feet of Hector. But Achilles, all furious, advanced: Madly eager to ſlay the foe. With dreadful ſhouts, he advanced. But Apollo bore Hector away. With eaſe, the power removed the chief. With thick darkneſs he involved him, around. Thrice, with his mighty lance,—ruſhed forward Achilles divine: Thrice he drove his

his blazing point, through the boſom of the darkneſs profound. But when, a fourth time, he bounded amain,—bearing forward the force of a god: dreadful-threatening the chief began, with winged words, like theſe:

"Again, wretch, thou haſt eſcaped, from thy death! Surely, near thee advanced was thy fate. But thee Phœbus Apollo has ſaved. To him thou ever raiſeſt thy vows: When thou iſſueſt to the clangor of ſpears. But thee, hereafter, this ſpear ſhall transfix;—when firſt, in combat, thou ſtand'ſt oppoſed: If ſome god ſhall deſcend to mine aid,—to guide forward my deadly ſpear. But, now, I ruſh on the Trojans: And, lay in death, their hapleſs chiefs, as they fly."

Thus, as the hero ſpoke: On the neck he ſtruck Dryops renowned. Before the feet of Achilles he fell. Him he left rolling large, in his blood. On Demuchus, the ſon of Philetor—brave in battle and large in ſize,—the hero ruſhed, as he fled. He pierced his knee, and reſtrained his flight. He ſtruck him, with broad-beaming ſword: And gave his mighty ſoul to the winds. Aſſailing both, he threw, with force, from their car,—Laogonus, and Dardanus brave,—the two ſons of Bias renowned. The one he ſlew afar, with the ſpear: The other, hand to hand, with the ſword.

He

He ſlew Tros, the youthful ſon of Alaſtor. Right forward he came, to Achilles. Vainly hoping, that, by ſeizing his knees—he could appeaſe the fierce ſoul of the chief: That, through intreaty his life he might ſpare: That the foe might pity his tender years. Fool that he was, in his hopes! He knew not this—that he could not perſuade. Not gentle and mild was the man! But revengeful, unyielding and fierce. He ſeized the dreadful knees of the chief: With eager deſire to entreat. But in his liver he plunged his ſword. The liver ſtarted, at once, from the wound. His whole boſom is filled, with his blood. Darkneſs covered his languid eyes: As he poured forth his imprudent ſoul.

Achilles, hand to hand, ſtruck Mulius. At one ear entered the ſpear: And, through the other, diſplayed its point. He ſlew Echeclus, the ſon of Agenor. On his forehead fell the large-hilted ſword. The whole blade is rendered warm, with his blood. Dark fate involved him round: And on his eyes, at once, aroſe—the purple ſhadows of ruthleſs death. He next ſtruck the warlike Deucalion,—where the ſinews braced his elbow with ſtrength. Through his arm paſſed wholly the point. With his hand weighed down with the lance,—the warrior ſtood, well-foreſeeing his death. Him he ſtruck, on the neck, with his ſword. Wide flew the head, with

its beaming helm. The ſpinal marrow burſted forth, with the blood.

But, now, the hero ruſhes amain,—on Rhigmus, the brave ſon of Pireus. He, from fertile Thrace had come,—to urge battle, on the Argives, at Troy. Him he ſtruck in the waiſt, with his lance. The brazen point, in his belly is fixed. Doubled, he fell from his car. The hero wounds his driver behind: Areïthous as his courſers he turned. On his back fell the ſharp-pointed ſpear. He tumbled in death, from his car: The ſteeds ſtart, at his ſounding fall.

As when furious and reſounding on high,—the wide-deſtroying fire is borne,—through the hollow vales of the arid hills. The deep foreſt is burning amain. To every ſide the veering winds bend alternate, the raging flame. Thus all-furious to every ſide,—he is borne, like a god, with his ſpear. He ſlew the flying, as they fled. The dark earth floated round, with their blood. As when the hind ſubmits to the yoke,—the broad-fronted ſtrength of his bulls: To tread out the yellow barley amain,—on the ſacred floor of the golden Ceres. With eaſe is trodden the grain,—by the feet of the loud-lowing bulls: So urged forward, by the mighty Achilles,—his deathleſs ſteeds, as they bounded along,—trod the dead, the ſhield and

helms. The whole axle is ſtained with blood: The ſeat itſelf is drenched with gore; as ſprinkled it burſts on each ſide,—from the feet of the courſers divine: From the ſteel-ſurrounded orbs of the wheels. Aloft ſat the ſon of Peleus: Eager to acquire renown. His invincible hands,—as he ſtretches them forth to deaths,—are ſtained, with duſt, with clotty blood.

THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

BOOK XXI.

WHEN they came, in their rapid flight,—to the clear-ruſhing courſe of the ſtream: To gulphy Xanthus,—deſcended of deathleſs Jove. THERE divided, in two parties, they fled. ONE the hero purſued on the plain. To the city they bent their way: O'er the ſelf-ſame ſpace, where the Argives—fled amain, the preceding day: When raged Hector divine, with his ſpear. Theſe were poured along, in their trembling flight. Awful Juno their ſteps to impede,—ſpread before them impervious night. But half the army were rolled amain,—in the deeply-ruſhing courſe of the gulphy ſtream. They plunged in the river, with mighty noiſe. The broad

boſom

boſom of the current reſounds: And, o'er their windings, hoarſely groan the high banks. Loud-roaring, they ſwim, to and fro,—borne along the gulphy ſtream.

As when driven, by the force of the flame—ſwarms of locuſts quit the field,—and plunge amain, in the river's ſtream. Scorched by the ceaſeleſs fire,—which ſuddenly has reared its beam: Struck with terror they riſe,—and fly, for ſafety, to the flood. Thus before the great Achilles,—the deep ſtream of reſounding Xanthus,—is filled, from bank to bank, with men, with floating cars and ſnorting ſteeds. But the hero divine,—on the bank,—left leaning, on a tamariſk, his ſpear. Like a god, he plunged amain, in the ſtream: Holding only his ſword, in his hand: But brewing many diſmal deeds, in his ſoul. On every ſide, he dealt his blows. The mournful groans of death aſcend. Blood burſts around his deadly blade. The whole river is reddened with gore.

As when, for fear of the mighty dolphin,—the ſmaller fry dart impetuous along. To the inmoſt receſs of the roads,—of the harbours, unexpoſed to the winds, they fly in terror. He hangs on their rear: Devouring all, that his ſpeed can ſeize. So the Trojans, o'er the ſwift-ruſhing ſtream,—hid themſelves beneath the banks. But the hero, when his hands were fatigued,—with conqueſt, with ſlaughter,

ſlaughter, with death,—ſeized twelve choſen youths, in the flood: Living offerings to the fallen Patroclus. Theſe, ſtruck dumb with their mighty fears,—he brought, like trembling fawns, to land. He bound their hands, behind, with thongs: Thongs beauteouſly wrought, which hung,—on bright rings, by their own hapleſs ſides. He gave them bound to his faithful friends,—to be led to the ſhips of the Argives.

But again he plunged large, in the ſtream: Eager to deſtroy and ſlay. He came forward, on the flight of a youth: The graceful ſon of Dardanian Priam: On Lycäon, as he fled from the river. He, whom formerly the hero had ſeized. Him he ſeized, iſſuing forth through the boſom of night: And brought him captive, from the fields of his ſire. The youth was then employed at the ax, cutting the wild fig-tree's tender boughs,—to form the round of the chariot-wheel. An evil unforeſeen came Achilles. He ſeized and ſold the princely ſlave: He ſold him, to be borne o'er the main—to Lemnos well-peopled iſle. The ſon of Jaſon gave the price. But the friendly hoſt of his father,—Imbrian Eëtion redeemed the youth: And ſent him to Ariſbè divine. From Ariſbè he ſecretly fled: And came to his paternal halls. Eleven days, from Lemnos arrived,—he delighted his ſoul, with his friends. On the twelfth, ſome deathleſs power, in his wrath,—threw him,

him, headlong, in the hands of Achilles: To be ſent to the regions of death: Thence never again to return!

Now, when illuſtrious Achilles—perceived him bare, without helmet or ſhield,—without a bright-beaming ſpear in his hand: For ALL he had thrown, on the ground: Sweat covered the youth, as he fled: Fatigue had quite ſubdued his limbs. Wrathful, the hero perceived: And, thus, ſpoke to his own mighty ſoul: "Gods! What new wonder aſcends to my view! Again the daring Trojans,—who tumbled in death from my lance! Again they will riſe, on the field: Burſting the thick vail of infernal night! As this Trojan has returned o'er the deep,—eſcaping the evil day: Though ſold to ſacred Lemnos a ſlave. Nor HIM has the hoary main detained: That many unwilling detains. But now this active prince ſhall taſte,—the deadly point of the Pelian aſh,—that my ſoul, by experience may learn,—whether thus he again ſhall return: Whether earth ſhall the youth confine: The bounteous earth, which reſtrains the brave!"

REVOLVING this, in his ſoul, he ſtood. Struck with terror the youth approached: Eager to embrace his knees. Much he wiſhed, in his troubled ſoul,—deſtructive death to avoid,—and the fate, which was hovering near. In act, Achilles divine—had raiſed his deadly lance to ſtrike. Beneath

neath it, ruſhed the hapleſs Lycaon: And prone on earth, embraced his knees. O'er his back, ſtood in earth the ſpear: Eager to drench itſelf in blood. But the ſuppliant youth ſeized his knees, with one hand: With the other, held the pointed ſpear: And graſpt it, with all his force. His ſupplicating voice he raiſed: And poured theſe winged words, in his ruthleſs ears:

"I SEIZE thee by the knees, Achilles! O regard me! Pity me,—hear! Before thee a ſacred ſuppliant I am, O race of hoſpitable Jove! With THEE I firſt, taſted food,—the fruits of the golden Ceres; on that day, that fatal day! When, ſeized in the well-cultured field,—thou ſold'ſt me to ſacred Lemnos,—far, far from my father and friends. The price of a hundred oxen I brought,—now thrice their value ſhall, for mercy, be told. This is the twelfth fatal morn,—ſince Ilium received me returned. Much have I ſuffered, O chief! To crown miſfortune, pernicious fate—has thrown me in thy mighty hands. Odious to the gods I am! Too much deteſted by father Jove,—who delivers me again to thee."

"ME ſhort of life my mother bore! Laothoè brought me forth to the light: The daughter of aged Altes: Altes, who extended his ſway,—o'er the Leleges in battle renowned. In lofty Pedaſus he dwelt—near Satnio's beauteous

teous ſtreams. Priam HIS daughter poſſeſſed: With many other lovely dames. Of her, WE BOTH, her ſons, were born: Both deſtined to fall, by thy hand: HIM, whom on foot thou ſubdued'ſt,—Polydorus in form like the gods. HE has poured his ſoul, round thy ſpear. HERE fate hovers dark, o'er MY head. I ſhall never, I deem, eſcape: As a god has brought me, thus, to thy ſpear. But another thing I will tell: And weigh it, hero, in thy ſoul. The mother of Hector is not MINE: Of Hector, who ſlew thy godlike friend,—full of pity as valiant in arms!"

THUS ſpoke the hapleſs ſon of Priam. Mournful roſe his ſuppliant words. But ſtern and unrelenting was the voice, which he heard: "Talk not, fool, of ranſoms to ME. Number no gifts, for thy wretched life. Before Patroclus fell ſubdued: Ere fate had covered the firſt of my friends: Then it pleaſed my ſoul to ſpare,—ſomewhat to ſpare the children of Troy. Many I took alive, in the field: Many captives I ſold afar. Now, none ſhall from death eſcape: None whom god, before high Ilium, —ſhall throw, in my deadly hands: None of ALL the Trojan race: And, leaſt of ALL, the children of Priam!"

"DIE THOU alſo, my friend! Why lamenteſt thou thus in vain! Fallen is the mighty Patroclus: A greater far

than THEE lies ſlain. ME ſurvey. Roll o'er me thine eyes: Yet great as I am,—though mighty in battle and graceful in form: Though ſprung from a hero divine: Though of an awful goddeſs born: Yet near me is deſtructive death. Fate cloſes her cloud o'er my head. On ſome morning, or mid-day bright,—or when the doubtful twilight deſcends,—I myſelf am doomed to fall. Some foe ſhall deprive me of life: Or launching forward his deadly ſpear: Or diſmiſſing a ſhaft, from the ſtring."

HE ſpoke: The ſtripling ſhrunk from his words. His heart failed. His limbs were unbraced. His hand fell, relaxed, from the ſpear. He ſat, with arms out-ſtretched. Achilles, with his deadly ſword,—ſtruck the tender neck of the youth. Wholly buried, in the wound, is the blade. Prone on earth, extended he lay. The dark blood flowed and drenched the ground. Achilles ſeized the ſlain, by the foot. He threw him to be borne, on the river's ſtream: And glorying o'er him, with winged words, he began:

"LIE there, among the fiſh, in death. Let the finny tribe ſurround thy corſe, as it floats,—and drink ſecurely thy flowing blood. Nor mother ſhall bewail thee, ſtretched on a bier: But THEE gulphy Scamander ſhall bear, on his courſe,—to the wide back of the hoary main.

THERE

There ſome bounding fiſh ſhall come. He ſhall drag thee, beneath the dark ſurface of ocean: And glut himſelf, with the fat of Lycaon. But periſh all the perjured race: Till ſacred Ilium ſhall fall, by our hands: You, thus, flying along the plain: I, hovering with death, on your rear. Nor your own native river avails. His ſilver current rolls in vain. Unrepaid all your offerings remain: The many bulls, which his altar have ſtained: The living courſers, which ye threw, in his gulphy ſtreams. But, thus, ſhall ye ſink in diſmal death: Till ye all ſhall atone, with your blood,—for the fall of the mighty Patroclus: For the ſlaughter of all the Argives,—whom ye ſlew in my abſence from war."

He ſpoke: The river ſwelled to wrath, at his words. Much the god revolved in his mind,—how he ſhould turn from deſtructive fight—the deadly hand of Achilles divine: How he could obſtruct the chief,—and turn ruin and death, from Troy. Mean time, the daring ſon of Peleus, — ſtretching forward his long-pointed ſpear, — bounds on the mighty Aſteropæus,—eager to give, to death,—the ſon of Pelagon renowned. Him the wide-flowing Axius begot,—and Peribæa, like a goddeſs in form: The eldeſt of the lovely daughters—of Aceſſamenus divine. On the warrior ruſhed great Achilles. Iſſu-

ing forth from the river, he ſtrode. He ſtood oppoſed to the ſon of Peleus: Shaking two long ſpears in his hands. Xanthus poured valour, in his breaſt: For much he raged, for the ſlaughtered youths,—whom Achilles laid, in blood, in his ſtream: Whom, without pity, he ſlew.

When near each other the heroes advanced: Ruſhing forward to mutual wounds: To his foe, with winged words,—firſt began Achilles divine: "Who of mortal men art THOU? Who preſumes to oppoſe me in arms? The children of unhappy parents,—come forward to MY javelin in war."—"Daring ſon of godlike Peleus!" Replied Pelagon's illuſtrious ſon: "Why enquir'ſt thou, concerning my race? I came from a land remote: From Pæonia's beauteous domains: And, o'er the ſpear-armed Pæonians—I extend my high command. This to me is the eleventh morn,—before Ilium expoſed to the winds. But I derive my race divine,—from the wide-ſpreading ſtream of Axius: Axius, whoſe beauteous waters—are diffuſed, o'er all the land. HE begot Pelagon renowned: Pelagon, they ſay, is MY ſire. But no more! Let us fight, illuſtrious Achilles!"

Thus threatening the hero ſpoke. Achilles raiſed the Pelian aſh. At once flew both the ſpears from the foe: For the hero, Aſteropæus—could launch the javelin,

with either hand. With one he ſtruck the ſhield divine: Nor, through and through, paſſed the eager point. The gold prevented—the gift of the god! The other ſlightly touched the arm of the chief. Near his right elbow it paſſed. Forth-iſſued the ſable blood. The ſpear is fixed, in the earth behind: Though eager to pierce the foe.

Next, Achilles urged his ſtraight-ruſhing ſpear,—againſt the breaſt of Aſteropæus: Eager to lay him, in death. From the hero, it ſtrayed, as it flew. But it ſtruck the lofty bank of the ſtream. Half-immerſed in earth, is the aſh. The ſon of Peleus drew his ſword, from his thigh: And bounded forward, with furious mien. But the foe, with his ſinewy arm—could not extract, from the earth,—the heavy aſh of the great Achilles. Thrice he tugged it, with all his force. Thrice, in the effort, he failed. But when, a fourth-time, he prepared in his ſoul,—to break the bending aſh, in the ground: Achilles advanced, hand to hand: And deprived him of life, with his ſword. Through the navel paſſed the point of the blade. His whole entrails are poured, on the ground. Sudden darkneſs aroſe, on his eyes,—as gaſping, he breathed his ſoul. Achilles ruſhed on the breaſt of the ſlain. He ſtript him of all his arms: And, thus, glorying, the hero began:

"Lie,

"Lie, thus, in thy flowing blood. Hard the taſk it is for thee,—to contend, in combat, with the race,—the matchleſs race of all-powerful Jove. Hard the taſk it is for thee! Though deriving from a river thy birth. Thou haſt boaſted thy race divine,—from the god of a wide-ſpreading ſtream: But I glory to derive my deſcent,—from the blood of the ſtorm-ruling Jove. A godlike hero is my ſire: Who, o'er the warlike Myrmidons reigns: Peleus, the ſon of Æacus: But Æacus himſelf was of Jove."

"More powerful is thundering Jove,—than his rivers, that flow to the main. More powerful is the race of high Jove,—than the ſons of a ruſhing ſtream. Near thee, flows a mighty river: If in ought he could avail, in his might. But he knows, that he muſt not contend,—nor urge war, againſt the great ſon of Saturn. Nor Achelöius himſelf,—the king of Rivers! can compare with the god: No; nor the mighty ſtrength—of the deep-ruſhing ſtream of the ocean: From whom the roaring rivers flow,—the ſpreading arms of the foamy main: The ſprings, that guſh amain from the hills: The wells that ſink deep in the ground: Even he dreads the bolt of great Jove: The awful thunder, that rolls on high: When he covers all the heavens, with his ſounding ſtorms."

He ſpoke: And drew his brazen ſpear, from the bank. He, there, left the warrior, in blood. Breathleſs he left him, there: Stretched large, on the yellow ſand. The ſable ſtream ruſhed, o'er his corſe: And tinged itſelf, with blood, as it flowed. The curling eels, the finny tribe—became buſy around the dead. Gliding, they enter the gaping wound—and, nibbling, eat the fat, which covers his reins. But the hero advanced, in wrath, —againſt the ranks of the car-borne Pæonians. They, on the river's banks,—now turned to flight, o'er all their line: When they ſaw, by far, their braveſt in fight—lying ſlain, in the bloody field: Subdued, by the hands of Achilles,—by his deadly ſword transfixed. Then he ſlew the valiant Therſilochus: Then Mydon, and Aſtypylus bold. Mneſus, godlike Thraſius fell: Ænius and brave Opheleſtes.

Now, many more of the car-borne Pæonians—had fallen by the hands of the great Achilles: But incenſed at the ſlaughter,—began the awful river, with gulphs profound. The voice of man the god aſſumed. He ſpoke from his own deep-ruſhing ſtreams: "O Achilles!" began the god: "In valour thou all mortals excell'ſt:— But in fierceneſs, thou all tranſcend'ſt. Dreadful are the deeds of thy hand! The gods themſelves ever aid thee,

thee, in fight! But if the mighty ſon of Saturn,—have given THEE to deſtroy all the foe. Drive them, at leaſt, from MY courſe: And execute his high commands, o'er the field. Choaked up with ſlain are my fair-flowing ſtreams: Nor can I pour, as heretofore,—my rolling waves to the ſpacious main. Cramped with bodies I ſtruggle in vain. None eſcapes from thy deadly ſpear. But thou, deſiſt, O leader of armies! Struck with wonder, thy deeds I behold."

To the god great Achilles replied: "Thy high commands ſhall be obeyed, O Scamander, deſcended from Jove! But, I will not ceaſe to purſue,—to ſlay the treaty-breaking Trojans: Till I cloſe them, in their own lofty town: Till I try, whether Hector divine—ſhall ME ſubdue, in dreadful ſtrife. Or he himſelf fall transfixed, by my ſpear." Thus ſaying, with the force of a god,—he bounded, on the Trojans, amain. Then to far-ſhooting Phœbus—began the River with gulphs profound: "Ha! Bearer of the ſilver bow! Apollo, deathleſs offspring of Jove! Forgot by thy ſoul, are the reſolves,—the high commands of the ſon of Saturn. He bade thee, in many words, to aid,—to ſtand preſent with the warriors of Troy: Till late the evening ſun ſhall deſcend: And darkneſs o'erſhadow the world."

HE

He ſpoke: From the lofty bank,—Achilles bounded, with his ſpear, in the ſtream. Rouzed to wrath is the mighty god. Furious, he rears his high-ſwoln waves. Troubled, he rolls all his ſtreams. From his channel, he throws, amain, the dead: The bodies mangled, by the ſteel of Achilles. Theſe he threw, as he roared, aſhore: Loud-bellowing like a hundred bulls. The living he ſaved, with his beauteous ſtreams,—forming, round them, a watery wall. But dreadful, round the mighty Achilles,—the troubled water ſwelled and foamed. Leaning forward on his broad ſhield,—he turned the current, with the orb. But upborn are his feet, with the ſtream. He ſeized a branchy elm, in his hands: An elm, which flouriſhed large, by the river's ſide. Torn amain, from its roots,—it drew the whole bank along: Repreſſing the roaring ſtream,—as fell, at once, its heavy boughs.

The hero, iſſuing, from the channel, with force,—in terror, urged his flying ſteps, o'er the plain. Nor yet deſiſted the mighty god. He reared his current o'er his banks. Darkening its ſurface, his flood aroſe. He reſolved to turn Achilles from fight: To ſave the Trojans, from ruin and death. High-bounding fled the ſon of Peleus. As far, as a ſpear can fly,—the hero ſprung at every bound. He bore in his courſe, the force of an eagle:

A dark eagle, that deſcends on his prey: The ſtrongeſt, the ſwifteſt of birds! With ſuch force, reſounding he moved. Around his breaſt his armour rung. He urged obliquely his devious flight. Behind him, ruſhing, roared the ſtream.

As when, on the hill's ſloping ſide,—the peaſant, from the dark-flowing ſpring—leads the bubbling courſe of a ſtream,—to his garden and fading plants. The huge mattock he holds, in his hand: And, from the furrow, removes the clods. In this channel deſcends the rill,—rolling the ſounding pebbles along. Murmuring, it flows, down the ſteep,—and frequently its leader outruns. Thus ceaſeleſs, though ſwift was the chief,—the River's ſtream purſued Achilles: For more powerful than men are the gods! But as often, as Achilles divine,—ſtood oppoſed to the ecchoing ſtream: To know whether all the deathleſs powers,—who poſſeſs the ſpacious halls of the ſky,—hung forward, with their force, on his flight: So often the mighty wave—of the River deſcended of Jove,—roſe foaming o'er his ſhoulders broad. He, ſad in ſoul, high-bounded away. The River ſubdued his limbs beneath. Roaring, rapid, obliquely-borne,—the ſtream removed the ſliding earth from his feet. The ſon of Peleus deeply-groaned, from his ſoul: Eying the ſpacious face of the ſky.

"O FATHER

"O father Jove!" The hero ſaid: "Will none of the immortal gods,—aid me, in my ſore diſtreſs? Or ſave me from this dreadful ſtream? Prevent this ſhameful fate, O Jove! Pour, in ſome other form, thy wrath. But none of all the deathleſs gods—I blame, ſo much, as my mother divine. She deceived her hapleſs ſon. She foretold, that I was deſtined to fall—before the walls of the bright-mailed Trojans: That my hovering fate was due,—to the ſhafts of the bowyer Phœbus. O would! That I lay ſlain by Hector: The braveſt chief whom Troy has reared! Then had a mighty hero fallen: A mighty hero had ſpoiled the dead. But now inglorioufly I fall. I am hurried away, by a ſtream: In a mighty river incloſed I ſhall lie. Like a vile ſwine-herd, o'erwhelmed and loſt! Whom, on a rainy day, as he tempts the ford,—the headlong torrent bears drowned to the main."

He ſpoke: And quickly, by his ſide,—roſe Neptune and blue-eyed Minerva. Near the hero, confeſſed, they ſtood: Aſſuming, each, a human form. They ſeized his hand, in their hands. They confirmed him with words divine: And, thus, began the earth-ſhaking power: "Son of Peleus, thy terror ceaſe. Remove the cloud, from thy troubled ſoul: Such the aid thou deriv'ſt from the gods! By Jove's conſent we both are come: I and blue-eyed Pallas attend. It is not in the fates, for Achilles—to

periſh by a river's rage. Soon ſhall HE, from his fury deſiſt. Be patient, and thine eyes ſhall behold! But thou, obey our will divine: Obey, in all, what the gods ſuggeſt. Reſtrain not thy hand from battle,—from the ſtrife of all-equalling war: Till THOU haſt the Trojans incloſed,—all thoſe, who ſhall eſcape from thy lance—within the walls of the ſacred Ilium. THOU, depriving Hector of life—ſhalt return to the hollow ſhips. With THAT glory, we ſhall cover thine arms."

THUS ſpeaking, they flew, on the winds. Rouzed, by the high commands of the gods: He ruſhed forward, along the field. The field was covered, with the floods. Many were the ſplendid arms—many the bodies of warriors ſlain,—that floated amain, on the ſtream! High-bounding the hero ruſhed: Againſt the river's courſe, he ſtrode. The wide-flowing ſtream reſtrained not his ſpeed: Such vigour Pallas had breathed on his limbs. Nor yet Scamander abated his rage. Redoubled roſe the dreadful wrath of the god. He ſwelled the waves of all his ſtreams. He rolled them, roaring, o'er the plain: And, thus, the ſtreamy Simois he urged:

"BROTHER beloved!" Began the god: "We both, with joint force, may reſtrain,—the ſtrength and valour of ONE gallant chief. Elſe HE ſoon ſhall level with

earth,—the ſacred city of godlike Priam. The Trojans have ceaſed, from the fight. All yield to his reſiſtleſs ſpear. But thou, quickly ruſh to mine aid. From thy fountains repleniſh thy rills. Rouze all thy roaring ſtreams, at once. Swell, o'er thy banks, thy mighty wave. Roll together, tumultuous and loud,—trunks of trees and broken rocks. Let us,—refounding amain,—repreſs this great, deſtructive man: Who victoriouſly ſtrides in his might: Who equals the gods in his deeds. But, neither his mighty force ſhall avail: Nor yet that awful form divine: No: Nor that dazzling ſplendor of all his arms: All these, beneath our ſtreams, o'erwhelmed,—ſhall lie concealed in heaps of ſlime. With ſand I ſhall involve him round: And pile mountains of earth on his corſe. Nor can the Argives, in all their zeal,—collect his ſnow-white bones in a tomb,—ſuch a mound ſhall I rear, o'er his head. I ſhall his obſequies perform: His ſepulchre my ſtreams ſhall rear. Nor the warrior interment ſhall need,—when Greece ſhall pay funeral rites to her hero."

He ſpoke: And poured his whole force, on Achilles: Raging amain, o'er his troubled ſtreams. Loud-murmuring, he roared along,—with foam, with blood, with heroes ſlain. The purple wave of the Jove-deſcended ſtream,—ſwelled aloft and fell whole, on the offspring of Peleus.

Awful

Awful roſe the loud voice of Juno. Much ſhe feared for Achilles divine: Leſt the mighty River, in rage, ſhould bear him to his gulphs profound. Straight ſhe Vulcan addreſſed: Thus, roſe her voice to her ſon beloved: "Ariſe to battle! My ſon, Ariſe! To THEE, as equal, is oppoſed in the ſtrife,—gulphy Xanthus, with all his ſtreams. Ariſe. Bring quickly aid, my ſon! Rouze all thy ſounding flames to the fight. But I myſelf will awake o'er the main, the ruſhing blaſts of two powerful winds: The Zephyr, darkening, as he flies,—the rapid force of the ſouthern wind. THEY, bearing forward dreadful flame—ſhall burn the arms and the Trojans ſlain. But THOU, on the banks of Xanthus,—wrap all his crackling trees, with fire. Throw fire in his very ſtream. Nor ſoothing words muſt quell thy rage: Nor be thou turned from thy purpoſe, with threats. Reſtrain not, in aught, the waſteful force: Till I, aloud, the ſignal give: THEN repreſs the devouring fire."

SHE ſpoke: And Vulcan launched his fires. Dreadful-ſparkling, they ruſhed from his hands. Firſt kindled, on the field, were the flames. The god, firſt burnt the Trojans ſlain: Who many and mangled, in blood,—lay amain, by the hero's arm. The whole field is dried o'er its bounds. The leſſened deluge ſhrinks from the plain. As when, in autumn, the northern wind—dries the

the watered garden with eaſe: And o'er his ſoul, exults the ſwain. So dried, o'er its bounds, is the field: When blaze the ſlain, in the heaven-ſent fire.

On the river, the god turned his arms. He launched into the ſtream the fire. The lofty elms, the willows blaze! The low tamariſk, the lotus, the reeds,—which flouriſhed amain, on the banks,—and o'er the ſtreamy river waved. The writhing eels, the fiſhes gaſp: To and fro, they fly from the flame,—and deeply dive, beneath the clear-ruſhing ſtreams. Much they labour for life, in the heat—which the artiſt divine had raiſed. The whole ſtrength of the river burns. Vanquiſh'd Xanthus, thus, addreſſes the gods:

"O Vulcan! Surely none of the gods,—can meet thy force, in equal fight. Nor I with thee, in ſuch battle, will ſtrive: Repreſs, O power, thy dreadful flames. Deſiſt, in pity, from the fight. Straight let Achilles divine,—expel the Trojans and level their town. What have I to do with ſtrife? What with aid, to wretched men?" He ſpoke, burning in the flames of the god. O'er their breadth his waters boiled. As ſwells the huge caldron within, when round it flames the mighty fire: When melting the fat of a high-fed boar. The bubbles riſe, on every ſide: Wide-blazes, beneath, the wood.

Thus

Thus bubbled the River's beauteous ſtreams: Thus boiled his troubled waters, amain. Reſtrained, was his courſe, from the main: O'er it ſpread a cloud of ſmoke: Beneath the force of the artiſt divine. Oppreſſed with heat, the ſuppliant god,—thus addreſſed his prayers to Juno.

"O Juno! Why has thy ſon—deſcended, in his wrath, on my ſtream? Why me more than others infeſt? Nor yet ſo much to blame, is Xanthus,—as other powers, who the Trojans aſſiſt. Yet I will ceaſe to aid thy foes: If ſuch are thy mighty commands. But let this power reſtrain his rage: And I will plight my faith, with an oath: That never ſhall mine aid ward away—the evil day, from devoted Troy: Not when ſacred Ilium itſelf,—involved in flame, ſhall fall to the earth,—beneath the hands of the warlike Argives."

When white-armed Juno heard the god,—ſhe ſpoke, ſtraight, to her ſon beloved: "Vulcan, reſtrain thy rage! Ceaſe thy fury, my ſon renowned! Unjuſt it is to torment a god,—for wretched man, devoted to death." She ſpoke: And the artiſt divine—extinguiſhed his wide-flaming fire. The beauteous waters to their channel returned: And rolled their wonted courſe to the main. But after the ſtrength of Xanthus—lay ſubdued by Vulcan divine: Both the gods reſigned the fight: Reſtrained by Juno, though ſtill ſhe raged.

But on the other deathleſs powers,—dreadful conteſt and battle deſcend. Their heavenly ſouls were divided to all. They favoured different ſides, in the war. With mighty tumult, on each other, they ruſhed. The ſpacious earth groans amain, at the ſtrife: And huge heaven reſounds, o'er its ſpheres. Jove heard the tremendous noiſe: As on ſnow-clad Olympus he ſat. Joy opened o'er the heart of the god: As he beheld the contending powers. Nor they long apart remained on the field. Mars began, the dreadful breaker of ſhields! He firſt ruſhed on blue-eyed Pallas. Holding his brazen ſpear in his hand: He, thus, began with reproachful words:

"Why, moſt audacious of all the gods! Why excit'ſt thou the powers to engage? Endued thou art with matchleſs pride. Thy daring ſoul bears thee forward to ſtrife. Remember'ſt thou not, faithleſs power! Or ſlip thy crimes, from thy haughty ſoul?—When Diomedes was urged, by thy words,—to wound, in battle, this deathleſs form? With thy hand, thou guided'ſt the ſhining lance: Right forward it came, by thy power,—and mixed its point, with the blood of a god. But now vengeance purſues thee, I deem: And thou ſhalt feel, for my former woes."

He ſpoke: And ſtruck, with his mighty ſpear,—the dreadful orb of the taſſelled Ægis: Which even the flam-

ing bolt of Jove—could not ſubdue, in its rage. This the power with ſlaughter ſtained—ſtruck amain, with his dreadful ſpear. But SHE, retiring back apace,—graſpt a ſtone, in her mighty hand: A ſtone, which lay on the field,—dark, rugged, enormous in ſize! Which men, in the days of old,—placed to mark the limits of lands. With this, ſhe ſtruck impetuous Mars. On his neck fell the weight. His huge limbs were unbraced. He ſunk. O'er ſeven acres extended he lay. His locks divine were ſoiled with duſt. His arms reſounded round the god. Blue-eyed Pallas ſmiled, at his fall: And glorying o'er the vanquiſhed power,—thus with winged words ſhe began:

"IMPETUOUS and unthinking god! Perceiv'ſt thou not yet, in thy ſoul: That NOT vain is the boaſt of Pallas,—who glories to excel THEE, in force? Perceiv'ſt thou not my ſuperior ſtrength,—when thus thou ventur'ſt to oppoſe me, in arms? Thy wrathful mother's furies purſue—and lay thee, on earth, by my hand. The evils, contrived for THEE, are come: As thou haſt deſerted the Argives: As thou aid'ſt the treaty-breaking warriors of Troy."

THUS ſaying, ſhe turned away—the awful ſplendour of her eyes. The daughter of Jove, the golden Venus, raiſed

raiſed the fallen power, by the hand. She led him ſlowly from the field. Scarce breathes with pain, the gaſping god: Scarce yet he collected his wandering ſoul. The white-armed Juno beheld them both: With winged words, ſhe to Pallas began: "O gods! Behold that ſight of ſhame! Invincible daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove! Behold again that audacious power! How ſhe leads, through the wide-flaming war,—impetuous Mars, the deſtroyer of men! But thou, purſue, with vengeance, her ſteps."

She ſpoke: The goddeſs heard her with joy. With haſty ſtride ſhe ruſhed on the queen. She ſtruck her, on the white-heaving breaſt,—with the force of her mighty hand. Her beauteous limbs were unbraced, as ſhe ſunk. Darkneſs roſe, on her labouring ſoul. Side by ſide, the vanquiſhed powers—lay ſtretched, on the fruitful earth. O'er them gloried blue-eyed Pallas: And thus, with winged words, ſhe began: "Thus vanquiſhed may all lie diſgraced,—who aid the faithleſs Trojans, in war,—againſt the force of the bright-mailed Argives! Thus ſubdued, lie vanquiſhed the powers: Who, like Venus, gives aid to Mars—oppoſed to the ſtrength of Minerva! Then ſhall the immortal gods,—ceaſe from battle and ſhameful ſtrife: When the high-built city of ſacred Ilium,—ſhall lie levelled with earth, in its ſmoak."

She ſpoke: And Juno, with ſmiles, approved. But the king, who ſhakes the ſolid earth,—thus ſpoke to the far-ſhooting Phœbus: "Phœbus! Why ſtand we apart, in the ſtrife? It becomes not—when the gods are engaged. Diſgrace ſhall cover us both: Should we, without battle return,—to Olympus with ſummits of ſnow,—to the brazen halls of high-thundering Jove. Begin: For thou art younger in years. It becomes not me to begin: As long before thee, I was born: And more knowledge has enlightened my mind. Unthinking god! What folly has veiled thy ſoul? Forgotten, by thee are our wrongs! Remember'ſt thou not in ought,—the evils, which we ſuffered at Troy? When we alone of all the gods,—deſcending from the manſions of Jove: Served the haughty Laomedon,—a whole year, for a ſtated hire? Their city roſe to the Trojan powers,—their lofty wall, from theſe hands divine: Their thick, their ſolid, beauteous walls—to render Ilium impregnably ſtrong. To feed his lowing herds were thy care: In the deep vales of the wood-covered Ida."

"But when the revolving ſeaſons came—with the time for diſcharging our hire: Then the unjuſt Laomedon,—by force defrauded us both of the whole. He diſmiſſed us, with diſgrace, from his preſence: And added threats to injuſtice and ſhame. He threatened to fetter thy feet and

and hands: To ſell thee, as an abject ſlave,—to iſlands remote in the main. To us both he affirmed, in his ſcorn: That, with ſteel, he would ſhorten our ears. Straight we roſe to the manſions of Jove. Wrath darkly ſwelled, on our ſouls: For the hire, which he promiſed we raged: For his threats and his broken faith. And is it for this thou favour'ſt his race? For this, thou oppoſeſt our will:—That Ilium's deep foundations may fall: That the treaty-breaking Trojans may periſh: With their children and tender wives?"

To Neptune replied, in his turn—the long-haired king, that ſhoots from afar: "O thou, that ſurroundeſt the world! Not prudent I ought to be called,—ſhould I raſhly engage with THEE: For mortals, a wretched race! Like the frail ſucceſſions of leaves,—men deſcend on the tide of time. Now they bloſſom, in all their bloom: Deriving vigour from the fruits of the earth: Now, they wither, as they lie on the ground. Then let us abſtain from the fight: Let thoſe, who periſh, in battle engage."

THUS ſpeaking, he backward retired. Much he feared in his deathleſs breaſt,—to mix his hands with the brother of Jove. HIM his ſiſter upbraided aloud: Bright Diana, who delights in the chace! The goddeſs of deſarts began. She ſpoke reproachful words, like theſe: "Fly'ſt thou then,

then, THOU that ſhoot'ſt, from afar? Reſign'ſt thou to Neptune the field? With ſuch eaſe, haſt thou given him renown? Vain god! Why this martial parade? That uſeleſs bow, which reſounds, as thou ſtrid'ſt? Henceforth thine empty vaunts forbear. Boaſt no longer, in the manſions of Jove: As heretofore, in the ears of the gods: That thou could'ſt contend, in dreadful ſtrife,—with Neptune, who rules the main."

SHE ſpoke: Nor in ought replied,—bright Apollo, who ſhoots from afar. Rage ſeized the awful ſpouſe of Jove. She upbraided the ſhaft-loving queen: And thus began, with reproachful words: "How preſum'ſt thou, audacious power! To ſtand oppoſed to me in arms? Hard ſhall I prove for Diana in force: Though laden, with her quiver and bow! Jove ordained thee a plague to thy ſex: Among women THEE a lion he made,—to ſlay, whom thou wilt, with thy ſhafts. More eaſy it is o'er the wilds,—to lay the ſavage race, in their blood: O'er the deſart, the hind to purſue: Than with thy betters to combat in war. But if a trial Diana would make: Let her riſe. In thy woes thou ſhalt find,—how ſuperior is Juno in force."

SHE ſpoke: Both her wriſts ſhe eagerly ſeized. Her left hand graſpt them both amain: With her right, from her ſhoulders divine,—ſhe tore the quiver replete with

ſhafts. Round the huntreſs, alternately urged,—on either ſide, the quiver flew. The goddeſs winds her fair form, from the blows. The winged arrows are ſtrewed, on the ground. Burſting into tears, ſhe roſe,—like a dove, on the veering winds: A dove, that from the falcon flies—to the dark cleft of the hollow rock: her wonted retreat, from the foe: Not yet deſtined by fate to fall. Thus burſting into tears ſhe flew. Her bright quiver remained behind.

But to the long-haired Latona,—winged Hermes theſe words began: "Nor I, Latona, with thee will contend. Hard the taſk it is to contend—with the awful wives of the ſtorm-ruling Jove! Boaſt freely, O long-haired queen! Go. Triumph, among the gods. Declare to all,—that by thee ſubdued,—I reſigned the renown of the fight." Thus he ſpoke: Nor replied Latona. She collected the ſhafts and the bow: Which lay ſtrewed, o'er the duſty field. With theſe, the goddeſs roſe, on the winds. She followed her daughter beloved.

To broad Olympus Diana came: To the bright, brazen manſions of Jove. The lovely daughter diſſolved in tears—ſat ſilent. Round her trembled her robe divine. The ſon of Saturn embraced her, with ſmiles: And thus queſtioned the ſhaft-bearing queen: "Who hath done this

this miſchief?" He ſaid. "Who, daughter beloved, of the gods? Who has raſhly ſtretched forth his hand: As if THOU wert guilty of crimes?" To him replied, in her grief,—the creſcent-crowned huntreſs of hinds: "ME thy ſpouſe has covered with woes: The white-armed conſort of thundering Jove! She the ceaſeleſs author of ſtrife! Of dire contention, among the gods!"

THUS THEY ſpoke, in the manſions of Jove: But Phœbus Apollo aſcended to Troy: To ſacred Ilium expoſed to the winds. HIS was the care of the lofty wall: The defence of the high-built town. Leſt the Argives, oppoſed to the fates—ſhould, on that day, level Ilium with earth. To Olympus retired the gods: The ever-living returned to their ſire. Some ſat, moping, in ſilent wrath: But others exulted in fame. In the halls of their father, they ſat: Near the ruler of darkening ſtorms.

BUT Achilles hung forward on Troy: He ſlew the people, he ſlew the ſteeds. As when a dreadful ſmoke aſcends,—covering the azure face of the ſky: When hoſtile flames inwrap a town: When, from the wrath of the gods it deſcends. To all it toil and labour brings: To many deſtruction and death. Thus Achilles poured, on Troy,—toil, trouble, deſtruction, and death. In the lofty tower of the Scæan gate;—the aged Priam trembling ſtood.

ſtood. He ſaw the large form of the mighty Achilles: And before him the flying Trojans. Broken, ſcattered they fled o'er the plain: No force, no vigour remained! Loud-wailing their ſovereign deſcends—to iſſue orders, behind the wall,—to the valiant guards of the gates.

"Hold wide-open the gates in your hands. Receive the flying troops, from the field. Near is deſtroying Achilles. He ſcatters, he flays the rear. Near is the ruthleſs chief: And I forbode the worſt in my ſoul. But when the army is all incloſed: When, here, they ſhall breathe from their toil: Again ſhut the portals with ſpeed. Shut out Achilles and death. Much I fear that this dreadful chief,—will burſt his way through our ſacred walls."

They opened the wide portals with ſpeed. They threw back the heavy bars, with their hands. The gates received to ſafety the hoſt. Apollo bounded forth, in his ſtrength: To turn deſtruction, from the warriors of Troy. Right to the city their way they held: Parched with heat and whitened with duſt. From the field they ruſhed amain, to the wall. He purſued, with his deadly ſpear. Diſmal rage poſſeſſed wholly his heart: And, he furiouſly followed renown. Then had the ſons of the Argives,—ſeized Troy, through her lofty gates: Had not Phœbus

Apollo—rouzed the ſoul of Agënor divine: A hero born, the ſon of Antënor; brave in battle and high in renown. He poured valour in the ſoul of the chief. Near the hero ſtood the god: To turn away death's dreadful hands. Againſt the beech of Jove, he ſtood: Covered over, with thickeſt night.

But when Agënor beheld Achilles,—he ſtood. Much revolved his darkening ſoul in his breaſt: When he waited the deſtroyer of towns. Deeply-ſighing the hero began: Thus addreſſing his own mighty ſoul: "Ah me! What reſource now remains! Should I fly from the mighty Achilles,—along the path, by which others fly! Soon his ſpeed would o'ertake my ſteps: Like a coward I ſhould fall by his hands. But ſhould I deſert my friends: And leave them thus diſperſed and o'erwhelmed,—by the deadly ſpear of the ſon of Peleus: Should I turn my flying ſteps from the walls,—and urge my courſe o'er the Trojan plain: Entering the ſhadowing groves,—the ſhrubby ſides of the ſacred Ida. So may I plunge in the river's ſtream,—waſh the duſt, from my wearied limbs: And under the dewy wing of the eve,—return to the high-walled Troy.

"But why debates my dubious ſoul with herſelf? Should he behold my departure. My flight from the town, o'er the field.—Soon would he gain, on my ſteps,—

urging

urging forward, his rapid ſtrides. No hopes of eſcape ſhould remain: No refuge from inſtant death: For much he tranſcends in ſpeed: In valour the human race. But ſhould I advance, on his courſe: Before the city, encounter his lance: He alſo is pervious to ſteel: His body is ſubject to wounds. He has but one ſoul, in his breaſt: Men affirm, that he a mortal was born. But the gods give ſucceſs to his arms: The ſon of Saturn has cloathed him, with fame."

Thus ſpeaking, he turned his ſteps. He awaited the approach of Achilles. His heart heaves high with valiant joy,—to encounter ſo mighty a foe. As the Panther when he iſſues, amain,—from the deep thicket, in rage,—againſt the hunter and all his ſhafts. He turns not to flight, from his ſteel. He hears, unſtartled, his clamorous hounds. Though wounded, at hand, by the lance,—or afar by the barbed dart: He deſiſts not, though transfixed, from the fight. He ſlays his foe, or himſelf lies ſlain. Thus the ſon of Antenor renowned,—Agënor of form divine,—diſdained to retreat from the fight: To leave the force of Achilles untried. He ſtood collected behind his broad ſhield. He held forward on the hero his ſpear: And thus to Achilles aloud:

"Great were thy hopes, illuſtrious Achilles! That, on this fatal day, thy ſpear,—was deſtined to level with

earth,—the city of the Trojans renowned. Miſtaken man! Many woes and diſaſters remain to THEE—ere yet we ſhall yield to thine arm. In Troy we are many and brave,—ſtill ready to contend with the foe: To guard Ilium, for our parents beloved,—for our children and tender wives. But even THEE—though dreadful thou art, though a warrior of matchleſs renown,—ſhall fate cover here from the light."

HE ſpoke: And, from his ſinewy arm,—diſmiſſed the pointed ſpear, on the foe. Nor ſtrayed the gleaming lance from the mark. He ſtruck the hero below the knee. The greaves of tin lately-laboured with art—reſounded harſhly to the ſpear. The ſteel, unpiercing, reſulted amain: Stopt ſhort by the gift of the god. The ſon of Peleus next aſſailed—Agenor of form divine. But Apollo prevented his fame. He bore the gallant foe away: Involving him in darkneſs around.

THE god, deluding great Achilles—turned the hero, from the people of Troy. The far-ſhooting king aſſumed the form—the manly port of the great Agënor. Before his ſteps, confeſſed, he ſtood. With rapid ſtrides, he purſued him amain. Whilſt HE, o'er the wheat-bearing field,—extended his ſteps in purſuit: Toward the river turned the god: To loud Scamander, with gulphs profound.

found. Small the ſpace he flew before. Apollo allured the hero's ſteps. He ever hoped to outſtrip, in the race, —the awful god, in human form.

Meantime, the flying warriors, of Troy—crowded with joy through the gates. They breathed, within their walls, from toil. The whole city is filled, with the hoſt. Nor they ſuſtained, without the wall: Without the gates of ſacred Troy,—to wait, each, for their flying friends: To know the detail of the troops: And who eſcaped, or fell in war. With eager ſpeed they poured through their gates: Each, whom his active limbs, had borne—from danger and the tempeſt of arms.

THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

BOOK XXII.

THUS, like timid fawns, the Trojans—diſperſed, panting, o'er all their town. They wiped the duſt from their weary limbs: And cheered, with cooling draughts, their ſouls. Their beauteous battlements they manned: Leaning forward, with their ſteel, to the foe. But the deep line of the Argive powers—approached, ſlowly, the walls of Troy: Inclining on their ſhoulders their ſhields. Hector alone remained,—chained down, by deſtructive fate: Before the heaven-built towers of Ilium,—before the lofty Scæan gate.

BUT the far-ſhooting Phœbus—undeceiving Achilles ſpoke: "Why purſueſt thou ME, ſon of Peleus? Why urge

urge thy rapid ſteps, on my flight? Thou only a mortal man! But I an immortal god! Nor to THEE was given to diſcern—the power divine in human form. Ceaſeleſs fury has diſtracted thy ſoul. Nor longer battle commands thy care: Nor all thy warlike toil with Troy. The enemy is loſt to thy ſpear. Safe-incloſed is the foe in his walls: Whilſt THOU, in idle purſuit haſt hither diverted thy ſpeed. Nor ME thy deadly ſpear can ſlay: Nor ſubject to death are the gods!"

To HIM in wrath, the mighty Achilles: "Thou haſt injured my fame, Apollo! Thou moſt pernicious of all the gods! Thou haſt robbed me of half my renown,—by turning my ſteps, from the wall. Elſe many had bit the ground in death: Ere they yet had aſcended to Troy. Now my glory thou haſt torn, from my hands: With eaſe, thou haſt ſaved the foe,—from future vengeance ſecure! Thy want of fear, has ſuggeſted the wrong. But were the means of vengeance mine,—this injury ſhould not paſs unreturned."

He ſpoke: And elated in ſoul,—toward the city ſtrode amain: Forceful-ruſhing, like a ſteed,—when victorious in the race, with his car: With mighty effort he ſcours along,—reſounding as the plain he devours. Thus rapidly moved Achilles: Stretching forward his mighty limbs.

limbs. Him Priam, firſt beheld, with his aged eyes: Blazing forth, like a dreadful ſtar,—as bright he ſtrode along the plain: Like the ſtar, which in autumn aſcends. Brightly-beaming ſtream its rays,—o'er the ſtilleſt hour of night. The other ſtars ſhrink pale from its awful blaze! Mortals call it the dog of Orion. The moſt ſplendid of all heaven's hoſt. But hung aloft a dire portent: Pouring heat and fell diſeaſe,—on the nations of hapleſs men.

Thus, round the breaſt of the ruſhing chief,—ſhone afar the braſs divine. Loud-roſe the mournful voice of the aged. He ſtruck his head, with uplifted hands. He ſhrilly-reared his wailing voice. He intreated his ſon beloved. But his ſon ſtood darkly at the gate. Much burnt his eager ſoul within: To mix in fight, with Achilles divine. Mournfully the aged ſpoke: Stretching forth his withered hands:

"O Hector, ſtay not, ſon beloved! Stay not, unſupported alone! Meet not this warrior in fight: Let not theſe eyes behold thee ſlain! Subdued by the ſon of Peleus: Who, in force, excels thee far! Deſtructive chief! O would that he were—as little loved by the gods as by Priam: Soon bloody hounds his corſe ſhould tear,—and vultures flap, round him, their wings. A gleam of joy would ariſe, on my heart: Bitter ſorrow would half-

quit

quit my ſoul. Of many ſons he ME deprived. Of many gallant ſons: Or ſlain,—or ſold captives, to diſtant iſles."

" Two meet not, now, mine aged eyes: Lycaon and young Polydorus. Two I perceive not, amid the hoſt. From Laothoë they ſprung: Laothoë, among women divine. But, if they breathe, in yonder camp—much of gold, and of burniſhed braſs,—ſhall be paid, for their freedom and life. Much, ſtill, within my halls remains: The wealth of Altes afar-renowned: Which he gave to his daughter beloved. But if, in battle, both are ſlain: If wander their ſouls, in the regions of death. Then ſorrow ſhall lie deep, on my heart. Much their hapleſs mother ſhall mourn."

" But for THEE, a whole people ſhall mourn. The Trojans defenceleſs and loſt! Should'ſt thou, yield thyſelf to death,—ſubdued by the ſon of Peleus. But enter thou the wall, my ſon. Save the Trojans, the Trojan dames. Save thine own important life. Give not to Achilles renown. Pity ME worn down with ills. Pity, while yet my ſenſes remain. Pity an unhappy king,—whom Jove, on the laſt limits of age,—has doomed to fortune's bittereſt woes. Many evils have I yet to behold: My valiant ſons in battle ſlain! My daughters raviſhed, in my ſight!

My bridal chambers diſcloſed to the foe! My infant off-ſpring daſhed on earth: My people floating in their blood! The wives of ſons to ſlavery led,—by the deſtructive hands of the Argives!"

"Then ſhall come the completion of woes! Priam ſhall fall the laſt of his race. In the gates of my own lofty dome,—me, perhaps, ſhall dogs devour: When ſome foe—or with ſhaft or with ſpear,—ſhall have deprived this feeble body of life. Me, perhaps, ſhall dogs devour: Thoſe whom I reared in my ſplendid halls, the attendants of my table! The faithful guardians of my gates! Theſe ſhall drink their maſter's blood: And growing furious from the draught,—ſhall lie, with lolling tongues, in the ample porch. But graceful lie the young, in their blood. Their wounds become them,—when torn with ſteel. Nor, in ought, is diſguſtful the ſight. Beauteous, even in death, they appear. But when the head whitened with years,—the hoary beard, the ſhrivelled form,—the furrowed features of the aged are torn,—at once the ſport and prey of dogs: Then miſery aſcends to her height! The laſt meaſure of misfortune is full."

Thus the aged ſpoke, in his grief. He tore his hoary hair, with his hands. His hoary hair he tore amain. But he changed not Hector's mighty ſoul. His mother reared her

her parent voice: Loud-wailing and drowned in her tears. With ONE hand, ſhe laid her boſom bare: With the other, her breaſt expoſed. Thick-deſcend the warm tears, on her cheek. With winged words ſhe addreſſed her ſon:

"O HECTOR! O my ſon beloved! Revere THESE, and pity me. If ever, with this parent breaſt, I ſettled thine infant cries. Remember THESE, my ſon beloved! Repel the ruthleſs, cruel foe. Oppoſe theſe lofty walls to his rage. Enter the gate, too-daring chief! Stand not to contend, in arms. Alas! Should'ſt thou fall, by his hand: Never ſhall theſe parent eyes,—drench thee, with tears, on the mournful bier. Unwept by her, who bore thee, Hector! Unwept, by thy high-born ſpouſe. Far, ah! far remote from US,—thee hoſtile dogs ſhall tear amain: At the ſhips of the Argive powers."

THUS THEY addreſſed the voice of wo,—their ſuppliant voice to their ſon beloved! Nor bent they Hector's daring ſoul. Reſolved he ſtands firm in his place. He waits the near approach of the mighty Achilles. As when a dreadful ſnake, in his brake,—hears the tread of the coming ſwain. High-fed with poiſonous herbs, he ſwells: Dire rage pervades his whole frame. Horrid glare his fiery eyes. He rolls his glittering length, round his den: So Hector kindling, in his breaſt,—the unextinguiſhable force of his

ſoul,—retreated not, as the foe approached. Againſt a tower the hero leaned;—on the bright orb of his ſpacious ſhield. Indignant rolled his thoughts within: And thus he ſpoke to his mighty ſoul:

"Ah me! What courſe ſhall I take? Shall I enter this gate and theſe walls? Polydamas will be the firſt—to load me, with bitter reproach. He, on that deſtructive night,—when great Achilles roſe in arms,—he adviſed to lead off the Trojans: To ſhelter in Ilium the troops. Yet I obeyed not the warrior in ought: Though to obey were better far! But, now, that through my fatal folly I loſt—my people, my honour, my friends: I dread the reproach of the Trojans,—the Trojan dames with ſweeping robes: I dread the voice of cowardly men: Thus, perhaps, they will ſpeak, in mine ear: "Hector truſting to his ſtrength,—loſt his people and his country deſtroyed."—Thus they will ſpeak aloud. For me it then were better far: Or to return, having ſlain Achilles: Or, for the city, to fall by his hands."

"What, if laying down this ſhield: This boſſy orb, that ſhines ſo bright: The helm that glitters to the ſun? What, if leaning this ſpear on the wall: I ſhould advance to the mighty Achilles: And promiſe Helen to reſtore? The treaſure, which ſhe brought, from afar? The wealth,

which in his hollow ſhips,—ill-fated Paris brought to Troy? What if I ſhould promiſe all that rouzed this war around our walls:—All that aſſembled Greece demands,—to be borne away by the ſons of Atreus? If I ſhould pledge my faith to divide—with the other warriors of Argos,—the hidden wealth of high-walled Troy? That I ſhall exact of the Trojans—a ſolemn oath to diſcloſe their ſtores? To give the half to the warlike Argives—of all, that this beauteous town contains?"

"But why debates with herſelf my ſoul? Will ſuppliant Hector move the chief? Will he pity my abject ſtate? Will he my perſon revere, in ought? He will rather ſlay me unarmed,—like a woman, without peril or ſtrife. This is no ſeaſon to talk with Achilles: As when beneath an oak or a rock—a youth and virgin talk at eaſe: A youth and virgin, meeting by chance, converſe. Hence all thoughts, but thoſe of blood! It is better, at once, to engage: To know with ſpeed, whoſe martial arm—is deſtined, by Jove, for renown."

Whilst this he revolved in his ſoul: Near him approached the mighty Achilles: Like warrior Mars, ſhaking high his bright helm. O'er his right ſhoulder the chief—ſhook aloft the Pelian aſh. Dreadful gleamed the brazen point. All his dazzling arms ſhot flame: Like the

the lightening of father Jove: Like fire, that burns with ceaſeleſs rage: Like the beams of the riſing ſun! Mighty Hector ſtruck, with fear, at the ſight,—ſuſtained not the hero's approach. He left the lofty gates behind. He ſcoured, frightened, around the wall. The ſon of Peleus ruſhed amain—truſting to the ſpeed of his limbs.

As a falcon on his native hills,—the ſwifteſt bird, that flies on the wind,—ſhoots forward with all his force,—on the courſe of the timid dove. She obliquely ſhuns the foe. Reſounding, on his pinions, he flies—darting, frequent, on the wing. Eager burns his ſoul for the prey. Thus burns the mighty Achilles,—darting forward, with eager ſpeed. Hector fled amain, from the chief. Around the walls of the Trojans he held:—Quick-moving his active limbs.

Beyond the high watch-tower they paſſed: Beyond the fig-trees, that reſound in the winds. They came to the river's beauteous ſource,—to the two fountains of gulphy Scamander: One, hot, iſſues forth to the light,—ſmoaking as it rolls along. The other, even in ſummer, flows,—cold as hail or driven ſnow,—or water congealed into ice. In ample ciſterns, falls each of the ſtreams: Beauteous, wide, of marble formed: Where the dames of the warlike Trojans: Where their daughters of ſplendid charms,—

charms,—waſhed their beauteous robes, in the ſtream,—in the quiet ſeaſon of peace. Ere yet came the Argives to Troy. Beyond theſe the heroes bounded amain. One fled, the other hung, on his flight. Valiant was the chief, who fled; but more valiant the chief, who purſued. Nor for the victim, nor for its extenſive hide,—nor for any wonted prize of the race,—the heroes urged their rapid ſteps. They ran for the gallant ſoul—of Hector, the breaker of ſteeds.

As when courſers, who had oft won the prize,—turn with ſounding ſpeed the goal. Eager they devour the plain: For great is the prize propoſed: Or tripod or white-boſomed maid;—in honour of the mighty dead. Thus, thrice the chiefs round the city of Priam,—urged the circling race, along. The deathleſs powers beheld the whole: And, thus, with winged words began,—the awful father of men and of gods:

"Unpleasing is the ſight, ye gods! Which now preſents itſelf to mine eyes! A hero beloved of Jove,—driven round his native walls! My very ſoul grieves for Hector divine. Many were his offerings to me: Many oxen have ſmoaked, from his hand—on the ſummits of ſtreamy Ida. Oft the ſavour of his victims aroſe,—from the higheſt towers of Troy. But, now, Achilles divine,—hangs forward, with ſwift ſteps, on his flight,—round the city of godlike

godlike Priam. Quick, deliberate, all ye gods! Conſult, among yourſelves, with ſpeed: Whether to ſave the hero from death,—or ſubdue him, though virtuous and good,—beneath the lance of the ſon of Peleus."

"O father!" blue-eyed Pallas replied: "Why theſe words, O ſtorm-ruling Jove? Why deliver, from diſmal death,—a mortal man, long deſtined to fate? Do. But we the other gods—ſhall never approve of the deed." To her replied the ſtorm-ruling Jove: "Confide in thy ſoul, Tritonia! Daughter beloved, confide. Not determined, I ſpoke, from my ſoul. To Pallas I wiſh to be mild. Do, as ſeems good to thy mind. Accompliſh thy purpoſe and will."

He ſpoke: And urged her already prompt. She threw herſelf, with force, on the winds: And deſcended, from the brows of Olympus. Unceaſing the ſwift Achilles,—purſued Hector divine, round the wall. As a hound, on the ecchoing hills,—purſues the fawn of a bounding hind: Rouzed ſuddenly from her retreat. Through deep vales, through the bruſhwood ſhe flies: And ſhould ſhe cowr in the thickeſt copſe: He gathers her footſteps, on wind: Till he finds and devours the prey. Thus Hector could not evade—the eager ſpeed of the great ſon of Peleus.

As

As often as he turned his long ſtrides,—to the lofty Dardanian gates: When right-forward he urged his courſe,—to the well-built, Ilian towers: That his townſmen aloft from the walls,—might pour their flying darts, on the foe: So often the great ſon of Peleus,—ruſhed between, and drove him a-field. But HE turned ever his ſteps,—near the walls of his much-beloved town. As when a man, involved in dreams,—in vain purſues another that ſeems to fly: Nor THIS can eſcape with his ſpeed: Nor THAT is able to overtake. Thus Achilles failed to o'ertake: Thus Hector to eſcape from his foe.

By what means, could the godlike Hector,—thus long have eſcaped his fate: Had not Phœbus advanced, on his courſe,—and poured ſtrength on his ſinewy limbs? But Achilles divine, as he ſtrode—gave a ſign to his warlike troops. He ſuffered them not to launch—their pointed darts, on the flying chief. Leſt another ſhould ſhare the renown—which the hero would wholly enjoy. But when, a fourth time they came,—to the ſprings of the ſacred Scamander: Then the father lifted high, in his hands,—the golden balance, that ſhews the fates. In this he placed, on either ſide,—the two fates of long-ſleeping death: In THAT the fate of godlike Achilles,—in THIS that of Hector divine. By the middle he raiſed them, aloft: The fatal day of Hector inclined,—and ſunk to the regions of death.

Straight Apollo forſook the chief: But blue-eyed Pallas approached, with ſpeed,—to the ſide of the great ſon of Peleus. Near the hero, the goddeſs ſtood: And, thus, with winged words began:

"Now, beloved of Jove!" She ſaid: "Illuſtrious Achilles, I deem: That we ſhall bear back great renown,—to the hollow ſhips of the Argive powers: By ſlaying Hector, in diſmal fight—though inſatiable is the hero in war! Nor longer ſhall the warrior eſcape: Should far-ſhooting Phœbus, with all his prayers,—roll himſelf, at the feet of his father,—intreating Ægis-bearing Jove. But thou, ſtop and breathe, from the race. I will approach the foe: And perſuade him to meet thee, in fight."

Thus ſhe ſpoke: And the hero obeyed. Gladneſs roſe, a light, on his ſoul. Leaning, he ſtood on his aſhen ſpear. She, leaving the chief, advanced: She came up with Hector divine. She aſſumed the form of Deïphobus,—the hero's unwearied voice! Near the hapleſs chief, ſhe ſtood,—and thus addreſſed him, with winged words: "O brother beloved and revered! Much thou art preſſed, by the mighty Achilles! Purſuing thee, thus, amain,—round the city of godlike Priam. But ſtop: Let us ſtand to the foe: Here remaining, his force repel."

To

To her, godlike Hector, replied,—waving, aloft, his various helm: "Deïphobus!" The hero ſaid: "O ever moſt-beloved, by my ſoul,—of all the ſons, whom Hecuba bore to Priam! But now I add honour to love,—as thou haſt ſuſtained, for my ſake—oppreſſed as I am, by the foe,—to iſſue forth from the ſacred Ilium: While others cowr behind her walls."

To him the blue-eyed Pallas replied: "O brother beloved and revered! Much my father, much my mother in tears,—low-bending, embracing my knees: Much my kinſmen, my friends beloved,—much the people entreated my ſtay: For dreadful panic has ſeized them all. But my ſoul was transfixed with my grief: I could not behold thee and ſtay. But, now, let us urge the furious fight. Let the ſpears fly amain, from our hands. Let us try, whether mighty Achilles,—ſlaying both, ſhall return to the ſhips;—bearing aloft our bloody ſpoils: Or, whether, ſubdued by thy ſpear,—the hero ſhall breathe his laſt."

Thus deceiving, the goddeſs ſpoke. Right-onward ſhe led the way. When, near each other, the heroes came,—bending forward, with all their arms: Hector, firſt, began to the foe: Waving aloft his various helm: "No more, ſon of godlike Peleus! I fly thy ſteps or decline the

fight. Thrice round the lofty city of Priam—have I fled: Nor ſuſtained I thy rage. But, now, his ſoul bids Hector to ſtop. I, now, oppoſe thee, chief, in arms: Determined to ſlay or be ſlain. But let us call to witneſs the gods: They the beſt witneſſes are: They are guardians of oaths and of leagues. Thy corſe I ſhall not diſhonour in ought: Should Jove grant ſucceſs to my ſpear: And call forth thy ſoul, round my ſteel. Stripping thee of thy beauteous arms,—I ſhall reſtore thy corſe to the Argives. This alſo, do thou, Achilles!"

Sternly turning his eyes on the chief,—the mighty Achilles replied: "Hector, moſt deteſted of men! Speak not of leagues to me. As faithful treaties can never ſubſiſt,—between mankind and lions of prey: As the wolf and timid lamb,—can never in ought agree: They always burn with ceaſeleſs rancor and mutual hate: So no friendſhip, no compact, no league,—can ever ſubſiſt between Hector and me. One or other, this inſtant, ſhall die: Shall glut with his flowing blood—fierce Mars, the invincible god! Rouze, then, all thy knowledge in fight. It much behoves thee to wield thy ſpear: To ſhew thyſelf dauntleſs and firm: A warrior unyielding and ſtrong! No farther eſcape is for thee! Straight Pallas ſhall lay thee in blood,—beneath the eager point of my ſpear. At once,

thou ſhalt pay, with thy life,—for all the woes of my friends beloved: For all whom thy lance has ſlain."

He ſpoke: And threw his forceful lance. Illuſtrious Hector beheld—and ſhunned the gleaming point, as it came. Stooping forward, he avoided the death. Above, flew reſounding the ſpear: And quivered, as it ſunk in the ground. Minerva drew the lance from the earth. She reſtored it to mighty Achilles: Unknown to illuſtrious Hector,—the ſhepherd of his people in war. The chief, elated into hope,—addreſſed his words to the great ſon of Peleus:

"Thou haſt wandered, from thine aim, great Achilles! Nor from Jove haſt thou learned my fate. What thou ſaid'ſt, was wholly thine own. But thou art boaſtful and artful in ſpeech: Thou hoped'ſt to unman my ſoul: To render me forgetful of war. Yet thou ſhalt not, as Hector flies,—fix, behind, with thy ſpear, a wound: But as I ruſh onward in fight—drive thy lance, through this daring breaſt: If a god ſhall give renown to thine arms. Now, Thou, in thy turn avoid—the brazen point of my deadly ſpear. Would! It whole were received in thy breaſt: Then lighter the war would become,—to the Trojans, to Troy, to her king: For pernicious art thou, to them all!"

He

He ſpoke: And threw his mighty lance. Nor ſtrayed the bright point, from the aim. He ſtruck the ſhield of the great Achilles. Reſulting flew the lance, from the orb. Rage darkened, the ſoul of the chief: As the ſpear ruſhed in vain, from his ſinewy arm. He, dejected in countenance ſtood. Nor other ſpear remained, now, to the chief. He called his brother with lofty voice: He the ſhielded Deïphobus called. He demanded a ſteel-pointed lance: Nor brother, nor lance is near. The chief perceived the whole in his ſoul: And, thus, deſponding, he ſpoke:

"Alas! The hour of Hector is nigh. The gods ſurely have called me to death. I deemed that the hero Deïphobus,—was near, in his brother's aid. But he within the wall, remains. Me, Pallas, throughout, has deceived. Near me hovers deſtructive fate. No reſource, and no hope of eſcape! This, has long been determined by Jove—by Jove's ſon, who ſhoots from afar! Heretofore they extended their arms: They delivered, from perils, my life: Now fate, has demanded my ſoul. But, inglorious, I ſhall not depart. Some mighty deeds ſhall adorn my name: And ſend me renowned to future times."

This ſaying, his ſword he unſheathed: His mighty, his heavy ſword,—which hung looſe, by the hero's ſide.

High-

High-bounding, he ruſhed on the foe: As the high-flying eagle of heaven,—when, reſounding, he deſcends, through the clouds,—to ſeize the tender lamb, on the field: Or timid hare, in her lonely ſeat. Thus Hector bounded forward, with force: High-raiſing his beamy ſword. Achilles all-furious advanced. He filled his ſoul, with ſavage rage. He ſtretched, before his ample breaſt,—his beauteous, high-wrought, ſolid ſhield. His four-coned helm, with awful gleam—nodded high, on the brows of the king. The golden plumes are ruffled, aloft,—and flow, in bright ſtreams, from his awful creſt: The plumes, which labouring Vulcan,—poured around the gleaming cone of the helm.

As deſcending, bright, in the weſt,—in the ſtill ſeaſon of placid night,—the evening ſtar exerts her beams: By far, the faireſt of heaven's hoſt: So beamed forth the dazzling light,—from the ſharp point of the mighty ſpear: Which Achilles ſhook aloft in his hand,—forming evil for Hector divine. Eager wandered his eyes o'er the man: In ſearch of a place, for the wound. His beauteous body impervious remained: Covered whole, with the brazen arms: Which he tore, from the ſtrength of the fallen Patroclus. A place at laſt appeared to the chief: Where the ſhoulder joins the neck, near the throat: Where death enters, with fatal eaſe. Through this—

all-furious,

all-furious, Achilles divine—drove, with mighty force, his ſpear. Through and through the tender neck,—paſſed the eager point of the deadly lance. But the aſhen ſpear, heavy with ſteel—divided not the wind-pipe in twain. The power of ſpeech ſtill remained to the unhappy chief. He fell, reſounding, to earth. Achilles gloried o'er the ſlain:

" Hector! in vain thou deemed'ſt,—when ſpoiling the fallen Patroclus, that in ſafety, thyſelf ſhould remain. I came not acroſs thy fears,—his abſent avenger, in arms. Imprudent man! Though, apart, I remained,—left, in wrath, at the ſhips of the Argives: His avenger, at length, I come! More valiant, by far, than thee: And, now, in death I thy limbs have unbraced. But thee, ſhall dogs and birds of prey,—tear amain, diſhonoured and loſt: But him ſhall the ſons of the Argives—with ſolemn rites, reſign to the tomb."

To him, now languid and faint,—the hapleſs Hector, thus, replied: " I intreat thee, by thy own great ſoul,—by thy knees, by thy parents beloved: Not to leave me, a prey to dogs,—at the ſhips of the Argive powers. But thou, receive rich ſtores of braſs: Thou, receive high-valued gold: Which my father ſhall lay, at thy feet,—which my mother, now mournful in years. Reſtore thou my

my corſe to my houſe: That the Trojans and Trojan dames,—may lay me in death, on the pyre."

To him ſternly replied Achilles: "Intreat me not, wretch, by theſe knees: By my parents revered and beloved. Would! that my fury and rage—could ſtimulate my heart ſo far,—as piece-meal to devour thee all: Such the woes, thou haſt thrown on my ſoul! But, now, none ſhall drive, from thy corſe,—the hungry dogs or birds of prey. No. Should they lay, at my feet,—ten, twenty-fold the wealthy ſtores—which Troy contains, within her walls: And to their preſents add the promiſe of more. No. Should Dardanian Priam—weigh thy body againſt his gold: Not, for all, ſhould thy mother revered,—the aged queen, who brought thee forth—weep o'er thee laid in death, on thy lofty bier. But THEE wholly ſhall the birds of prey—and hungry dogs devour on the plain."

"WELL I knew thee!" dying Hector replied: "Deaf to pity, implacable, fierce! Nor thee I ever hoped to bend: Wholly ſteel is thy ſavage heart. But thou take heed, unyielding chief! For me the wrath of a god may ariſe. On that day, ſhall MY wrongs be repaid,—when Paris and far-ſhooting Phœbus—ſhall ſlay thee mighty as thou art,—before theſe very Scæan gates."—Thus, as he

faintly ſpoke,—the ſhades of death aroſe, on the chief. His ſoul, leaving his graceful limbs—deſcended to the regions below: Mourning his untimely fate,—his vigour, his valour, his youth.

To him, whilſt even in death he lay—ſpoke thus Achilles divine. "Die thou! But I ſhall receive my fate: Whenever it ſhall pleaſe the ſtorm-ruling Jove;—and the other immortal gods." He ſpoke: And withdrew, from the ſlain, his ſpear. Apart he placed the bloody lance: And from his ſhoulders looſed his arms. The ruſhing Argives poured, around him, amain. With wonder they ſurveyed the form—the awful beauty of Hector divine. Nor ſtood an Argive, near the chief—who inflicted not a wound, on the dead. "Surely now,"—thus the warriors ſpoke: "More eaſy of acceſs is Hector: Than when he launched on the hollow ſhips,—the flaming brands of devouring fire." Thus, as ſome Argive ſpoke,—he added a wound to his words. But when Achilles divine had ſpoiled the dead of all his arms: Standing, in the midſt of the Argives,—the hero thus began:

"O FRIENDS! O leaders of Argos! Princes of the nations in arms! Now, as the gods have ſubdued,—this man, beneath my deadly ſpear: This man more deſtructive

tive to Greece,—than all the ſons of Troy combined. Now let us haſte in our arms: Let us, at once, aſſail the town: That we may learn the ſtate of the Trojans,—their preſent diſpoſition of ſoul: Whether, as ſlain lies their hero—they will deſert their lofty town: Or whether they ſtill will remain: Though Hector has ceaſed to live."

"But why debates my ſoul with herſelf? At the ſhips lies the mangled Patroclus: Unwept, unmourned, unburied he lies! Him I ſhall never neglect,—while preſent with the living I dwell,—while life informs, with motion, my limbs. If, in the regions of death,—oblivion darkly whelms the dead: Yet even THERE my regard ſhall ſurvive: I, THERE, ſhall remember my friend beloved. But, now, ſinging Pæans aloud,—O youths of aſſembled Achaia! Let us all return to our ſhips: Let us drag the ſlain along. We are covered, with mighty renown: We have ſlain Hector divine! To whom the Trojans, o'er all their ſtate,—paid, as to a preſent god, their vows."

He ſpoke: And formed in his wrathful ſoul,—a deed unworthy of Hector divine. He bored his ſinewy ancles behind: And through them, inſerted a thong. To the car he bound them aloft. His head is dragged, along the ground. Placing the arms, in the ſeat: The hero

aſcended the car. He laſhed his deathleſs courſers to ſpeed: Not unwilling, they flew o'er the plain. The duſt roſe in clouds, round the dead. His dark-brown locks, were trailed, on the ground. His whole head, ſo graceful before,—now lay involved and ſoiled with duſt. Great Jove had abandoned the chief. He gave him to the inſults of foes: A ſight of woe, in his native land.

Thus ſoiled with earth, lay his graceful head. His mother tore her hoary hair, from the roots. She threw afar her ſplendid veil. Loud roſe the ſcreaming voice of her grief: When thus, ſhe beheld her ſon. Deeply-groaned his father beloved. The whole people raiſed, one cry of woe. O'er the town ſpreads one general lament. Not greater could their ſorrow have been,—had lofty Ilium, wrapt wholly in flame, ſunk down to its baſe, in their ſight. His whole people, ſcarce reſtrained the aged,—now raving, now mad, with his grief: Wildly eager to burſt through the gates. Much he implored them all: Rolling, before their feet, in the mire. He called each, by his name, and prayed:

"Permit me, my friends beloved! Suffer me alone to go! Though anxious all, O let me paſs! Let me go, to the navy of Argos! I will intreat this ruthleſs man: This chief, of unbridled rage. He, perhaps, will revere my years:

years: He will pity my feeble old age. He has alſo a father like me: Peleus, who begot and who reared—this dire deſtruction to Troy. But ME, above all, he deſtroys: ME chiefly he covers, with woes. So many he has ſlain of my ſons! So many in the flower of their years! But not for ALL ſo much I mourn: Though ſorrow o'erwhelms me for all: Not ſo much as for this ONE,—for Hector!—This latter grief—ſhall bear me hence to the regions of death. O would! that he had breathed his laſt—within theſe aged, withered arms! Then had WE glutted ourſelves, with grief: With loud laments, with falling tears! The hapleſs mother, who bore the chief,—and I, his wretched, feeble ſire!"

THUS, weeping, the aged ſpoke. The whole city joined their cries to his groans. Then amid the Trojan dames,—thus Hecuba lamented aloud: "My ſon!—Alas! why breathe I ſtill? Why live I oppreſſed thus with woe? Why lingers, thus, my parting ſoul,—ſince departed, THOU art, my ſon? THOU, who, day and night, wert my pride,—my glory, my renown in the ſtate. THOU wert thy mother's pride, my ſon! Thou the defence of all! Of Troy, of all her ſons and dames! They received thee, like a returning god. THOU, whilſt alive, wert their boaſt: But fate and death lie heavy, on THEE, my ſon!"

THUS

Thus weeping the mother ſpoke: Nor as yet heard his high-born ſpouſe—ought certain of Hector divine. No meſſenger had brought to her ears: That he had remained, without the wall. In the inmoſt receſs of the lofty dome,—her beauteous hands ran o'er the web. The double ſplendid web ſhe wove: Many figures roſe bright, on its face. To her long-haired maids, throughout her halls,—the queen had iſſued her high commands,—to ſurround a huge tripod with fire: To form the tepid bath for Hector,—returning from the fields of renown. Unhappy woman! ſhe knew not—that far from the tepid bath,—blue-eyed Pallas her ſpouſe had ſubdued,—beneath the hands of the mighty Achilles. But when ſhe heard the people's woe,—the loud laments in the lofty tower: A ſudden tremor invaded her knees. The ſhuttle fell from her trembling hand. Straight ſhe ſpoke to her beauteous maids:

"Ah me! let two attend my ſteps: That I may learn the cauſe of woe. My mother's voice revered I hear. My heart bounds, with unwonted throes. Terror creeps cold through my limbs. Some evil has fallen on Priam's ſons. Much I fear,—would that vain were my fears! Much I dread that Achilles divine—purſues the mighty Hector amain, alone, ſhut out, by the wall, from his friends. This very inſtant, perhaps he falls: By his own daring

daring courage ſubdued. He never in the crowd remained. He far-advanced beyond the reſt: To none yielding in vigour of ſoul."

Thus ſpeaking, ſhe ruſhed through the hall. Diſtracted were her looks and her gait: Her bounding heart beating high, in her breaſt. The damſels followed her rapid ſteps: But when ſhe came to the tower: To the mournful troop of her friends: She ſtood wildly eying the field. She beheld him dragged, before the wall. Swiftly bounded the ſteeds,—that trailed him to the ſhips of the Argives. A ſudden night obſcured her ſoul. Backward-falling, ſhe breathed forth her ſoul. Wide poured, from her graceful head—the beauteous braids, which bound her hair: The fillet, the net, the woven wreath: The veil which ſhaded her beauty divine. The veil, which golden Venus gave,—on the day, that illuſtrious Hector, brought her, bluſhing, from the halls of Eëtion: Giving many nuptial gifts to her ſire. Around her ſtood her ſiſters, in tears. They held her, raving, in their hands: And eager for death, through wo. But when her wandering thoughts returned. When her ſoul was collected within. Pouring groan on groan, ſhe wept: And ſpoke, thus, midſt the Trojan dames:

"O Hector! Ah! Wretched me! Both born to the ſame diſmal fate! Thou here at Troy, in Priam's halls! I, in

I, in the wood-ſurrounded Thebè,—in the houſe of the mighty Eëtion! To grief, he reared me in his halls: A hapleſs father—a wretched child! Would! I had never ſeen the light!—Thou, now, departeſt to the dead: To the dark regions, beneath the earth. Thou haſt left me to ceaſeleſs woe: An early widow in thy halls. Thy hapleſs ſon, an infant ſtill: Of parents more unhappy born. Nor, now, ſhall Hector help his ſon: Nor the ſon ſhall the father defend. Thou art ſunk among the dead: But he is deſtined to grief."

"Should he eſcape the bloody hands,—the mournful war of the Argive powers: Sorrow ſhall not part, from his ſide: His future portion is certain woe. Others, changing the bounds of his field,—ſhall all his rich poſſeſſions ſeize. The day, that makes an infant an orphan —deprives him of his father's friends. Ever dejected are his looks: His cheeks are ever wet with tears. In wretched want he ſlowly moves—to his father's companions and friends. One he ſeizes, by the robe: One, by the ſkirt of his garment. Some one, more feeling than the reſt—reaches a wretched cup to his hand. The ſcanty draught his lips bedews: His thirſt is never allayed."

"To add to his increaſing woes;—Some youth of living parents proud;—ſhall drive him away, from the

feaſt: Adding reproach to blows: "Go and periſh!" he will ſay: "Thy father feaſts not, in our halls." Burſting into tears, the boy,—ſhall to his widowed mother return. Aſtyanax to me will return: He, that on his father's knees,—fed on dainties, ſhall weep in want! Sleepleſs ſhall he paſs the night,—who, once, when ſleep invaded his lids: When ceaſing, from his youthful play,—lay in the lofty bed,—in the arms of his beauteous nurſe. In the chamber garniſhed, with care: With his ſoul replete with delights. Now, much will he ſuffer in ſoul,—deprived of his father beloved. Aſtyanax will ſuffer much: The grateful Trojans gave the name: For thou alone, O hapleſs Hector! defended'ſt their gates and their walls."

"But, thou lieſt, at the ſhips of the foe: Far from thy parents and friends beloved: Thee lazy-rolling worms ſhall devour: When dogs ſhall ceaſe from their prey. Expoſed thy beauteous body lies. But many garments lie, in ſtore, in thy halls: Beauteous, wrought by female hands. But, as thou ſhalt never return: Theſe I ſhall burn, in the flame. Uſeleſs to thee, they are in death: Hector never ſhall lie, in their folds! Them I ſhall conſign to the flame. With ſome

honour, they will furniſh thy ſhade: Before the Trojans and Trojan dames."

Thus weeping, Andromachè ſpoke. The beauteous dames deep-ſighed around.

THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

BOOK XXIII.

THUS, through the city, they lamented aloud. But when the Argives had come to their ſhips,—to the Helleſpont's echoing ſhore: O'er their camp, they all diſperſed: Each to his ſhip retired. But Achilles permits not the Myrmidons,—to diſperſe, through their lofty tents. In the midſt of his warlike friends, the hero began aloud:

"O MY car-ruling Myrmidons! My companions and friends beloved! Let us not diſmiſs, from the yoke,—the lofty necks of our bounding ſteeds. On our cars, let us all advance,—and mourn aloud for the fallen Patroclus. Let us ſurround our friend, in our tears. Theſe the

honours, which belong to the dead! When our ſouls ſhall be glutted with wo: We ſhall unlooſe the ſteeds from the cars,—and take the repaſt, o'er our lines."

He ſpoke: They lamented aloud. Great Achilles led the wo. Thrice around the corſe of their friend beloved, —they ſlowly drove their ſteeds along. Thetis, o'er their mournful ſouls,—waked all the regret of grief. The yellow ſands were drenched with tears: With tears the bright armour of men: So deep was their ſorrow,—for the author of flight to the foe. Deep-ſighing, the great ſon of Peleus,—to his people began the wo: Laying his ſlaughtering hands,—on the breaſt of his friend beloved:

"Hail, O Patroclus beloved! Even, in the regions of Pluto, hail! All that I promiſed, heretofore,—I, now, ſhall perform, for my friend. Hector, dragged hither in death,—lies here expoſed, the prey of dogs. Twelve youths I will alſo ſlay—a bloody offering at thy pyre: Twelve Trojans, from parents renowned! Such the wrath, which invades my ſoul!"

He ſpoke: And formed, in his wrathful ſoul—a deed unworthy of Hector divine. He extended him prone, in the duſt,—before the bier of the ſon of Menætius. They ſtript themſelves of their beauteous arms,—and laid them beaming,

beaming, in their place. They looſed their bounding ſteeds from the yoke. All convened around the ſhip—of the godlike ſon of Peleus. He furniſhed the ſplendid, funeral feaſt,—in honour of his friend beloved. Many ſnow-white, fatted beeves,—are ſtretched, on earth, by the force of the ſteel: Many ſheep are laid in death: Many ſcreaming goats are ſlain. Many boars, with ſnow-white tuſks,—high-fed and abounding with fat,—are extended, on ſpits—before Vulcan's reſounding flame. On every ſide of the corſe of Patroclus,—the blood of victims flowed amain.

But the king, the offspring of Peleus,—is led away, by the leaders of Argos,—to Agamemnon the divine. Scarce perſuaded he moved along,—ſtill raging in his ſoul, for his friend: When they came to the lofty tent of Agamemnon, the ſovereign of all: The king commanded the loud-voiced heralds—to ſurround a mighty tripod with flame: And to intreat the great ſon of Peleus,—to waſh the gore of foes, from his hands. Inflexible, the chief refuſed: And added a binding oath:

"No. By almighty Jove,—the greateſt and beſt of the gods! I ſhall not approach the bath. No water ſhall be poured, on my hands: Till I place, on the pyre, Patroclus: Till I roll the gathered earth, on his tomb:

Till

Till I ſtrew theſe locks, on the dead. When theſe rites ſhall be all performed,—grief ſhall leſſen its weight, on my heart: Whilſt I, with the living, ſojourn. Yet, now, though reluctant and ſad,—the feaſt I will ſhare, with the kings. But thou, with early morn, command, —O Agamemnon, ſovereign of men! Command the hoſt to bring the wood: To rear aloft the mighty pile: Such, as is meet to ſend the dead,—to the dark regions of mournful death: That the flame of unwearied fire,—may burn him, ſtraight, from my tearful eyes: That, the army again may return—to the works of all-equalling war."

He ſpoke: With attention, they heard. They obeyed the awful leader of armies. Their hands they extend to the ready repaſt: Nor wanting to the ſouls of the chiefs, —is the joy of the equal feaſt. Now, when hunger and thirſt were both removed,—the other heroes retired to repoſe: Each to his own lofty tent. But the ſon of the mighty Peleus—on the ecchoing ſhore of the roaring main,—lay, deep-groaning, on earth. The Myrmidons lay, diſtant, around. On the ſand, he ſtretched his huge form: Where rolled the heavy wave, on the beach. When ſleep invaded his weary lids,—ſoftly pouring itſelf, on his ſoul,—and doing away his cares: For much

fatigued

fatigued were his beauteous limbs,—in purſuing Hector divine,—round Ilium expoſed to the winds. Pale-bending, o'er the mighty chief,—came the ghoſt of the hapleſs Patroclus: In ſhape, in manly ſtature the ſame,—in voice, in bright-rolling eyes. The ſame flowed his airy robe,—round the empty ſhade of the chief. He ſtood, by the hero's head,—and, thus, with feeble voice, began:

"Sleeps the ſon of mighty Peleus? Am I, then, forgot, by Achilles? When alive, I commanded thy care. But, neglected, I wander in death. Straight commit my bones to the earth: That I may enter the regions below. The ſouls drive me far away: The empty forms of the mighty dead,—permit me not to mix, with the crowd,—to paſs the courſe of the fatal ſtream. Sad, I wander around the gates,—the ample portals of the dark houſe of death. O give thy right hand to my graſp! Never, I ſhall never return: After thou ſhalt give to my corſe,—to partake of the funeral flame. Hereafter, we ſhall not retire,—from our friends moſt revered and beloved,—to hold ſweet converſe of ſoul alone. Me deſtructive fate has involved: The fate appointed, at my birth. Even o'er thee hovers fate,—O Achilles equal to gods! Thou art deſtined to fall, in death,—before the walls of the high-born Trojans."

"But I give thee another charge. I adjure thee, obey my requeſt. Place not my bones apart,—from thy own, O Achilles beloved! Bred together, in thy lofty halls,—let us reſt together, in death. Never parted we were, till now;—from the day, that the great Menætius, —brought me, ſtill a child, from Opuntia. He brought me to the halls of Peleus,—of diſmal homicide accuſed: When I ſlew Amphidamas' ſon,—imprudent, unwilling, enraged,—at the youth, when engaged in play. Me, received in his lofty hall,—the car-ruling Peleus reared: And called me, early, thy companion and friend. Thus together as both we lived,—let our bones lie together in death: In that golden urn diſpoſed,—which thy mother divine beſtowed."

To the ſhade replied the mighty Achilles: "Why com'ſt thou, moſt beloved of mankind? Why com'ſt thou, thus, to mine eyes? Why giv'ſt thou theſe charges to me? But all I will, with care, perform. In all I will obſerve thy commands. Yet nearer approach, O beloved! One little embrace beſtow. A moment, give thyſelf to mine arms. Let us indulge ourſelves with wo."

He ſpoke: And ſtretched forth his eager arms. But the ſhade eluded his graſp. The ſoul ſtreamed, like

ſmoak, from his ſight: And ſhrilly-ſhrieking diſappeared in the ground. Aſtoniſhed Achilles aroſe. He ſtruck againſt each other his hands: And thus he reared his mournful voice. "Then it is true, ye gods! In the halls of relentleſs death,—ſome ſpirit, ſome image remains,—but all knowledge departs, from the dead. In the ſtill ſeaſon of gloomy night,—the ſhade of the hapleſs Patroclus,—ſtood o'er me, plaintive in tears. All his wiſhes he gave in command! Alas! how like my friend, was the empty ſhade!"

He ſpoke: And awaked, o'er his troops,—the deep regret of tearful wo. To them, bewailing their friend beloved,—the roſy-fingered Aurora appeared. Around the hapleſs dead, they bend. But Agamemnon, the ſovereign of men,—rouzed the woodmen with all their mules. From their tents, they aſſembled, with ſpeed: To bring the wood, from the lofty groves. To command them, a valiant hero aroſe: Meriones the faithful friend—of Idomeneus, of valour approved. They bore aloft, in their hands,—the bright axes to fell the groves: The well-twiſted ropes to ſling the loads. Before them moved forward the mules. O'er rocky heights, rugged ſteeps, abrupt aſcents,—o'er deep vallies, harſhly-grating, they paſſed.

But when they came to the ecchoing groves,—of Ida, the mother of ſtreams. The mighty oaks, with heads unſhorn,—bend, groaning, beneath the ſteel. Hoarſe-reſounding they roll, down the ſteeps. The ſons of Argos clave the timber amain: They loaded the tardy mules: Who raiſed their ſlow ſteps to return. To the plain, they wiſhed to deſcend: Down the ſhrub-covered ſide of the mountain. All the woodmen bore, each, a huge trunk: So commanded Meriones,—the faithful friend of the great Idomeneus. The whole they arranged, on the ſhore: Where Achilles marked the ground,—to raiſe the mighty tomb for his friend,—and for himſelf, ſoon deſtined to fall.

But when the huge pile they had reared: In order they ſat, gathered, around. Achilles commanded all his troops,—his Myrmidons in battle approved: To cover themſelves with bright arms: To join each his bounding ſteeds to the car. Obedient, at once they aroſe. They cloathed themſelves in burniſhed ſteel. They mounted their chariots, with ſpeed: Both, the warriors and the drivers aſcend. The cars moved ſlowly before: Behind a cloud of infantry moved. In the midſt his moſt beloved friends—bore the corſe of the hapleſs Patroclus. With their ſhorn locks, they covered the dead. Laſt of all came

Achilles

Achilles divine,—in ſadneſs bearing the head of his friend.

When they came to the deſtined place: The place appointed by the mighty Achilles: There they laid the corſe of Patroclus,—and heaped largely around him, the wood. Then the great ſon of Peleus—conceived another thought in his ſoul. Apart from the pile he ſtood,—and cut his yellow looks amain: His golden locks, which he nouriſhed, with care,—for Sperchius' ſacred ſtream. Deeply-groaning, the hero ſpoke,—turning on dark ocean his eyes:

"Sperchius! In vain, my father,—the anxious ſoul of the car-ruling Peleus—vowed to THEE on MY return, to the loved ſhore of my native land,—to cut theſe locks to thy roaring ſtream: A ſacred Hecatomb to ſlay. With fifty rams, from his paſtures and meads,—to tinge, with their blood, thy bright ſource: Near which, lies thy holy ground,—thine altar, that breathes perfume. So vowed the aged to THEE: But THOU perform'ſt not his anxious requeſt. Now, deſtined never to return,—to the loved ſhore of my native land: These locks I will give to the hero Patroclus,—to bear them to the regions of death."

He ſpoke: And placed his heavy locks,—in the hand of his friend beloved. O'er the hoſt, the hero raiſed—deep regret and diſmal wo: And, now, on their mighty grief,—had deſcended the light of the ſun: Had not the great Achilles—ſpoke, thus, to the king of men: "O ſon of Atreus! To thy commands,—chiefly liſten the warriors of Argos. Hereafter, they may glut their ſouls,—with ſorrow for the mighty dead. Diſmiſs, now, the hoſt, from the pile: Command them to prepare the repaſt. This office we ſhall chiefly perform. We to whom the dead belong. Diſmiſs the hoſt, ſon of Atreus: But let the leaders remain, at the pyre."

The king of men, at the hero's voice,—ſtraight diſmiſſed the warriors of Argos. O'er their ſhips they diſperſed, with ſpeed. Thoſe appointed to burn the ſlain—remained and reared aloft the wood. A hundred feet ſpread the pile, on each ſide. High on the top they laid the dead: Grieving, in their ſouls, for their friend. Many fatted ſheep were ſlain: Many beeves lay, in death, at the pyre. Stript of their hides they lay. Achilles wraps, with their fat, the dead. From head to foot, involved he lay: The fleaed carcaſes ranged on each ſide. He placed jars of honey and oil,—low-bending o'er the lofty bier. Four high-necked ſteeds he threw, in the pile: Of

Of nine dogs, that belonged to the chief,—two he ſlew to attend their lord. Twelve youths he transfixed with ſteel,—a bloody offering to the ſlain: Twelve Trojans from parents renowned. So dreadful was the wrath of his ſoul!

Beneath the pile the hero laid—the invincible force of devouring fire. He groaned from his inmoſt ſoul,—and called by name his hapleſs friend: "Hail, O Patroclus beloved! Even, in the regions of Pluto, hail! All that I promiſed, heretofore,—I, now, perform, for my hapleſs friend. Twelve young Trojans, from parents renowned: These all, with thee, ſhall the flames conſume. But Hector the ſon of Priam—I ſhall not reſign to flames. Fire ſhall not devour thy foe: The deſtined prey of hungry dogs."

Thus threatening the hero ſpoke. Round him were no dogs employed. Jove's daughter, the golden Venus—drove them, night and day, from the ſlain. With oil of roſes of fragrance divine—ſhe anointed the mighty dead: To preſerve the corſe of Hector, from wounds,—when dragged amain by the ruthleſs foe. Apollo poured an azure cloud,—which extended from heaven to the ground. It ſpread o'er the whole ſpace,—which the corſe of the hero poſſeſſed: Leſt the force of the high-

flaming

flaming ſun—ſhould ſcorch the ſinews and ſhrivel the corſe.

Nor burnt the pyre of the hapleſs Patroclus. Achilles formed another thought, in his ſoul. Standing apart from the pyre,—to two winds he addreſſed his vows: To the northern and weſtern winds. He promiſed beauteous offerings to both: Pouring libations amain,—from a bowl of high-valued gold. With frequent prayers both the powers he addreſſed. He intreated them to come, in their ſtrength: To burn the pyre, to conſume the dead. Iris heard the vows of the chief: She bore his requeſt to the winds. In the halls of reſounding Zephyr,—the bluſtering winds were all convened, at the feaſt. On the marble threſhold ſtood various Iris. When they beheld the power, with their eyes: All at once, aroſe from their thrones: Each called her, with friendly voice. But she refuſed to delay. She, thus, ſent her voice to their ears:

"This is no time for reſt! I fly again to the ocean's ſtreams: To the far-famed land of the Æthiopians: Where riſe the fumes of Hecatombs—to all the immortal gods. Thither I bend mine airy flight,—to partake of the offerings divine. But Achilles, fierce Boreas calls: He prays reſounding Zephyr to ruſh amain. He promiſes offerings to both: If both ſhall wake the pyre to flame;

The

The pyre, on which, is extended aloft,—the ſteel-pierced corſe of the great Patroclus,—for whom Achaia groans, o'er her lines."

Thus ſpeaking, ſhe faded from ſight. Reſounding aroſe the winds—bearing forward the ſtreaming clouds. Straight they deſcended, on ocean. The huge-heaving billows are rolled,—beneath the force of the roaring blaſt. They came to the high-walled Troy: Incumbent they bore on the pile. With mighty noiſe aſcended, at once, —the invincible force of devouring fire. All night, the bluſtring winds reſound: They bear the flame, through all the pyre,—ſhrilly-hiſſing, with ceaſeleſs force. All night, Achilles divine,—drew the wine from a golden urn, —and, holding a cup in his hand—poured libations, on the face of the ground. The whole earth is drenched around. Ceaſeleſs, he called, through the night,—the hapleſs ſoul of the fallen Patroclus.

As a father laments his ſon,—when burning his bones, on the pyre: His only ſon, in marriage, betrothed: Whoſe untimely death has involved—his hapleſs parents, in ceaſeleſs grief. So Achilles lamented his friend,— when burning his bones, on the pyre. On earth he groveled near the flame. Frequent burſt the deep groans from his ſoul. When the ſtar of the morning aroſe—the

meſſenger of light to the world: When Aurora, in ſaffron-robe,—ſpread the main, with her ſacred beam. Then the pile ſhrunk, conſumed with fire: The flame languiſhed o'er all its breadth. The roaring winds returned to their place. O'er the Thracian ocean they fled. The main groaned, beneath their dark courſe,—and raged, with heaving waves.

THEN retired the great ſon of Peleus,—apart, from the languid pile. Fatigued, he lay ſtretched, on the ground. Pleaſing ſlumbers ſtraight invaded his eyes. Around the ſon of mighty Atreus,—the frequent hoſt are poured amain. Their tumult and ſounding tread,—ſoon rouzed Achilles divine. He aroſe, with ſpeed, in the midſt: And thus addreſſed the leaders of Argos:

"SONS of Atreus renowned! Warlike leaders of all the Argives! Extinguiſh, with ſable wine,—the whole pyre, o'er its glowing round. Extinguiſh, O chiefs, that part,—which the ſtrength of the flame has ſeized. Then ſhall we collect the bones—of the hapleſs ſon of Menætius. Eaſy-diſcerned are his bones. He lies, in the heart of the pyre. Promiſcuous, along the verge—were all the ſteeds and men conſumed. In a golden vaſe, let us place them, with care: Involved in a double caul of fat. In the vaſe let the hero repoſe,—till I myſelf ſhall depart to the

the dead. No mighty tomb I mean to rear. A ſimple mound ſhall bear his name. Hereafter, ſons of the war-like Argives! Ye ſhall make it ample and high: Ye, who, after I am gone,—ſhall ſurvive, at theſe hollow ſhips."

He ſpoke. They liſtened and obeyed. With ſable wine, they extinguiſhed the pyre: What part was per-vaded by flame. The deep aſhes ſubſided amain. Diſ-ſolved in tears, they collected the ſnow-white bones—of their friend ever gentle and mild! They placed them, in a golden vaſe,—involved, in double cauls of fat. In the tent they diſpoſed them, with care: Covered with fine linen, from view. The broad circle they deſcribed for the tomb: They rolled the earth, on the half-burnt pyre. The ſoft mould they poured, on the mound. The tomb finiſhed, they all returned.

But Achilles detained the hoſt: And formed the broad aſſembly round. From his navy the hero produced—ſplendid prizes to honour his friend. Bright caldrons and tripods of braſs: Steeds, mules, the ſtrong heads of beeves: Women graceful, in flowing robes,—a huge ſtore of refulgent ſteel. Firſt, to the ſwift charioteers,—the chief appointed the ſplendid prize. A woman, deep-boſomed and fair: Well-ſkilled in the female arts: A

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tripod, with handles bright—of twenty meaſures its ample ſize. Theſe formed the ſplendid prize of the firſt. To the ſecond, the hero aſſigned,—a mare ſix years old and unbroke: Bearing a young mule in her womb. For the third the ſon of Peleus appoints—a beautéous caldron; four meaſures its ſize. Refulgent and fair to the eye. For the fourth, he placed two talents of gold: For the fifth, a large double vaſe, as yet untouched by the flame and bright. The hero aroſe, in the midſt—and thus addreſſed the warlike Argives:

"Sons of Atreus renowned! O, nations of aſſembled Achaia! Theſe prizes, which flame, in the midſt,—await the chiefs, who ſhall ſtrive, in the chariot-race. Contended, now, the warriors of Argos,—round ſome other hero's tomb: Then I myſelf, in triumph, ſhould bear—the firſt prize, to my lofty tent. To all is known how much, in ſpeed,—my ſteeds ſurpaſs the courſers of all: Deſcended of immortal blood,—the gift of Neptune to Peleus my ſire: Who placed them, in the hands of his ſon. But I will, now, the race forgoe: My high-maned ſteeds ſhall abſtain from the field. Loſt to them, for ever loſt—is the ſtrength of their mild charioteer! He, who poured the fragrant oil,—on the bright length of their flowing manes; when waſhed, in the clear-ruſhing ſtream.

Him ſtanding deſolate they mourn. Their bright manes are poured amain on the ground. They grieve from their deathleſs ſouls. But you, the reſt, ariſe, o'er the hoſt. Let each Argive that confides in his ſteeds,—in his well-compacted chariot, ariſe."

Thus ſpoke the mighty ſon of Peleus. The charioteers aroſe, with ſpeed. Far the firſt aroſe to the race—the graceful king of men, Eumelus: The ſon beloved of the mighty Admetus,—much ſkilled to drive the flying car. Next aroſe the ſon of Tydeus,—Diomedes matchleſs in arms. Beneath the yoke, the hero placed—his generous ſteeds of the breed of Tros: The ſteeds, which he took from Æneas,—when Apollo ſaved the chief from his ſpear. The ſon of Atreus, the third, aroſe,—Menelaus, with long yellow hair. He harneſſed his bounding ſteeds: The Agamemnonian Æthè—and his own unequalled Podargus. Æthè to great Agamemnon—was the gift of the ſon of Anchiſes: Of Echepolus, to excuſe him from war,—from following Argos to Ilium of winds: To permit him, at home, to remain,—in Sicyon's extenſive domains: To enjoy all the pleaſures of wealth,—for great the wealth, which Jove had beſtowed. Her the hero joined to the car. Eager she to commence the race!

Antilochus, the fourth, aroſe—and harneſſed his high-maned ſteeds: The famed ſon of illuſtrious Neſtor!

In Pylos, were the courſers bred—and taught to drive the car, round the goal. His father approaching the youth, poured, thus, his advice, in his ear: Though prudent, of himſelf, was the ſon: "Antilochus!" the aged ſaid: "Thee, though ſmall is thy number of years,—great Jove and Neptune have loved, from their ſouls—and taught thee, in each art of the race. Thee the gods have loved, my ſon: Nor much thou need'ſt the advice of thy ſire. To thee is well-known the art,—of bending the rapid ſteeds round the goal. But thy courſers are ſlow, in the race: I, therefore, dread the diſaſtrous event. Far more fleet are their bounding ſteeds: But thee the drivers excel not in ſkill."

"But thou, my ſon beloved, attend. Weigh my counſels. Lay them up, in thy ſoul. Supply the want of ſpeed with art. Leave not thou to fortune the prize. By art and not by headlong force,—the woodman the foreſt ſubdues. By art, the pilot on the dark-heaving deep,—directs the veſſel, when toſſed by the winds. By art the charioteer outſtrips—his rival, when they ſtretch in the race. But he that truſts the whole to his ſteeds—to the well-turned orbs of his rapid wheels,—imprudently bends to and fro,—doubly-meaſures the field as he flies. His horſes wander o'er all the courſe. He holds

holds no command of the rein. But he who knows to guide the car,—though urging worſe ſteeds in the race—ever holds the marked goal in his eyes. He bends near it; he knows to contract,—to looſe amain the floating length of his reins. Undevious he holds the right courſe,—obſerving ſtill the foremoſt, with care."

"But thou obſerve, my ſon, the goal. It is eaſy to be diſcerned. There ſtands a piece of arid wood,—ariſing, an ell, o'er the ground: A ſable oak or hardy pine,—which moulders not to the driving rains. On either ſide of the aged trunk—two white ſtones aloft are reared. On either ſide, theſe narrow the way. A circle bends around for the cars. The tomb of ſome long-departed chief: Or a goal, in the days of old. This, now, has Achilles divine—appointed the mark, for the cars. Near this, drive thou, my ſon,—thy high-maned ſteeds and thy poliſhed car."

"But thou incline thyſelf to the left—from the well compacted ſeat of thy car. But with the laſh, with thy loud threatening voice,—urge onward the right-hand ſteed,—give him all the rein, from thy hands. But keep the left horſe near the goal: Let the nave of the high-wrought wheel—ſeem to touch it, as it rolls, by its ſide. But avoid to touch the rough ſtone: To lame thy

thy ſteeds, to break thy car. To others a ſubject of ſport! A dire diſgrace to thyſelf! But thou, beloved, obſerve my words. Add caution to the arts of the race. If thus thou the goal ſhalt approach: He that ſwifteſt purſues ſhall not paſs. No. Should he drive in his car, —the matchleſs ſpeed of Arion divine: The bounding ſteed of the great Adraſtus,—deriving his race from a god: Nor yet the breed of the great Laomedon,—the fleeteſt ſteeds reared in Ilium of winds."

Thus ſpoke Neſtor, the ſon of Neleus. Again the hero retired to his place: Having given each charge to his ſon. Meriones the fifth aroſe—and harneſſed his long-maned ſteeds. The heroes bounded to their ſeats. The lots, in a helmet, they threw. Achilles ſhook it and forth flew the lot,—of Antilochus the ſon of Neſtor. The next in order was the hero Eumelus: The third, Menelaus, renowned at the ſpear.

Meriones, the fourth, advanced. Laſt of all came the greateſt in fight,—the ſon of Tydeus to urge his bright car. In a row, the heroes ſtood. Achilles points to the goal with his hand. Far-diſtant it ſtood, on the plain. Near it, he placed godlike Phœnix,—the bearer of the arms of his ſire: To mark the courſe, with attentive mind,—to bring the whole truth to his ear.

They

They together, o'er the ſteeds,—raiſe, at once, their whips aloft. At once, reſounding they fall: At once, aſcends their urging voice. Fleetly they dart through the plain,—and leave the navy far behind. Beneath their breaſts the duſt is rouzed,—as when a whirlwind ſweeps the plain. Their floating manes are toſſed above,—by the blaſts of the ruſhing wind. Now the cars ſeem to touch the ground—now to bound aloft, on the air. But firm the heroes held their ſeats. Their eager hearts beat high to their ſides. Each, for victory, burns o'er his ſoul: And urges his ſteeds by name. They obeyed the voice of their lords,—and ruſhed, wrapt in clouds, o'er the plain.

But when around the fartheſt goal of the race,—the rapid courſers had wound their way: When they turned to the hoary main,—then the ſkill of each driver appeared: Then the ſpeed of their high-bounding ſteeds. Before the others drove amain,—the ſwift-footed mares of Eumelus. Next theſe and before the reſt—the ſteeds of Tros bore great Diomedes. Nor diſtant from the foremoſt they drove. They ſeemed, as if aſcending the car. The back, the broad ſhoulders of the mighty Eumelus—feel their ſultry breath, from behind: For o'er him hung their heads, as they flew.

Then had they the hero outſtript,—or left doubtful, at leaſt, the prize: But in wrath againſt the ſon of Tydeus—Apollo ſtruck his ſplendid whip from his hand. The big tears burſt, in rage, from his eyes,—at ſeeing the ſteeds of Eumelus,—now more quickly devouring the plain: When his own abating their ſpeed—without command held forward their way. Nor unobſerved was the fraud of Phæbus,—by the blue-eyed daughter of Jove. To the ſhepherd of his people ſhe came,—and reſtored his bright whip to his hand. She reſtored it, with ſpeed, to his hand: And poured force, on the limbs of his ſteeds. In her wrath, the goddeſs advanced—to the gallant ſon of Admetus. She broke the beauteous gears of his ſteeds. Both, devious, depart from the path. The pole drops at once to the ground. The chief is rolled, from his ſeat, by the wheel. His elbows, his mouth, his noſe—his forehead, his brows are torn. His bright eyes are filled both, with his tears. His voice is loſt in his crowded rage. The ſon of Tydeus, out-ſtripping the chief,—drove forward his high-maned ſteeds: Shining forth before others, in fame. Pallas poured force, on his ſteeds,—and covered the chief, with renown.

Next to him the brave ſon of Atreus—urged forward his bounding car. But Antilochus prompted, aloud,—

the high-necked ſteeds of his aged ſire: "Stretch forward, with all your ſpeed. Exert your force. Devour the way. Nor I command you to contend,—with the ſteeds of the brave Diomedes: Whom Pallas has, with ſpirit, inſpired—and covered their lord, with renown. But overtake the ſteeds of Atrides. O leave them behind, in the field. Let not Æthè cover both, with diſgrace. Yield not to a female the prize. Why fail ye, O generous ſteeds! For this to both I foretel,—and what I foretel ſhall be performed: Nor, hereafter, ſhall your food be prepared—by Neſtor, the leader of armies. Straight he both will transfix with ſteel,—if remiſs, in the rapid race,—you remain, with the vileſt prize. Purſue, haſten, with all your ſpeed. A thought already aſcends in my ſoul. I will try, in this narrow path—to paſs with art. Nor the ſcheme will deceive."

The hero ſpoke. They dread the threats of their lord. More eager they urge their ſpeed. But Antilochus quickly perceived—the narrow paſs of the hollow way: A cleft in earth, which the wintry rains—collected to a torrent, had formed. Profound and ſteep was the gulph, in the road. Right to this, Menelaus advanced,—avoiding to ſhock with his rival's car. Antilochus bending inward his ſteeds—urged ſidelong, from the line of his

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courſe: And ſlightly-ſlanting purſued amain. The ſon of Atreus in terror beheld: And thus to Antilochus aloud: "Antilochus too raſhly thou driv'ſt. Reſtrain, warrior, reſtrain thy ſteeds. The way is narrow. Soon widening, the ſpace—ſhall give thee ſcope to ruſh, with freedom, along. Forbear to hurt both, forbear: Nor let car ſhock with car, as they bound."

He ſpoke. The youth adds to his ſpeed: Hanging forward, with his whip, o'er the ſteeds. Like one that heard not he thundered along. Far as flies the diſk, from the arm robuſt,—of a youth, who exerts all his force: So far he ſhot before him, with ſpeed. Backward ſtarted the ſteeds of Atrides. The hero forbore to drive: Leſt the courſers ſhould ſhock, in the paſs, overturn the compacted cars,—and roll the drivers themſelves in the duſt—contending for the prize of renown.

The yellow-haired Menelaus aloud,—thus upbraided the ſon of Neſtor: "Antilochus! None of mankind—is more miſchievous, more pernicious than thee. Farewell. Miſtaken are the Argives,—who call thee prudent and count thee wiſe! But thou never, without an oath,—ſhalt carry this prize away." Thus ſpeaking, he rouzed his ſteeds. "Abate not, in ought, your ſpeed. Stand not,

not, grieving in heart, for the paſt. Soon THESE ſhall fail, in the race. Their feeble knees ſhall yield to your ſpeed: For both are oppreſſed with years."

He ſpoke. They dread the voice of the king. More eager they thunder along: And ſoon approach the bounding ſteeds, that had paſſed. The deep circle of the Argive powers—beheld the ſteeds advancing amain: As they darted, through the cloud, which they raiſed. Idomeneus, the ſovereign of Crete—knew the ſteeds, as they came afar. Aloft, on a riſing ground—the hero ſat and beheld the plain. He knew the firſt driver afar: His urging voice he heard and knew. The marked ſteed, which led the race, he perceived. Brightly-red was his body all o'er: In his forehead a white circle diſplayed—like the full orb of the nightly moon. Aloft, the hero aroſe—and to the Argives his words addreſſed:

"O FRIENDS! Leaders, princes of Argos! Diſcern I alone the ſteeds? Or come they, perceived, to your eyes? Another driver and other ſteeds—ſeem now to lead,—than thoſe lately the firſt in the field. Diſabled, ſomewhere, on the courſe,—the ſwifteſt ſteeds diſtant remain. I beheld them firſt doubling the goal,—but, now, they meet, no-where, my ſight: Though mine eyes I have rolled, around—along the breadth of the

Trojan field. The reins, perhaps deſerted the driver's hand: Nor could he reſtrain the ſteeds,—nor turn, with ſucceſs the goal. There, I deem, the warrior fell,—there he broke his compacted car. His courſers, devious, have turned from the courſe: After fury had ſeized their ſouls. But ariſe and you, alſo, behold: Not diſtinct comes the firſt to my ſight. He ſeems an Ætolian by birth. Among the Argives, he bears command: The ſon of the ſteed-ruling Tydeus—Diomedes renowned in arms."

The younger Ajax upbraided the chief. He thus began, with reproachful words. "Why prates Idomeneus thus? The high-bounding mares of the great Eumelus,—ſtill poſſeſs the ample field, as they fly. Nor the youngeſt of the Argives art THOU: Nor look forth the ſharpeſt eyes from thy head. But in words thou yieldeſt to none. Yet ill it becomes thee to prate,—in the preſence of better men. Still foremoſt are the mares of Eumelus: He ſtill holds the reins, as he drives along."

To him, in wrath, the leader of Cretans: "Ajax! in ſquabbling expert! In vile reproaches, the firſt of the Argives! But in merit, thou yieldeſt to all,—harſh, ungentle and haughty of ſoul. But let us contend, with a ſtake,—

ſtake,—a bright tripod, a caldron of braſs. Let the king be the umpire to both: Whether theſe thy favoured mares are the foremoſt. In thy loſs thou ſhalt feel thy miſtake."

He ſpoke: Straight aroſe, in his wrath,—the ſwift-footed ſon of Oïleus: Ready to pour forth the reproach. Then farther had extended the ſtrife. But Achilles himſelf aroſe: "Contend, with bitter words, no more. Ajax, Idomeneus, ceaſe. It ſuits not your rank and your deeds: It ſuits not this preſence and time. Others guilty, like you, ye would blame. Act not then, what you would diſapprove. Retire. Sit down. Await the ſteeds. Their coming the whole will decide. Then ſhall each more certainly know: Which of the ſteeds of the Argives are firſt—which the laſt, in the rapid race!"

He ſpoke: Tydides came driving amain. Ceaſeleſs reſounded his falling laſh. High-bounding his courſers flew—and threw back the receding plain. The duſt aſcended to the high charioteer: The car high-laboured with gold—ſhot bright, through the moving cloud. Scarce the viewleſs orbs of the wheels—impreſſed the ſand, ſo rapid they flew. In the middle the hero ſtood. Copious flowed the ſweat, from his ſteeds: Down their necks, it fell as it ſtreamed,—and wandered amain, on their breaſts.

He

He bounded to earth, from his ſhining ſeat. His whip he reclined, on the yoke. Nor delayed the gallant Sthenelus—to take the firſt prize, for his friend. He gave to his partners in arms—to be borne to the tents of their lord—the beauteous damſel and the tripod of braſs. He himſelf looſed the ſteeds, from the car.

Next the youthful Antilochus—drove amain to the circle his ſteeds: By art, and not by ſpeed in the race—the chief had outſtript Menelaus. Yet, even thus, the great Menelaus—hung cloſe on his rear, with his ſteeds. Near as is the ſteed to the wheel—who bears, on the car, his lord,—quickly-moving, along the plain. The fartheſt hairs of his tail behind,—touch the orb of the wheel, as it rolls. Near it paces the eager ſteed: Small the ſpace, between the wheel and his heels,—as he urges his ſteps, o'er the field: Such the diſtance of great Menelaus,—from Antilochus, in battle renowned: Though late, as far as flies a diſk,—the hero was left behind. But he ſoon gathered ground, on the youth. The mighty force of the high-maned Æthè—encreaſed, as ſhe flew, o'er the field. If farther had extended the courſe,—ſoon Antilochus ſhe had paſſed, in her ſtrength,—nor had left him a doubtful prize.

But Meriones came behind—the gallant friend of the great Idomeneus: Behind Menelaus he came,—far, as flies

the

the quivering lance, from the hand. Slow were his high-maned ſteeds—and he himſelf, the leaſt ſkilled, in the race: Whether the courſer to guide—or to poiſe the flying car, as it rolls. But, laſt of all, advanced, o'er the plain—the gallant ſon of the great Admetus: Dragging onward his broken car—driving ſlowly his reſtive ſteeds. While Achilles beheld his plight,—he pitied the chief, from his ſoul: And thus addreſſed his winged words to the Argives: "The moſt-ſkilled drives his courſers the laſt! But let us give him the ſecond prize. His merit claims it. Let the great ſon of Tydeus—bear away the firſt prize to his tents."

The hero ſpoke: And the Argives approved. He then had given to the hero the mare,—but Antilochus diſſented aloud—the prudent ſon of magnanimous Neſtor. Juſtly warmed he aroſe and replied—to Achilles, the great ſon of Peleus: "O Achilles, much my wrath ſhall ariſe: If thou thy deſign ſhalt perform. Me of my prize thou depriv'ſt—moved by this, that the gods have o'erthrown —his craſhing car and have frightened his ſteeds. Though ſkilled he is, he ought to offer his prayers,—to make vows to the deathleſs powers: Then had he not come the laſt, —urging ſlowly his reſtive ſteeds. But if thou pitieſt the chief, Achilles! If to be generous determines thy ſoul:

Much

Much gold lies ſtowed in thy ſhips—cattle, braſs, and deep-boſomed maids. Many high-bounding courſers are thine: Of theſe for him chuſe, hereafter, a prize—of higher value. Or beſtow it juſt now—and obtain the applauſe of the Argives. I ſhall not depart, from THIS prize. The mare is mine: And HE of mankind—who dares to diſpute my right,—means to meet me, in the conteſt of arms."

HE ſpoke: And Achilles divine—gently ſmiled, at the warmth of the youth. He approved of the words of Antilochus—his gallant friend and companion beloved. To him, with winged words, he began: "Antilochus! if ſuch thy commands,—I will perform them, for the godlike Eumelus. I will give him the breaſt-plate of braſs —of which I ſtript the brave Aſteropæus. Round the margin is poured the bright tin. High-valued is the prize I beſtow."—He ſpoke: And commanded Automedon—to bring the ſplendid gift, from his tent. The hero went, and ſoon returned, with the prize. He placed it, in the hands of Eumelus. He received it, rejoicing in ſoul.

IN the midſt aroſe great Menelaus. The hero, grieving in heart, aroſe. Much he raged againſt Neſtor's ſon. The herald, in his hand, placed the ſcepter: And commanded, to ſilence, the Argives. In the midſt ſpoke the

godlike man: "Antilochus! once for prudence renowned! Why, with folly, haſt thou tarniſhed that fame? Thou, at once, haſt my knowledge diſgraced,—and diſhonoured my bounding ſteeds: By driving before me thy ſteeds—much inferior to mine, in the race."

"But to you, O leaders of Argos! To her princes, Menelaus appeals! Decide between us, in this ſtrife. Diſmiſs all favour for me, from your thoughts. Leſt any of the bright-mailed Argives—ſhould, hereafter, affirm with words:—"Menelaus, by oppreſſion, obtained—and bore away Antilochus' prize. More ſluggiſh were his ſteeds, in the race,—though greater his own force and his power."—But why ſhould I appeal to the chiefs? I myſelf will decide the cauſe. Nor deem I that any Argive—will blame my conduct, in ought: For juſt the judgment, which I determine to give. Antilochus, advance with ſpeed. Deſcendant of Jove advance! Stand before thy ſteeds and thy car. Hold the very whip in thy hand—with which thou haſt urged thy ſteeds. Touch the courſers, with thy whip. Swear by him, who ſurrounds the world. By Neptune, ſwear an awful oath,—that THOU, nor by art nor deceit—obſtructed my car, in the courſe."

To him the prudent Antilochus: "Bear, with patience, this once, O king! I am much younger than thee, Menelaus! In merit, as in years, thou excel'ſt. Thou haſt known the headlong errors of youth: Raſh in action, in judgment but weak! Bear, therefore, with patience of ſoul. I myſelf will reſtore the mare. The prize, which I took, I return: Or if ought more pleaſing to thee is mine—this inſtant, I the gift will beſtow: Ere to thee, O deſcendant of Jove! I become odious, expelled from thy ſoul:—Or forſworn to the deathleſs gods."

Thus ſpoke the ſon of magnanimous Neſtor. He placed the mare in the hands of the king. Sudden joy is poured on his ſoul,—like the dew on the growing corn—when all the fields are waving, with green. Thus to thee, Menelaus renowned! Thy ſoul is freſhened o'er with joy. Rearing his loud voice, he replied:

"Antilochus! Though great was my rage,—to thee I will yield, in my turn: As not of wavering ſoul thou haſt been,—nor inconſtant and ſlight of mind. To thee I yield, my friend beloved. Thy youth has ſubdued my heart. It were better and wiſer far—to avoid to deceive the mild: Nor with eaſe had any Argive but thou,—bent my ſoul to forgive ſuch wrongs. But much haſt thou borne, in my cauſe: Much thy valour

has performed. Much I owe to thy father revered,—to thy brother renowned in arms. I, therefore, yield my ſoul to thy prayers. Take the mare, though mine is the prize: That theſe may own that Menelaus—is never haughty nor ungentle of ſoul."

He ſpoke: And to the friend of Antilochus,—to Noëmon returned the mare. He himſelf received, for his prize—the ſplendid caldron, that ſhone, on the ground. Meriones, the fourth in the race—received the two talents of gold. The fifth prize, undemanded, remains: A double bowl, that beamed to the ſight. The bowl Achilles bore, through the crowd,—and gave to Neſtor the ſplendid prize.

"Take this!" the hero began: "Be this, O aged, thy ſplendid prize: The memorial of the hapleſs Patroclus. Him, hereafter, thou ſhalt never behold—among the nations of Achaia in arms. Without conteſt, be this thy prize. Nor thou ſhalt, at the cæſtus, ſtrive: Nor launch the javelin, nor contend, in the race. The vigour of thy years is paſt. Heavy age ſits cold, on thy limbs."

He ſpoke, and placed, in his hand, the bowl. With joy, the hero received the prize: And, thus, with

winged words replied: "True are thy words, my ſon! Replete, with judgment, are the thoughts of thy ſoul. No longer firm is my ſtrength. My limbs fail, in the feats of renown. Nor move my feet, with wonted ſpeed: Nor active ariſe my hands. Would I glowed, in the vigour of youth! That my force had firm remained,—as when the warlike Epëi—burnt the corſe of Amarynces, their king. In Buprafium they burnt the hero. His ſons produced the prizes to view. Nor my equal was then, in the field. Nor of the Epëi nor warlike Pylians —nor the Ætolians renowned in arms."

"At the cæſtus I ſubdued Clytomedes: In wreſtling I Ancæus o'erthrew: The ſon of Enops, from beauteous Pleuron,—who aroſe to contend, with my force. Iphiclus I outſtript in the race: Unmatched, before, at the ſpeed of his feet: In launching the javelin afar—Phyleus and great Polydorus. I failed, only, at the race of the cars: The two ſons of Actor prevailed. By their numbers, the youths overcame. They envied to Neſtor the prize: The moſt-valued, for that conteſt remained. A twin-monſter were Actor's ſons: This guided the bounding ſteeds: The bounding ſteeds this guided with care: That rouzed them, with the whip, to their ſpeed."

"Such have I been, heretofore. Now let younger men contend—and ſucceed to ſuch taſks of renown. I obey

obey the mournful ſummons of age: Though then I excelled, among heroes. But thou return, my ſon! Pay the honours due to the mighty dead. But THIS I, willingly, receive. A gleam of joy lightens over my heart: As thou remember'ſt thy friend in years: As it has not eſcaped thy ſoul—to place ME, in becoming renown,—among the chiefs of the Argive powers. May the gods reward thee, my ſon! And return thee the favour, thou ſo wiſely beſtow'ſt."

HE ſpoke: The ſon of Peleus returned,—through the crowded lines of the Argive powers: Having liſtened to all the praiſe—of Neſtor the offspring of Neleus. The hero, then, produced the prize—for the dreadful ſtrife of the ſounding cæſtus. A mule, patient of every toil, —in the midſt of the circle is bound: Six year old, unbroken and hard to ſubdue. For the vanquiſhed, the hero placed,—a maſſy goblet, both ample and round. He aroſe in the midſt—and, thus, to the liſtening Argives:

"SONS of Atreus! All ye warriors of Argos! Let two heroes ariſe, with ſpeed: Two, the beſt to wield the cæſtus,—to mix aloft, their ſounding arms in the fight. Let him, whom Phœbus ſhall cover with fame, whom the Argives ſhall the victor declare,—bear the mule

mule to his lofty tent: Let the goblet, both ample and round,—be the prize of the vanquiſhed in fight."

He ſpoke: A mighty warrior aroſe,—fierce in mien and large in ſize: Skilled, in the ſtrife of the cæſtus—Epëus, the ſon of Panopeus. He laid his broad hand, on the mule—and thus, aloud, began: "Let HIM advance, who wiſhes to earn the bowl: The mule, I deem that none of the Argives,—ſhall bear, by force, from the hands of Epëus,—having vanquiſhed him, firſt, at the cæſtus. In THIS ſtrife I profeſs to excel. Is it not enough, O Argives,—that to others I yield in war? Hard the taſk it is for man—in every perfection, to ſhine. But this I denounce to my foe,—and what I threaten ſhall be performed. His whole body I will cruſh, in my might,—and break all his crackling bones. Let his friends, therefore, attend the chief,—to bear him hence gaſping for life,—ſubdued, beneath the force of my hands."

He ſpoke: Silence darkened, o'er all the hoſt. Euryalus aroſe alone,—a hero, in form like the gods: The ſon of Meciſteus of the race of the kingly Talaïon. Meciſteus, who came to ſacred Thebes,—to the funeral games ordained—in honour of Oedipus deceaſed: He there vanquiſhed all the Cadmëi. The ſon of Tydeus urged the chief. He confirmed him, with many words: And much

much he wiſhed him ſucceſs, in the fight. He firſt threw, round his body, the belt: He then gave him the well-cut thongs—of the hide of a mountain bull.

Now prepared, both the heroes advanced. In the middle of the circle, they ſtood. At once, they engaged in fight. At once aroſe their hands robuſt. Mixed aloft are their craſhing arms. Their jaws reſound to repeated blows. Sweat flowed amain o'er their limbs. Then ruſhed the noble Epëus. He ſtruck his foe, on the jaw, as he turned. Down dropt the chief, on the earth. His limbs failed. He writhed himſelf as he lay. As when, beneath the ſudden blaſt of the northern wind—leaps a fiſh on the weedy ſhore: But ſtraight the dark wave rolls o'er him, again. Thus bounded the chief, at the blow: But the magnanimous Epëus—raiſed the chief, from the earth, in his hands. His friends beloved ſtood around. They led him along, on failing limbs,—pouring forth the clotty blood—and, hanging, on his ſhoulder, his head. Between their arms they led the chief: Still wandered his troubled ſoul. They bore away, as they went,—the goblet his dear-bought prize.

The ſon of Peleus produced to the Argives—the third prize for the wreſtlers renowned. To the victor a tripod of braſs,—beauteous, ample and fit for the flame. The Argives,

Argives, ſurveying it round—at twelve oxen valued the prize. For the vanquiſhed the hero placed—a woman ſkilled, in each female art: At four oxen, they valued the maid. He ſtood, and thus to the liſtening Argives: "Let thoſe quickly ariſe,—who mean to try their force, at this game."

He ſpoke: And firſt aroſe—the mighty Telamonian Ajax. Then aroſe the prudent Ulyſſes,—deeply-ſkilled in every art. Having girded their loins, they advanced—to the center of the circle of men. They ruſhed to the rough embrace. They folded each other in their arms. Like two rafters, in the roof of a dome—which the builder joins firmly above,—to bear the headlong force of the winds. Their backs crackled beneath their ſtrong hands—as they drew to each other each. Wide poured the ſweat, from their brows. On their ſides, on their ſhoulders broad—the bloody tumours conſpicuous aroſe. For victory, they eagerly ſtrove: For the tripod of beauteous form. Nor could Ulyſſes his foe overturn: Nor Ajax lay the chief on the ground: For the force of Ulyſſes, withſtood.

The Greeks were tired, with the tedious ſtrife. The ſon of Telamon then began: "Or raiſe me, Ulyſſes divine! Or I will lift thee aloft, from the earth: And

leave the reſt, to the guidance of Jove." He ſpoke: And raiſed him, from the earth. Nor Ulyſſes forgot his art. He ſtruck him, where bends the ham. His limbs failed him. He fell ſupine. On his breaſt fell the mighty Ulyſſes. The hoſt beheld and admired his art. Next Ulyſſes divine—attempts to raiſe his foe robuſt. He moved him a little from earth: But raiſed him not quite, in his arms. He locked his knee, within the knees of the foe. Both tumbled, ſide by ſide, on the earth. Both are ſoiled with the duſt, as they lie.

A third time, having ſtarted from earth,—they prepared to renew the ſtrife. But Achilles aroſe and forbade: "No farther renew the ſtrife. Wear not down, with fatigue your ſouls. The victory declares for both. To each equal be the prize and depart: That other Argives may contend, in the games."—He ſpoke: They liſtened and obeyed. They wiped the duſt, from their limbs—and reſumed their robes.

The ſon of Peleus prepares other gifts—for thoſe, who ſhall excel, in the rapid race: A ſilver urn, high-laboured, with art. Six meaſures its ample ſize. In beauty it all excelled: By the much-ſkilled Sidonians framed. The Phœnicians brought it afar—along the dark back of the main. They placed it, in the port of Lemnos,—a ſplendid preſent to Thoas divine. Euneus, the offspring

of Jaſon—gave it to the hero Patroclus,—the price of the youthful Lycäon,—the ſon of the godlike Priam. But, now, Achilles propoſed it, the prize—of him, who ſwifteſt ſhould move his limbs,—in the ſtrife of the rapid race; —in honour of the fallen Patroclus. For the ſecond, he appointed an ox,—large, ample, and covered with fat: For the third, half a talent of gold. He ſtood and thus to the liſtening Argives: "Let thoſe quickly ariſe,—who mean to try their ſpeed, in the race."

He ſpoke: And ſtraight aroſe—ſwift Ajax, the ſon of Oïleus. Ulyſſes firſt in prudence aroſe: Then Antilochus, Neſtor's ſon. He, in the ſpeed of his feet,—excelled all the youths of the Argives. In order, the heroes ſtood.—Achilles pointed the goal. From the barrier, they ſtarted at once. They ſtretched forward the race, o'er the plain. The ſon of Oïleus ſurpaſſed the reſt. Cloſe-followed Ulyſſes divine. So near; as the ſhuttle flies—to the breaſt of a fair-zoned maid: Which ſhe throws, in the eaſe of her art—from the white graſp of her lovely hand! She raiſes the warp on the woof: And throws the ſhuttle acroſs her breaſt. So cloſe moved the mighty Ulyſſes. His feet preſſed his footſteps, behind,—ere yet the duſt had time to aſcend. On the head of the ſon of Oïleus,—the hero poured his tepid breath: So cloſe

he

he followed his flying ſpeed. The Greeks encouraged the hero, with ſhouts: Eager of himſelf for ſucceſs,—and urging forward, with all his force.

When the latter round of the courſe they drove: Straight Ulyſſes, within his ſoul,—addreſſed to blue-eyed Pallas his prayers: "Hear me, goddeſs! O aid my vows. Give ſpeed to my feet, in the race." Thus praying, the hero ſpoke. Blue-eyed Pallas heard, from her ſky. She lightened his limbs, as he moved. She kindled vigour, in his feet and his arms. When, now, ſouſing, they came, on the prize,—hapleſs Ajax tumbled down, on the plain. Minerva had injured the chief. Where lay the dung of the ſlaughtered beeves,—which Achilles had ſlain, for Patroclus: There fell the ſwift-footed Ajax. His mouth, his noſe, are filled with dung. Ulyſſes divine advanced—and took the high-laboured urn, for his prize. The ox fell to illuſtrious Ajax. He held the beaſt, by the crooked horn: And ſpitting, from his mouth, the dung, —he, thus, addreſſed his words to the Argives:

"Misfortune only could loſe me the prize! A goddeſs retarded my ſpeed. Like a mother ſhe ſtands near Ulyſſes: Ever ready, with aid divine."—He ſpoke: Loud they laughed o'er the chief. Antilochus with ſmiles, received—the latter prize, and began to the Argives:

" Shall I tell you, my friends beloved! What you all muſt have long perceived? That the immortal gods,—ever honour the aged, with ſucceſs. More advanced than ME in years,—is the illuſtrious Ajax: But that ſon of another age,—that companion of former men: Though incumbered, with years, he is deemed,—hard the taſk it were, in the courſe,—for any Argive to contend, with his ſpeed: Except Achilles, unmatched, in the race!"

HE ſpoke: And, with the praiſe, he rouzed,—the mighty ſoul of the great Achilles: " Antilochus!" the hero replied: " Nor in vain haſt thou uttered the praiſe. I add to thy ſplendid prize,—half a talent of valued gold." He ſpoke, and placed it in his hands. The youth received the preſent, with joy. But the mighty ſon of Peleus,—in the center placed a long ſpear: A ſhield and a burniſhed helm. The arms of the godlike Sarpedon; of which Patroclus had ſtript his corſe. The hero addreſſed the Argives:

" FOR THESE, we bid two to contend: Two, the moſt brave of Argives—aſſuming their martial arms: And raiſing high the burniſhed points of their ſpears. Their mutual force let the warriors try,—in the preſence of aſſembled Achaia. He, who firſt ſhall touch, with his point—his adverſary's beauteous form: Who ſhall pierce the bright armour,

armour, with ſteel,—and call forth the ſtarting blood: To him I ſhall give this ſword,—diſtinguiſhed, with ſilver ſtuds. This beauteous, this Thracian ſword—which I took from Aſteropæus. Theſe arms ſhall be their equal prize: With a ſplendid feaſt, in my lofty tents."

He ſpoke: And ſtraight aroſe—the mighty Telamonian Ajax. Valiant Diomedes alſo aroſe,—the ſtately ſon of the car-ruling Tydeus. Apart from the crowd, the heroes armed. Ready to engage, they ruſhed forth. Sternly looking the heroes ſtrode. Sudden terror ran, cold, through the Argives. When near each other the chiefs advanced,—bending forward to mutual wounds. Thrice they ruſhed, with all their might. Thrice, hand to hand, they urged their ſpears. Then Ajax, with tremendous force,—ſtruck the round orb of the hero's ſhield. But he touched not his body behind. The ſhining breaſt-plate repelled the point. But then Tydides, above the huge ſhield—ſought a paſſage for the bright-pointed ſpear, —to the tender neck of the mighty foe. But the Argives alarmed for Ajax,—bade the heroes to ceaſe, from the fight—and to bear their equal prizes away. But the hero gave to Tydides,—the huge Thracian ſword, as a prize: Stretching it forth, in its high-wrought ſheath: With its belt with ſilver adorned.

But the hero placed, in the midſt—a huge orb of unfaſhioned ſteel: Dark and rude, from the forge,—once thrown, by the ſtrength of Eëtion. But him divine Achilles ſlew—and bore the mighty maſs, in his hollow ſhips: With other ſpoils of the fallen king. The ſon of Peleus ſpoke to the Argives: "Let thoſe quickly ariſe,—who mean to try their force, at this game. He to whom this prize ſhall fall,—though many and fertile his fields,—ſhall not, for five revolving years,—need other iron, but this ſolid orb: Whether he feed the flocks and herds,—or o'er vallies conducts the plough. He needs not to repair to the town. This mighty orb ſhall ſupply his wants."

He ſpoke: And firſt aroſe—Polypœtes, unyielding in fight: And next the ſtrength unmatched—of Leonteus, in form like the gods. Third, aroſe Telamonian Ajax: Laſt, the force of the noble Epëus. In order, the heroes ſtood. Epëus aſſumed the huge orb. He threw it whirling, from his hand. All the Argives laughed o'er their lines. Leonteus next diſmiſſed the maſs: Third, threw Telamonian Ajax. From his hand robuſt it flew amain. Beyond all the marks it advanced. But when the hero Polypœtes,—ſeized the heavy orb, in his graſp: Far as the herdſman throws his crook,—ſwiftly-whirling, o'er

the backs of the beeves: Such a ſpace meaſured the hero, —beyond all the marks of the chiefs, who threw. Applauſe ſpreads o'er the hoſt. The gallant friends of the great Polypœtes,—bore, with joint force, to the ſhips, —the mighty prize of their godlike king.

The hero, for the ſkilled at the bow,—appoints a prize of ſteel, for their ſhafts. Ten large axes he placed, in the midſt: Ten leſſer of tempered ſteel. A blue-ſterned veſſel's maſt he reared: Upright it ſtood in the ſand. With a ſtring, to the lofty top—he bound, by the foot, a dove: The fluttering mark for the barbed ſhafts. "The chief deſtined to pierce, with his ſhaft—the timid dove, as ſhe trembles on high: Let him bear to his hollow ſhip—the larger axes, his ſplendid prize. But he, who ſtraying from the bird—ſhall the rope, with his arrow divide: He, as leaſt ſkilled in his art,—ſhall bear the leſſer axes away."

He ſpoke: The ſtrength of Teucer roſe: Meriones roſe, with ſpeed,—Idomeneus's friend beloved. The lots are in the helmet throw: That of Teucer flew forth the firſt. With mighty force, he diſmiſſed the ſhaft: Nor did he vow to the bowyer king—a ſolemn ſacrifice to pay, an offering of his earlieſt lambs. He ſtrayed, from the fluttering bird. Apollo envied renown to his bow. But he

he cut the ſtring, at the foot of the dove: The ſtring, which bound him to the maſt. She flew aloft, to the heavens. The ſtring hangs toward the ground: And, o'er the army, ſwells loud applauſe.

But Meriones, in haſte,—took the bow, from the hands of Teucer. Long he held the ſhaft, on the ſtring, —purſuing the bird, with his eye. Straight, he vowed to the bowyer god—to Apollo, who ſhoots from afar: A beauteous offering of earlieſt lambs. High, beneath the ſable clouds,—he beheld the timid dove, as ſhe flew. Her as ſhe circled aloft—he ſtruck, beneath the wing, with the ſhaft. Through and through, paſſed the eager ſteel. Returning it fell, fixed in the ground,—before the feet of the godlike chief. But the bird ſat, aloft, on the maſt. She hung her neck and ſhe droopt her wings. The rapid life flew away, from her limbs. Far-diſtant ſhe dropt, on the ſtrand. Admiring Argos, aſtoniſhed, beheld. The larger axes were Meriones' prize: Teucer bore the leſſer away.

The ſon of Peleus produced, a prize,—a long javelin, bright-pointed with ſteel: A caldron, untouched by the flame,—an ox's value, and carved with flowers. In the circle he placed them both. Thoſe, who threw the lance appeared. Firſt aroſe the ſon of Atreus,—the far com-

manding Agamemnon. Meriones alſo aroſe,—the gallant friend of the great Idomeneus. To them thus Achilles divine: "Son of Atreus! To us is well known—how much, in this, thou all excell'ſt.—In ſkill thou, by far, art the firſt,—in force the firſt, at launching the ſpear. Receive then, O king, this prize. Bear it, without conteſt, away. Meriones the ſpear ſhall receive: If ſuch the pleaſure of thy ſoul: For I, only, preſume to adviſe." He ſpoke: The king of men obeyed. He gave to Meriones the ſpear. But, in the hands of the herald Talthybius,—the hero placed his beauteous prize.

THE

ILIAD

OF

HOMER.

BOOK XXIV.

NOW diſmiſſed is aſſembled Argos. The hoſt diſperſe, through the hollow ſhips. O'er the camp, the repaſt is prepared. They reſign their ſouls to pleaſing repoſe. But great Achilles weeps forlorn: Still mindful of his friend beloved. HIM all-ſubduing ſleep deſerts. He rolls, ceaſeleſs, from ſide to ſide: Much-wanting his loved Patroclus: His youthful manhood, his mighty ſoul. Their deeds together, in ſucceſſion aroſe: Their mighty toils, the battles of men: And the tremendous waves,—o'er which, they rolled, on the main.

REMEMBERING THESE, the hero ſighed,—and poured a copious flood of tears. Now, on his ſide, he lay,—now, ſupine,

ſupine, now prone, in his grief. Then, ſtarting, he roſe from his bed—and wandered, darkly, o'er the ſhore of the main. Nor unlooked-for appeared to his eyes,—bright Aurora, on ocean's ſtream. He joined his fleet ſteeds to the yoke—and dragged Hector, behind his car. Thrice he drew him round the tomb—of the fallen ſon of the great Menætius. Again he retired to his tent. He left HIM, prone, extended in duſt. But Apollo the corſe preſerved: Still pitying the hero, though dead. He covered him whole with his golden Ægis: Leſt, dragging, HE ſhould tear the fair form.

THUS HE, in his unbounded rage,—diſgraced the corſe of Hector divine. But the bleſt powers, from their ſkies, —much-pitied the godlike man. They adviſed the watchful Hermes,—to remove him, by ſtealth, from the ſhips. The counſel pleaſed the other gods,—but not the haughty ſoul of Juno. It pleaſed not the god of the main,—nor virgin Pallas, with large-rolling eyes. The queens the expedient oppoſed: As odious to their heavenly ſouls—was ſacred Ilium and the people of Priam, —for the wrong done by youthful Paris. HE condemned, with contempt, their charms,—when to his cottage, for judgment, they came: And gave his voice to the ſmiling queen,—who bribed his ſoul with deſtructive love.

But when ſprung the twelfth morning in heaven: Then Phœbus Apollo aroſe,—and thus addreſſed the deathleſs powers: "Gods! cruel at once and unjuſt! Forgot by all is Hector divine? His offerings of the thighs of bulls? His altars ſmoaking, with choſen goats? Yet ye permit him not in death,—to be borne from his ruthleſs foe: To be given to the eyes of his ſpouſe,—his mother, his infant ſon: To the aged eyes of his father Priam—to his people diſſolved in tears: To give his body to the flame,—to pay the laſt rites to his ſhade."

"But you, ye gods! would favour in all,—the wild rage of deſtructive Achilles: Whoſe ſoul, nor juſtice ever warmed,—nor pity ever moved. Like a lion, conſtant only to rage,—following headlong the ſavage bent—of brutal force and of ſoul untamed: Who ruſhes on the flocks and the herds,—careleſs of all, but of blood. Such is your favoured Achilles! Loſt to pity, loſt to ſhame! Which often hurts the human race,—which aids them, when cheriſhed, with care."

"Others loſe their friends beloved. Some their brothers, and ſome their ſons. But when they have wept o'er their urns: They diſmiſs both their ſorrow and rage. Fate has formed the minds of men,—to feel with keenneſs, but with patience to bear. But this man, with rancour untamed,

untamed,—after having deprived him of life,—drags bound to his chariot-wheels, the mangled corſe of Hector divine,—round the tomb of his friend beloved. Nor this brings honour to himſelf,—nor avails it, in aught, his friend. Brave, as he is, let HIM beware—leſt the rage of the gods ſhould ariſe. All-furious, he throws diſgrace—on a clod of inſenſible clay."

To him in wrath replied—the white-armed daughter of Saturn: "Be thy counſel in all obeyed, O bearer of the ſilver bow! If the gods, in equal honours have placed —great Achilles and Hector divine. Hector of a mortal born—ſucked the breaſt of a mortal dame. But Achilles is the race of a goddeſs: A deathleſs power, whom I bred and reared: Whom I gave to a hero Peleus,—beloved, from their ſouls, by the gods. At the nuptials of bright-footed Thetis—the race of heaven were preſent all. Thou alſo feaſted'ſt there, with the reſt,—holding thy reſounding lyre. Thou, companion of the bad! Loſt to faith as deprived of ſhame!"

To her the ſtorm-ruling Jove: "Juno, reſtrain thy wrath. Turn not thy rage on the gods. Nor equal are the honours of both: But Hector was moſt beloved by the gods,—of all who dwelt, in ſacred Troy. To the ſoul of Jove he was dear. Never wanting were his gifts

in

in my fane. Never empty ſtood the altar of Jove,—of ſuiting ſacrifice deprived: Of libations poured, on the earth,—of ſavour that aſcended to heaven. Theſe the honours, we partook, from his hands! But let us drop the deſign of Hermes. Nor by ſtealth, nor unknown to Achilles,—muſt daring Hector be removed from the ſhips. Near him, day and night, ſojourns—his watchful mother, of race divine. But ſhould any deathleſs power—call to ME the bright-moving Thetis. Prudent counſel I will ſuggeſt: That Achilles may deſiſt, from his rage,—receive rich preſents, from aged Priam: And Hector redeemed reſtore."

HE ſpoke: Various Iris aroſe: And equalled the winds, in her ſpeed. Between Samos and rocky Imbros —ſhe plunged in the darkened main: The troubled ocean groaned around. Like a plummet ſhe dived in the deep: A plummet, which ſuſpended, with care,—to the horn of the mountain-bull,—deſcends quickly beneath the wave,—bearing death to voracious fiſh. She found the queen, in the hollow cave. Other bright daughters of ocean—ſat, frequent, around her throne. She, in the midſt of theſe, bemoaned—the coming fate of her gallant ſon: Who was deſtined to periſh at Troy,—far, far from his native land. Near Thetis ſtood the various power. Thus the ſwift meſſenger began:

"ARISE,

"Arise, bright Thetis, ariſe! Thee Jove, eternal in wiſdom, calls." To her the bright-moving Thetis: "Why commands the mighty god—wretched Thetis to aſcend to his halls? I dread to mix, with the deathleſs gods. Many ſorrows ſit deep, on my ſoul. But yet I will obey. Nor in vain ſhall iſſue his words: Whatever his high command." She ſpoke: And aſſumed her dark veil: Nor leſs dark were her flowing robes. Shrowding, thus, her beauties divine—the moſt ſtately of goddeſſes moved.

Through the troubled billows, they roſe. Wind-footed Iris led the way. Divided round are the waves of the main. They aroſe all-bright on the ſhore: Then aſcended, at once, to the heavens. They found the far-reſounding Jove: And around him the deathleſs gods. Frequent and full the aſſembly ſat: The happy powers, who for ever live! Thetis ſat by father Jove: Minerva yielding her place to the queen. Juno placed, in her ſnow-white hand—the golden cup, filled with Nectar divine. She comforted the queen, with words. She drank and reſtored the bowl.

To them the father of gods and of men: "Thou haſt come to the ſnow-clad Olympus,—O goddeſs Thetis! though ſad, in thy ſoul. Sorrow not to be forgot,—lies

deep, in thy deathleſs breaſt. To ME not unknown are thy woes. But I will, now, inform thee, Thetis! Why I called thee to the preſence divine. Nine days has ſubſiſted ſtrife,—among the race of the deathleſs gods: Concerning the body of Hector—and Achilles the deſtroyer of towns. They bade the watchful Hermes,—by ſtealth, to remove the corſe. But I the glory for Achilles reſerve: Revering thee and thy friendſhip for Jove. But quickly deſcend to the camp. Inſtruct, with thy words, thy ſon. Tell him, that the gods are enraged: But Jove, the moſt of all the gods: Becauſe, with ever-furious mind,—HE Hector detains, at his ſhips,—nor reſtores him, redeemed, to his friends. If, in aught, he dreads Jove in his ſoul, —let him quickly reſtore the chief. But I will, to godlike Priam,—diſpatch Iris, along the winds: That he may ranſom his ſon beloved: Bearing gifts to the navy of Argos: Bearing gifts to the great Achilles,—to appeaſe his relenting ſoul."

HE ſpoke: Beauteous Thetis obeyed. From the ſummits of ſnow-clad Olympus,—ſhe plunged, with force, on the ruſhing winds. She came to the tent of her ſon. The hero, within, ſhe found: Pouring frequent groans, from his breaſt. His companions were buſy around: Preparing the grateful repaſt. A huge ſheep, with her heavy

heavy fleece,—lay ſlain, in the lofty tent. Near him ſat his mother divine. She gently touched him with her hand —and thus, in his ear, ſhe began:

"My ſon! how long in thy grief? Thus reſigning thy ſoul to wo? How long, wilt thou, thus, devour thy heart? Forgetful of food and of love? Good it is, when the ſoul is oppreſſed,—to mix in love with a woman's charms! Not long is thy term of life. Death approaches, with eager ſteps. O'er thee hovers thy fate. But liſten quickly. Obey my words. To thee I bring the commands of Jove. The gods, he ſays, are enraged,—but Jove himſelf, above all the gods. Becauſe, with ever-furious mind,—THOU Hector detain'ſt, at the ſhips: Nor reſtor'ſt him, redeemed, to his friends. But thou reſtore him redeemed. Receive the ranſom, for the corſe of the ſlain."

To her great Achilles replied: "Let him, who redeems, appear. Let him bear, from hence, the dead: If, with ſoul determined, great Jove,—ſends his awful commands, from the ſky." Thus they, in the ſhips of the Argives: The mother and ſon conferred. The ſon of Saturn commanded Iris,—to Ilium expoſed to the winds: "Ariſe, rapid Iris, ariſe! Leave the ſeats of the deathleſs gods. Bear to Ilium my high commands: To godlike Priam bear my commands: To ranſom his ſon beloved:

beloved: Bearing gifts to the navy of Argos: Bearing gifts to the great Achilles—to appeaſe his relenting ſoul."

"Alone let the aged go: Nor other Trojan attend his ſteps. Let ſome herald, ſtricken in years,—attend him to guide the mules: To direct the revolving car, —to bring the dead to the lofty town: The mighty dead by Achilles ſlain. Let not death come acroſs his ſoul. Let no terror creep cold, through his frame. Such a guide, we ſhall give to his way,—watchful Hermes, the friendly god! He ſhall lead him ſafe to the ſhips,—and place him before Achilles. Nor ſhall the hero ſlay the king. He will protect him, from all his foes. Nor imprudent, nor raſh is the chief. Nor yet forgetful of his duty in all. His ſoul will, with pity, relent. He will ſpare the ſuppliant man."

He ſpoke: Various Iris aroſe,—and equalled the winds, in ſpeed. She came to the halls of Priam. She found but laments and wo. The ſons around their father ſat,—in the lofty hall of the regal dome. O'er their garments deſcended their tears. In the midſt lay the aged in grief: With a mantle covered his head. Much aſhes and ſordid earth—ſtrewed the head and the neck of the king. Theſe his hands had poured amain,—in the rage of his bitter woes. His daughters and the wives of his ſons—lamented aloud,

through

through the halls: Remembering the many and brave,—who lay cold and of life deprived,—beneath the deadly hands of the Argives.

Near Priam ſtood various Iris. With low voice, the bright goddeſs began. Sudden ſtarting, he heard her with awe. A ſudden tremor ran cold through his joints. "Confide, Priam! Be confirmed in thy ſoul. Fear not ought. I come not, a foe. I come not ſome ill to foretel. I come with benevolent ſoul. To thee I bear the commands of Jove: Who though from thee ſo far remote,—employs, for thee, his heavenly care: And pities thy diſtreſs. Jove bids thee, with ſpeed, to redeem—the corſe of Hector divine, from the foe: To bear gifts to the great Achilles: To appeaſe his relenting ſoul."

"Alone thou muſt go to the ſhips. No Trojan thy ſteps muſt attend. Let ſome herald, ſtricken in years,—aſcend to guide the patient mules: To direct the revolving car,—to bring the dead to the lofty town: The mighty dead by Achilles ſlain. Let not death come acroſs thy ſoul. Let not terror creep cold, through thy frame. Such a guide he will give to thy way: Watchful Hermes, the friendly god. He ſhall lead thee ſafe to the ſhips: And place thee, before Achilles. Nor ſhall the hero deprive thee of life. He will protect thee, from all thy

foes. Nor imprudent, nor raſh, is the chief: Nor yet forgetful of his duty in all. His ſoul will, with pity, relent. He will ſpare the ſuppliant man."

She ſpoke: And mixed, with the winds. But Priam commanded his ſons,—to join the mules to a four-wheeled wain. He bade them to bind aloft—an ample coffer, the gifts to contain. To his fragrant chamber with ſpeed, —deſcended the eager king. With cedar were lined the walls. Lofty roſe its roof to the eye. There laid up were his precious ſtores. He called Hecuba, his ſpouſe, and began:

"Unhappy woman! This inſtant, from Jove,—his meſſenger came, on the winds. He commands me to ranſom my ſon. To go to the navy of Argos. To carry preſents to great Achilles: His relenting ſoul to appeaſe. But thou, unhappy, convey to mine ear,—what ſeems beſt to thy mournful ſoul. Much my mind commands me to go: To bear the gifts to the ſhips of the Argives,— to the wide camp of the ruthleſs foe."

He ſpoke: Loud-ſhrieked his ſad ſpouſe: And thus to her huſband began: "Ah! whither is that prudence fled? That wiſdom, which heretofore,—raiſed, through foreign realms, thy renown? And rendered thee ho-

noured

noured at home? How can'ſt move afar alone—to the ſhips of the Argive powers? To the ſight of that ruthleſs man—who ſlew thy ſons, many and brave? Thy ſoul is diſtempered, with grief. Thy heart is to iron turned. Should'ſt thou fall in his deadly hands: Should he, once, roll his eyes on thy form: The cruel, the perfidious man —will not pity. He will not revere. But let us pour, apart, our tears: Sitting diſtant, within our halls. This with his thread, deſtructive fate—mixed, at the birth of my ſon. Doomed, when firſt I brought him to light,—to be, thus, devoured by the dogs: Subdued by a relentleſs man,—from his parents diſtant far. O would that I could quaff his blood! And, on his liver, feed in my wo! Then his wrongs to my ſon were repaid! Nor, like a coward, Hector fell: But ſtanding, undaunted in fight: For the Trojans and Trojan dames. Unmindful of ſhameful flight. Undeclining the conteſt of ſpears."

To her the godlike Priam replied: "Detain me not determined to go. Be no diſaſtrous bird, in my halls: No omen of dire portent. Ceaſe thy requeſt. Diſmiſs thy fears. Me thou ſhalt not perſuade. Had any other urged my deſign,—any mortal, who treads the earth: Whether prophet or augur divine,—or prieſt, inſpired by his god: The tale I might have diſbelieved,—and avoided

to obey the command. But, now, that I heard the voice, —that I beheld the ſpeaking power: I will obey, with eager ſpeed. Never vain are the words of the gods! If I am deſtined to fall—at the ſhips of the Argives to die, —there let me die! Let the ruthleſs Achilles,—lay me dead on my fallen Hector. Let him ſlay me, when my aged arms—hold faſt my departed ſon: When half my ſorrows are diſſolved in my tears."

He ſpoke: And opened his fragrant cheſts. Twelve beauteous robes he withdrew, from his ſtores. Twelve ſingle mantles of ſplendid ſize. Twelve carpets, twelve beauteous cloaks: As many veſts of gloſſy hue. Ten talents of the pureſt gold: Two burniſhed tripods and caldrons four. A high-laboured bowl he produced,— which Thrace, in ſolemn ambaſſy,—had beſtowed on the ſovereign of Troy. A mighty gift! but this the aged,— ſpared not, within his lofty halls. Much he wiſhed from his inmoſt ſoul,—to redeem his ſon beloved.

The king, from his lofty gates,—drove the Trojans, with bitter words: "Go, unhappy, deſerving reproach! Have ye not enough of grief? Dwell no ſorrows within your halls? That thus, ye crowd around my gates,—to add to my mighty woes? Feel ye no regret for me? For me, whom Saturnian Jove,—has covered, with ſo many ills,—and deprived of the firſt of my ſons? Ye, alſo, ſoon

ſhall feel his loſs. His death has made the ſons of Troy —a much eaſier conqueſt to Argos. But ere I ſhall behold, with theſe eyes,—my people ſlaughtered, my city deſtroyed,—may my mournful ſoul deſcend,—to the dreary regions of death."

He ſpoke: And drove them from his gates. They retired, from the wrath of the aged. But he upbraided his own brave ſons. On his offspring he poured reproach: On Helenus, on godlike Paris,—on Agathon of form divine: On Pammon, on gallant Antiphon: On Polites in battle renowned: On Deïphobus, on valiant Hippothous: On Dios, in form like the gods. Theſe nine, the laſt of all his race,—the aged upbraided with words:

"Arise, my inglorious ſons! O worthy of reproach and ſhame! Would! that all, at once lay ſlain,—inſtead of Hector, at the ſhips of the Argives. Ah me! the moſt wretched of men! Many gallant ſons I begot,—the glory, the defence of Troy. But now no remnant remains to my age! Loſt for ever is Meſtor divine: And Troilus, unmatched on his car! Hector, mighty Hector is fallen, —a deſcended god among men. He ſeemed not the ſon of a mortal man: But of a god, who for ever lives! Theſe all has ruthleſs Mars deſtroyed: But ye a mere reproach remain. Deceivers! Dancers! Debauchees!

Public

Public robbers of lambs and of kids! Why prepare ye not my car? Why place not the preſents aloft? That I may turn my ſteps, from hence,—and perform my journey, with ſpeed."

He ſpoke: They revering their chiding ſire,—drew forth the wain for the mules: Beauteous, fitted with wheels,—lately made and compacted with care. Aloft, the ample coffer they bound. The yoke they brought down, from its place. Made of box and well-fitted with rings. The traces they brought down, with the yoke: Nine cubits in length they flowed. Theſe they fitted to the high-poliſhed pole: And drew them backward, through the ring, at its end. Thrice they bound them to the navel before: While behind, each ſingly was tied. From the bridal chamber, they bore—and placed, aloft, on the poliſhed wain,—the rich price of the corſe of Hector. They joined the beauteous mules to the car: The ſplendid gifts of the Myſians to Priam.

For Priam himſelf, his ſons—led forth his beauteous ſteeds to the yoke: The ſteeds, which the hands of the aged,—fed, with care, in the poliſhed ſtall. Theſe the herald and godlike Priam,—both endued with prudence of ſoul,—join to the car, in the lofty dome. Near, Hecuba, mournful in ſoul,—approached, with ſacred wine

wine in her hand. The gold cup ſhe reached to the king,—to pour the libation to Jove. She ſtood before the beauteous ſteeds,—and, thus, to the godlike Priam:

"Take this. Pour libations to Jove. Raiſe thy vows to the father of gods: That ſafe thou may'ſt return,—from the hands of the cruel foe: As thy ſoul impels thee, with force,—againſt my will, to the navy of Argos. But thou pour thy fervent prayers,—to the ſtorm-ruling offspring of Saturn: To him who, reſiding on Ida,—ſurveys all Ilium, from high. Demand his own rapid eagle,—his moſt beloved of all the birds: The ſtrongeſt of the winged race. Demand him, on the right, to fly. Then, beholding the happy ſign,—thou, with courage, may'ſt urge thy way,—to the ſhips of the car-ruling Argives. But ſhould the high-reſounding Jove—his broad-winged meſſenger deny: Then would I not thy ſteps impel,—to the ſhips of the warlike Argives: Though eager to redeem thy ſon."

To her the godlike Priam replied: "O woman! I will not refuſe—to perform, what thy ſoul ſuggeſts. It is but juſt to raiſe my hands to great Jove. The god may hear and pity my woes." Thus ſpoke the aged king. He commanded a damſel to pour—pureſt water, on both his hands. She ſtood, by the ſide of the aged—and held

forth the baſon and ewer. But when he had waſhed, he received—the golden bowl, from the hand of his ſpouſe. In the ſacred circle he ſtood. He poured forth, in libation the wine. Eyeing heaven, with awful regard: He, thus, in prayer aloud:

"O father Jove! Who reign'ſt from Ida! Moſt renowned and greateſt of powers! Send me grateful to the tent of Achilles,—an object of pity to his ſoul. Send thy own rapid eagle abroad: Thy moſt-beloved of all the birds! The ſtrongeſt of thoſe that fly. Send him abroad, on the right: That, beholding the happy ſign,—with courage, my way I may urge,—to the ſhips of the car-ruling Argives."

Thus praying, the aged ſpoke: Preſcient Jove heard, from heaven, his voice. Straight he ſent his broad-winged eagle: The moſt perfect of omens, that fly: The prey-chaſing eagle of fens,—wide-ſailing along the winds. Wide as the broad-folding gates—of the dome of a wealthy man: So broad ſpread, on either ſide,—the ample wings of the ſounding bird. To the right, he appeared to their eyes,—ruſhing large o'er the ſacred Troy. Beholding, they all rejoiced. Sudden gladneſs is poured on their ſouls.

With eager ſpeed, the aged king—aſcended the poliſhed car. He drove forth from the echoing porch.

The

The mules drew the four-wheeled wain, before. Theſe the prudent Idæus drove. Behind moved onward the ſteeds: Which the aged laſhed forward to ſpeed: Quick-flying through ſacred Troy. His friends all followed his ſteps. They mourned their ſovereign, as advancing to death. They, now, deſcended from the gates—and held forward their way to the plain. His ſons, his friends returned to Troy. The aged drove ſlowly along. Nor unobſerved, by high-thundring Jove,—they held their way, along the field. He ſpoke to Hermes, his ſon beloved:

"O Hermes!" began the god: "Thee it pleaſes, above other powers,—to give thyſelf, a companion, to men. Thou hear'ſt whom thou wilt and thou aid'ſt. Go. Deſcend, my ſon. So lead Priam to the ſhips of Achaia, —that no eye ſhall behold the king: That no Argive ſhall perceive his approach,—till he comes to the ſon of Peleus."

He ſpoke: Nor the god diſobeyed. Straight he bound to his feet divine—his pinions beauteous and bright, with gold. Theſe bear him, with the ſpeed of the winds, —along the face of the troubled main: Along the breaſt of the wide-ſpreading earth. He took his wonder-working rod, in his hand: With which he ſhuts the eyes of

mortals, in ſleep,—or wakens thoſe who are drowned in repoſe. Holding this, in his hand divine,—potent Hermes flew amain, on the winds. Straight he came to ſacred Ilium,—to the Helleſpont's echoing ſtream. He began to move, on the land,—a princely youth in all his gait: Now on the verge of manhood,—graceful in the bloom of his years.

When the aged had driven their cars,—beyond the lofty tomb of Ilus: They ſtopt their mules and their beauteous ſteeds,—to drink of the ruſhing ſtream. Doubtful twilight had now ſpread the world. The aged herald firſt perceived,—the near approach of Hermes divine: And, thus, he ſpoke to the godlike Priam: "Conſider well, Dardanian Priam. Our wretched ſtate demands prudence of ſoul. I behold an advancing warrior. Soon, I deem, we are deſtined to die. Or let us fly, with ſpeed, with our ſteeds: Or intreat him, ſeizing his knees: If, perhaps, he will pity our years."

The ſoul of the aged was confuſed. Dreadful terror invaded him whole. His hair roſe upright, o'er all his limbs. Aſtoniſhed, amazed he ſtood. Hermes, advancing near,—ſeized the trembling hand of the aged: And, thus he mildly began: "Whither, father, direct'ſt thou the mules,—thy bounding ſteeds, through the night divine?

divine? When darkneſs lies heavy on earth? When other mortals enjoy their repoſe? Dread'ſt thou not the ſtrength-breathing Argives? Thy mortal foes, and encamped ſo near? Should any of theſe behold thee,—laden with wealth as thou art,—moving forward through darkneſs and night: What would THEN be the ſtate of thy ſoul? Nor thou thyſelf art young, in years,—and aged is HE, who attends: How could'ſt thou ward away a foe: Should he turn, on thy life his arms? But THEE I will not moleſt in ought: Nay I will others repel: For I compare thee to my father beloved."

To him godlike Priam replied: "True are thy words, my ſon beloved. All thou haſt ſpoken is true. But, hitherto, ſome one of the gods—protects me, with his heavenly hand. HE ſent forward upon my courſe,—THEE, the happy guide of my lonely way: As graceful in thy port and thy form,—as prudent and wiſe is thy ſoul. May this kindneſs be repaid by the gods,—O thou of happy parents born!"

To him powerful Hermes replied: "True is all, that the aged has ſaid! But tell this; and diſguiſe not the truth. Send'ſt thou theſe treaſures, ſo many and rich,—to foreign kingdoms, to ſave them from foes? Or have ye all, aſtoniſhed with fear,—deſerted Ilium expoſed to the

the winds? For ſuch was THAT moſt valiant man—thy ſon beloved, who has periſhed in war! Nor, yielded the hero, in ought,—to the Argives, with brazen mails."

To him godlike Priam replied: "Who art thou, O beſt of men! Of what parents art thou born? Who know'ſt ſo well my wretched ſtate? And the death of my hapleſs ſon?"

To him began the powerful Hermes: "Thou tempteſt me, aged king! In, thus, enquiring about Hector divine. Often, in the ſtrife of renown,—have theſe eyes beheld the chief: Driving the vanquiſhed Greeks to their ſhips: Breaking their firm ranks, with his ſpear. We, ſtanding, admired the hero. Achilles, with Atrides enraged,—detained us, on the ſhore, from the fight. His ſervant I am, in the war. The ſame veſſel brought us both to high Troy. Of the Myrmidons I am: My father Polyctor is called. Abounding in wealth is the chief: And, like thee, he is ſtricken in years. Six ſons ſtill remain in his halls: I, the ſeventh, came, o'er ocean, to Troy. The lots were thrown between us all: Fate decreed me to follow Achilles. But now I came, from the ſhips, to the field. To-morrow, the black-eyed Argives—will urge the battle around thy walls. Ill they bear to ſit ſecure, in their camp:

camp: Nor can the kings of aſſembled Argos,—reſtrain them, in their ardour for blood."

To him replied the godlike Priam: "If, in truth, thou art the follower in arms—of Achilles, the ſon of Peleus: Tell me truly the ſtate of things: Remains ſtill, at the ſhips, my ſon: Or has Achilles expoſed him to dogs,—to be torn, limb by limb, as their prey.

"O aged king!" replied the god: "Nor the dogs have devoured thy ſon: Nor reſt, upon him, the birds of prey. Still he lies at the ſhip of Achilles: Neglected in the tents of his foe. The twelfth day has paſſed o'er his fall: Nor yet his body is tainted, in ought. Him no lazy worms devour,—wont to feed, on the ſlaughtered in war. Him, round the tomb of his friend beloved,—he drags amain behind his car,—when beauteous morning aſcends on the world. But the body remains unſoiled. Him, with wonder, thine eyes ſhall behold. In dewy ſlumber he ſeems to lie. The blood is waſhed away from his corſe: In no part disfigured or torn: His wounds all are cloſed to the ſight. The many wounds, which, along his bright form,—they inflicted, with pointed ſteel. Such care have the deathleſs gods—employed, for thy ſon, though dead: For much beloved was the chief, by their ſouls."

Replete with joy, the aged replied: "Good it is, my ſon beloved! To pay their juſt rights to the deathleſs gods. Nor ever did my gallant ſon—while yet he breathed and ſaw the light,—forget, in his halls, the gods: Who broad Olympus poſſeſs, on high. They, therefore, have remembered my ſon,—even, in the ſhadow of ruthleſs death. But thou receive this gift, from my hand,—this beauteous, high-laboured bowl. But thou protect me, bear me ſafely along,—under the guidance of favouring gods: To the tent of the great ſon of Peleus."

To him friendly Hermes replied: "Tempt not my youth, aged king! Me thou ſhalt not perſuade. Bid me not to receive thy gifts,—unknown to the mighty Achilles. Much I ſhudder and dread, in my ſoul,—to deſpoil him of ought of his due: Leſt evil ſhould follow the crime. But thy leader and guard on the way—I would go to the far-famed Argos: Or in the ſwift ſhip, o'er the main,—or companion of thy journey, by land. Nor ſhould any, deſpiſing thy guide—lift his arms againſt thy life."

He ſpoke: And Hermes, with a bound,—mounted the reſounding car. He ſeized the reins and the whip, in his hand. He breathed ſtrength, on the mules and the ſteeds. But when they came to the towers of the Argives—

Argives—to their wall and their trench profound: They found the guards preparing the repaſt. The god poured ſlumber, o'er all their lids. He opened at once the gates —throwing back the mighty bars, with his hand. He brought forward the godlike Priam: With all the treaſure ſtowed, on the wain.

Now they came to the lofty tent—of the mighty offſpring of Peleus. The tent, which the Myrmidons reared —for their car-ruling king, on the ſhore. Its pillars and walls were of pine: The roof, aloft, was covered with reeds,—ſhorn, with care, from the fenny field. Paled around was the whole with thick ſtakes: Forming a wide court for the king. One huge bar of mountain-pine—held faſt, with maſſy length, the gate: Which three Argives could ſcarcely cloſe. Three could ſcarce unbar the door: Achilles ſhut it, with eaſe, alone. This Hermes opened wide to the aged: And led, inward, the ſplendid gifts,—now deſtined, for the ſwift ſon of Peleus.

He deſcended, from the car, on the ground: And, thus, to Priam his words addreſſed: "O aged king! A god I am. Deathleſs Hermes, I deſcend from the ſky. Jove gave me, as thy leader and guide,—through the night to the navy of Argos. But I will return to the dwelling of gods: Nor will I come to the eyes of Achil-

les. Unbecoming it were for the deathleſs powers,—thus openly to favour mankind. But enter thou the lofty tent. Embrace the knees of the great ſon of Peleus. Adjure the hero by his father,—by his mother of charms divine: By the ſoul of his ſon beloved: That thou may'ſt move his mighty ſoul."

Thus ſpeaking, friendly Hermes retired. To the ſnow-clad Olympus he roſe. Priam lighted, from the car, on the ground. He left without, the aged Idæus. He remained to reſtrain the ſteeds. Right forward the aged moved: To where ſat Achilles, beloved by the ſtorm-ruling Jove. Two only remained of his train. They ſtanding await their lord: The hero Alcimedon,—and Alcimus, a branch of Mars. The king had juſt ceaſed the repaſt: Nor yet was the table removed. Unſeen of all entered Priam divine. Standing near, he ſeized the knees of Achilles: And kiſſed his terrible, his ſlaughtering hands: Which ſo many of his offspring had ſlain.

As when evil comes, with weight, on a man,—who has murder committed at home. To a neighbouring nation he flies: To the halls of ſome wealthy man. Silent, at once, he appears: Wonder ſtiffens all thoſe, who behold. So aſtoniſhed was great Achilles: When firſt he

he ſaw Priam divine. The others ſtood, amazed, around: On each other, they looked, with ſurprize. Then Priam, with a ſuppliant voice,—thus began, in the hero's ear:

"Remember thy father, O Achilles in form like the gods! Thy father, equal in years with me: On the laſt limits of feeble age! Him, perhaps, his neighbours, in arms,—oppreſs, on every ſide, with war. Nor any is near the aged,—to turn evil and deſtruction away. Yet he, ſtill hearing that thou liv'ſt,—admits a beam of joy to his ſoul. From day to day, the hero hopes—to behold his ſon beloved,—returning from Troy with renown."

"But I, the moſt unhappy of men! I begot many valiant ſons,—in the wide limits of ſacred Troy: Nor deem I that one remains. Fifty gallant ſons were mine,—when the ſons of the Argives came. One and twenty of one mother were born: The reſt other dames brought forth,—in my lofty halls in Troy. Of theſe the moſt, deſtructive Mars—unbraced in death, in the conteſt of ſpears. He alone who remained to me,—who defended the people and town: Him thou lately haſt ſlain,—fighting for his native land. Hector, thou haſt lately ſlain: For his ſake have I come to the ſhips. To ranſom his corſe, from thy hands,—rich and many are the preſents I bring. But thou revere the gods, Achilles. Pity, alſo, hapleſs me.

Remember thy father in years. Him I, in wretchedneſs, tranſcend. I ſuſtained, what no mortal ere bore,—no wretch, that crawls o'er the earth: I ſuſtained, in my ſore diſtreſs,—to lay to my lips, that hand: That ſlaughtering hand, that ſtill ſeems red—with the blood of my many ſons."

He ſpoke: And awaked to the hero,—the mournful memory of his ſire. Taking, in his hand, his hand,—he gently removed from him, the aged. Reflecting on the paſt, they wept. This remembering illuſtrious Hector,—poured amain his flowing tears: Rolled in duſt, at the feet of Achilles. But Achilles mourned his father: To Patroclus, ſometimes, wandered his ſoul. Their groans were mixed, as they roſe,—and filled the halls of the ſlaying king. But when Achilles divine—had glutted his ſoul, with wo: When the darkneſs diſperſed from his mind,—and ſoft regret vaniſhed away. Straight he ſtarted, from his ſeat. He raiſed the aged, by the hand. He pitied his ſnow-white head,—his beard now hoary with years. With winged words the hero began:

"Ah hapleſs man! Surely thou—many evils haſt ſuffered, in ſoul. How could'ſt thou ſuſtain alone—to come to the navy of Argos? To come to the eyes of a man: Who ſo many has ſlain of thy ſons? Thy mind is hardened,

hardened, in thy breaſt. Thy heart is covered, with ſteel. But now, with confidence, ſit, in thy place. We muſt ſuffer our woes to abate: Though grieving both in our ſouls. Unavailing is bitter grief. Yet ſuch the fate, which the gods have impoſed,—on hapleſs mortals: To live in tears! Whilſt they themſelves, in bliſs, ſojourn.

"Two urns are placed above,—at the threſhold of ſtorm-ruling Jove. The one with evils replete: The other filled with good. He, to whom the thunder-delighted king,—ſhall mix, from both, his fated cup: Now is plunged in dreadful ills,—now, with happineſs is crowned. But he, to whom the evil he gives,—is rendered ever obnoxious to wrongs. Him dire calamity purſues,—o'er the face of the bounteous earth. He ſtrays, unhonoured by the gods: By mortals deteſted, deſpiſed."

"The deathleſs gods, from his birth,—with their bleſſings covered Peleus divine. Above other mortals he roſe adorned,—with wealth, with honours, and with power. O'er a people, he reigned with renown. They gave a goddeſs, a ſpouſe, to his arms. But even on him, Jove evil poured. No offspring were born, in his halls—to ſucceed to his ſcepter and throne. One only ſon the chief begot: And he is deſtined to early death. Nor cheriſh I the king, in his age. Far, far from my native land: I

ſit

ſit here before high Troy: Pouring ſorrows, on thee and thy race."

"Thou alſo, as fame reports,—wert covered once with wealth and with power: From beauteous Leſbos' bliſsful ſeats,—to Phrygia's utmoſt bounds: From its limits, that verge to the ſouth,—to the Helleſpont's echoing ſtreams: All, old man, obeyed thy voice: All others excelling in wealth, in the number of gallant ſons. But ever ſince the deathleſs gods—have poured this deſtruction on Troy: Ceaſeleſs battles are urged round thy walls: Thy plains are drenched, with the blood of thy friends. But bear all. From thy ſoul diſpel—the ceaſeleſs grief that ſhrouds it around. It nothing avails to mourn—for ever to grieve for thy ſon. He ſhall not ariſe, at thy voice: Thou ſooner ſhalt feel other woes."

To him Priam, in form like the gods: "Place me not, in that chair of ſtate, O deſcendant of preſcient Jove! Whilſt Hector unburied remains,—ſtretched in death, in thy lofty tents. But quickly reſtore my ſon: That theſe eyes may roll over his wounds. But thou receive the gifts,—which many and rich we have brought. May'ſt thou enjoy them long: And return ſafe to thy native land: As thou haſt pitied my ſore diſtreſs: As thou haſt ſuffered me ſtill to live,—to behold the ſplendid light of the ſun."

Sternly-

Sternly-looking on the king,—the great Achilles replied: "No farther tempt my ſoul, old man! I myſelf had already reſolved,—to reſtore Hector, for preſents of price. The meſſenger of thundering Jove,—came the goddeſs, who brought me forth,—the bright daughter of hoary Nereus. But well, Priam, I know, in my ſoul: That ſome one of the deathleſs gods,—led thee hither to the ſhips of the Argives. No mortal durſt have entered this camp: Though brave in battle and blooming in years: Nor could he our guards deceive: Nor, with eaſe, have diſcloſed our gates. Rouze not, therefore, my ſoul to grief: Nor renew my declining rage: Leſt, old man, I ſuffer thee not—though a ſuppliant, within my tents! Leſt I break the commands of Jove."

He ſpoke: The aged ſhuddered, with fear. He obeyed the high command. The ſon of Peleus, like a lion in force,—bounded forth, from the hall, alone. Two followers attended his ſteps: Automedon and Alcimus brave. Theſe he honoured moſt of his friends,—ſince Patroclus reſigned to death. They looſed from the car the ſteeds: The beauteous mules, from the four-wheeled wain. They led the herald to the tent: And placed him, in a lofty ſeat. From the poliſhed ſeat of the wain,—they unlooſed the ranſom of Hector divine. Two palls

and

and a gloſſy veſt,—they left to cover the body from view. Achilles called forth the maids,—to waſh the corſe, to anoint it with oil. He bade them to bear it apart,—leſt Priam ſhould behold his ſon: Leſt his rage ſhould kindle, in grief,—at the ſight of the mangled dead: Leſt Achilles again provoked,—ſhould ſlay the aged, in fury of ſoul: And break the awful commands of Jove.

When the damſels had waſhed the corſe,—and anointed it over with oil: They cloathed it with the gloſſy veſt: And threw the beauteous pall above. Achilles placed it himſelf, on the bier: His friends raiſed it to the ſeat of the wain. The hero groaned from his inmoſt ſoul: And called, by name, his departed friend: "Let not, O Patroclus beloved! Let not thy wrath ariſe: Should'ſt thou hear, in the regions of death,—that I have Hector reſtored to his ſire. Not unworthy are the preſents he gave. Thy ſhare, as becomes, ſhall be thine: But let not thy wrath ariſe."

He ſpoke: And Achilles divine—returned to his lofty tent. He ſat in his high-laboured ſeat,—which the hero had left, when he roſe. He ſat againſt the wall oppoſed,—and thus he, to Priam, began: "Thy ſon is reſtored, aged king! Thy commands in all obeyed. He lies on his lofty bier. When the morning ſhall riſe, on the world,

world,—thou ſhalt bear him hence and behold. But now let us think of repaſt: For even the long-haired Niobe,—thought of food in unequalled woes. She to whom, in their blood,—twelve children lay ſlain in her halls. Six daughters of beauty divine,—ſix ſons, in the bloom of their years. Theſe Apollo ſlew, with his ſilver bow,—enraged at Niobe's vaunts: Thoſe fell by the ſhafted Diana—who delights in the ſounding bow: Becauſe Niobe equalled herſelf—to bright Latona with long, heavy locks. The goddeſs two brought forth, ſhe ſaid: To herſelf many were born: But theſe many periſhed, at once,—beneath the hands of the heavenly two."

"Nine days they lay ſtretched, in their blood. None remained to bury the dead: For the ſon of the prudent Saturn—had converted the people to ſtones. When the tenth ſacred morning aroſe,—the deathleſs gods interred the ſlain. Yet she remembered the repaſt,—when tired of pouring her tears. Now ſome where, among the rocks,—on the ſides of the deſart hills: In Sipylus, where, they ſay, are the halls,—the ſecret chambers of the light-tripping nymphs,—who lead the dance near huge Achelöus: There, though changed into a ſtone,—ſhe ſtill ſuffers the heaven-ſent woes. But let us remember the pleaſing repaſt—O aged king of form divine. Hereafter

thou may'ſt weep o'er thy ſon,—thy ſon beloved, when borne to Troy. Regretted by thee is the chief: And worthy of many tears."

Thus ſaying, great Achilles aroſe. He ſlew a ſnow-white ſheep, with ſpeed. His friends flead and dreſſed it, with care. The pieces cut are transfixed, with ſpits. They roaſted the whole, with ſkill: And placed the meat, on the ſmoaking board. Automedon, in beauteous baſkets, —handed, round the table, the bread. Achilles himſelf divided the fleſh to all. Then they to the ready food,—extended, at once, their hands. But when the deſire, for food and wine,—was removed from their ſated ſouls: Dardanian Priam, with wonder, gazed—on great Achilles the ſon of Peleus. He admired his ſtature, his beauty, his ſhape: For, like the gods, was the hero in form. But the mighty Achilles admired—the awful looks of Dardanian Priam: Beholding his graceful mien: And hearing his princely voice.

But when their ſouls were ſatisfied,—in ſurveying each other, in ſilence: To the hero firſt began—aged Priam, in form like the gods: "Send me quickly to reſt,—O favoured deſcendant of Jove! Suffer me, with pleaſing repoſe, to indulge my weary limbs: For never ſhut have been mine eyes,—beneath theſe wakeful, tearful lids: Since that day, that beneath thy hands,

hands,—my ſon poured his ſoul, on the winds. Ceaſeleſs, aroſe my groans. I ſuffered a thouſand woes: Rolling in the duſt obſcene—in the court of my lofty dome. Now, at length, I have taſted food,—and ſhared the draught of dark-red wine. Of neither, till now, I partook."

He ſpoke: Achilles iſſued commands,—to his friends and attendant maids: To ſpread the beds, in the lofty porch: To lay the purple blankets, beneath,—to ſpread the beauteous carpets above: To ſtretch along the ground, with ſpeed,—the ample breadth of the ſhaggy hides. The maids iſſued forth from the hall: Holding each a torch, in her hand. Two beds they ſuddenly formed. Meantime Achilles divine—rouzed falſe fear, in the ſoul of the aged:

"Sleep without, beloved old man! Left ſome chief of the Argive powers—ſhould come, as wont, to my lofty tent,—to aſk my advice, in the war. Should any leader of theſe behold thee,—lying here, in the night divine: Straight he would convey the news—to the ſhepherd of his people Atrides. Then, perhaps, ſome delay might be formed,—againſt redeeming the corſe of thy ſon. But now tell me truly, old man! How many days ſhall the rites require—for the funeral of Hector divine.

That I myſelf may abſtain, from the fight: That the troops I may, alſo, reſtrain?"

To him anſwered the godlike Priam: "If thou permit'ſt me, with pomp, to conſign—the corſe of Hector divine to the tomb: Great the favour thou grant'ſt, O Achilles! And grateful to Priam's ſoul. Well thou know'ſt, high deſcendant of Jove! That incloſed we are, in our walls: That diſtant far is the wood,—on the brows of the ecchoing hills: That the Trojans are afraid of the foe. Nine days ſhall we weep, in our halls: On the tenth inter the dead—and ſpread the funeral feaſt to the hoſt. On the eleventh, the tomb we ſhall rear: On the twelfth, ruſh again to the fight: Since hard neceſſity commands."

"It ſhall be ſo!" Achilles replied: "Aged Priam, thy commands are obeyed. For ſo long I will hinder the fight: And grant the requeſt of thy ſoul." He ſpoke, and took the hand of the aged: His right hand, to confirm his ſoul. Both lay in the porch of the hall: Aged Priam and the herald divine,—both replete, with prudence of ſoul. But Achilles retired to reſt,—in the inmoſt receſs of his tent. He lay by the graceful ſide—of Briſëis with long, heavy locks.

The other gods are ſunk in reſt. Men reſign the night to repoſe. Subdued with pleaſing ſleep, they lie: But ſlumber

ſlumber reſts not on art-loving Hermes. The god revolves deep in his ſoul,—how to lead Priam away,—from the navy of warlike Argos: To the ſacred guards of the gates unknown. He ſtood, above the head of the aged, —and thus poured his voice divine, in his ear:

"Commands not thy ſtate ought of thy care? Whil'ſt thus thou yieldeſt to repoſe among foes? Unhurt thou remain'ſt by Achilles. With much wealth thou haſt ranſomed thy ſon. Yet thrice the wealth, thou haſt beſtowed,—thy children left ſhall pay for thee: Should Agamemnon, the ſon of Atreus,—ſhould all the Argives know that here,—thou paſſeſt the night, in repoſe."

He ſpoke: The old man ſhuddering aroſe. He awaked the herald divine. Hermes harneſſed the ſteeds and the mules. He drove them quick, through the camp of the Argives: And none perceived them, as they paſſed. But when they came to the clear-ruſhing ſtream of gulphy Xanthus, deſcended of Jove: Hermes roſe, on the winds, to Olympus: Aurora, in her ſaffron-robe —ſpread her light, o'er the face of the world. The aged, with groans and loud laments—drove forward their ſteeds to the town. The mules bore the body along. Nor any other of men—of women elegantly zoned,—perceived the aged, as they came: But Caſſandra, like golden

golden Venus. Aſcending high Pergamus, the maid—beheld firſt her father beloved. She beheld him, in his poliſhed car,—with the herald divine, by his ſide. Him ſhe ſaw, on the wain,—ſtretched in death, on the lofty bier. Shrill roſe the voice of her wo: She, thus, aloud, as ſhe ruſhed, through the town:

"Go forth, O Trojans and Trojan dames! Go. Meet Hector—if him when alive,—ye met with joy returning from war. Great the gladneſs was the hero to all,—to the city, to the people of Troy: But, now, he returns, their wo!" She ſpoke: They poured all, through the gates. Nor man nor woman remained in Troy. Sorrow not to be borne—ruſhed darkly, on all their ſouls. Near the walls they met the corſe. His ſpouſe beloved, his mother revered—tore their hair, as they ruſhed to the wain: And touched the head of their much-beloved. The whole people ſtood around, in their tears. Now had they wept down the whole day,—to the fall of the weſtern ſun: Pouring forth a flood of tears,—for Hector divine, at the gates: If the aged had not, thus, from his car,—addreſſed his people all wailing around:

"Give way, my people beloved! Open wide a path for the mules. Ye may glut yourſelves with tears,—when I ſhall bear him home to his halls." He ſpoke:

They

They divided apace. They opened a path for the wain. When they bore, to his lofty halls, the dead: They placed him, on a beauteous bed. The mournful ſingers are near him diſpoſed,—to raiſe the doleful funeral ſong. They mixed the ſad air, with their groans: Women, near, raiſed the voice of their grief. The white-armed Andromachè came. She firſt began the mighty wo: Holding in her ſnow-white hands,—the graceful head of the ſlaying king:

"My huſband, fallen in early youth! Me a widow, thou haſt left, in thy halls. Thy ſon, an infant, thou haſt left: The wretched ſon of a hapleſs pair. Nor he, I deem, ſhall riſe to man. Soon this city ſhall ſink to the duſt. Thou, its defender, art gone: Thou, the guardian of lofty Troy! The preſerver of its feeble dames, —of its infants of tender years! But THEY ſhall be borne o'er the main: And I, among the weeping ſlaves. Thou, my ſon, ſhalt attend: To be employed, in unworthy toils: To labour for ſome lord unkind. Or ſome ONE of the Argives—ſhall hurl thee, headlong, to death, from a tower: Enraged for the fall of a brother,—a father or ſon beloved,—whom Hector ſlew, in the ſtrife of renown. For many warriors of diſtant Argos—bit in death, the bloody ground: Beneath the hands of Hector divine.

Not

Not mild was thy father, in diſmal fight: For this his native city mourns: For this his people are melted in tears. Endleſs, Hector, are the woes,—the ſorrows unſpeakably great,—which cloud thy wretched parents, in years. But I, the moſt, am abandoned to grief: More heavy is the weight, on my ſoul. Thou haſt not ſtretched to ME, from thy bed,—with feeble effort, thy dying hand: Thou haſt not poured thy latter words, in mine ear: To be recorded in my ſoul,—day and night, the ſubject of flowing tears."

THUS weeping Andromachè ſpoke. The dames added their ſighs to her groans. In the midſt hapleſs Hecuba roſe: And thus began the bitter wo: "Hector, moſt beloved of her ſons,—by Hecuba's mournful ſoul. Surely thou, while yet alive,—wert dear to the deathleſs gods. To thee, alſo, they extended their care,—when covered, with the cloud of death. My other ſons, deſtructive Achilles,—when he ſeized them, he ſold afar: Acroſs the waſte waves of the main: To Samos, to rocky Imbros,—to Lemnos deſtitute of ports. But when, with his long-pointed ſpear—he deprived thee, O Hector, of life: He dragged thee diſhonoured, around,—the lofty tomb of his friend Patroclus: Whom thy ſpear laid in death, in the fight. But now, though dead, thou ſeem'ſt

to

to lie,—in dewy ſlumber and freſh in the halls: Like HIM, whom the bowyer Phœbus,—lays in death with his gentle darts."

THUS weeping, the mother ſpoke. She waked the voice of ſorrow round. Beauteous Helen came, the third: And thus the queen began the wo: "O Hector! moſt beloved, by my ſoul,—of all my brothers in lofty Troy. Would! I had periſhed, ere that day—when Alexander of form divine,—brought me hither to Ilium, eſpouſed. The twentieth year is rolling paſt: Since I left, in evil hour,—the loved ſhore of my native land. Never from thee, O Hector,—heard I a hard, a reproachful word. But when, in the lofty halls,—any other upbraided Helen: Or brother or ſcornful ſiſter,—haughty, with her ſweeping train: Or even Hecuba. Princely Priam,—like a father, was ever mild: Thou did'ſt always reſtrain their ſcorn: And ſoothe me, with gentle words. For this, I mourn thee laid in death: In thee, my hapleſs ſelf I mourn: And feel the ſorrow deep, on my heart. For now, in wide-extended Troy,—no friend, no protector have I. By all hated, by all abhorred,—an outcaſt, forlorn and loſt!"

THUS weeping ſpoke beauteous Helen. The whole people loud-wailed around. Priam ſpoke, at length, in

the midſt. Troy liſtened to the voice of her king: "Haſte. Bring wood to the city, O Trojans. Fear not, in your cautious ſouls,—the deep ambuſh of warlike Argos. Achilles, when he ſent me to Troy,—from the hollow ſhips of the Argive powers,—promiſed to abſtain, from the fight: Till the twelfth morning ſhall ariſe, on the world."

He ſpoke: They were rouzed to the toil. Mules and oxen were joined to the wains. Nine days, they gathered the wood: But when the tenth morning aroſe,—diſplaying light to mortal men. Then they brought forth, in their tears,—the corſe of the daring Hector. They placed it, on the top of the pile: And kindled, below, the flame. But when the daughter of the dawn,—the roſy-fingered Aurora appeared: The frequent people convened,—around the pyre of Hector divine.

When all were convened around,—ſpreading wide their murmuring lines: They extinguiſhed the pyre, with red wine: All that the flame had ſeized. Then his brothers, his companions beloved,—collected the ſnow-white bones. Frequent roſe their heavy groans: Faſt deſcended the tears, on their cheeks. In a golden urn they diſpoſed the bones: Wrapt round with a ſoft, purple veil. They placed the urn, in a hollow trench:

Above they laid, in order, huge ſtones. Around the whole they rolled the mound. Scouts were placed, on every ſide: Leſt the Argives ſhould deſcend, on the town. Having gathered the mound, they returned: Sitting frequent they ſhared the ſad feaſt: In the halls of the godlike Priam: A king deſcended from thundering Jove!—Thus THEY paid the funeral rites,—to Hector, the breaker of ſteeds.

FINIS.